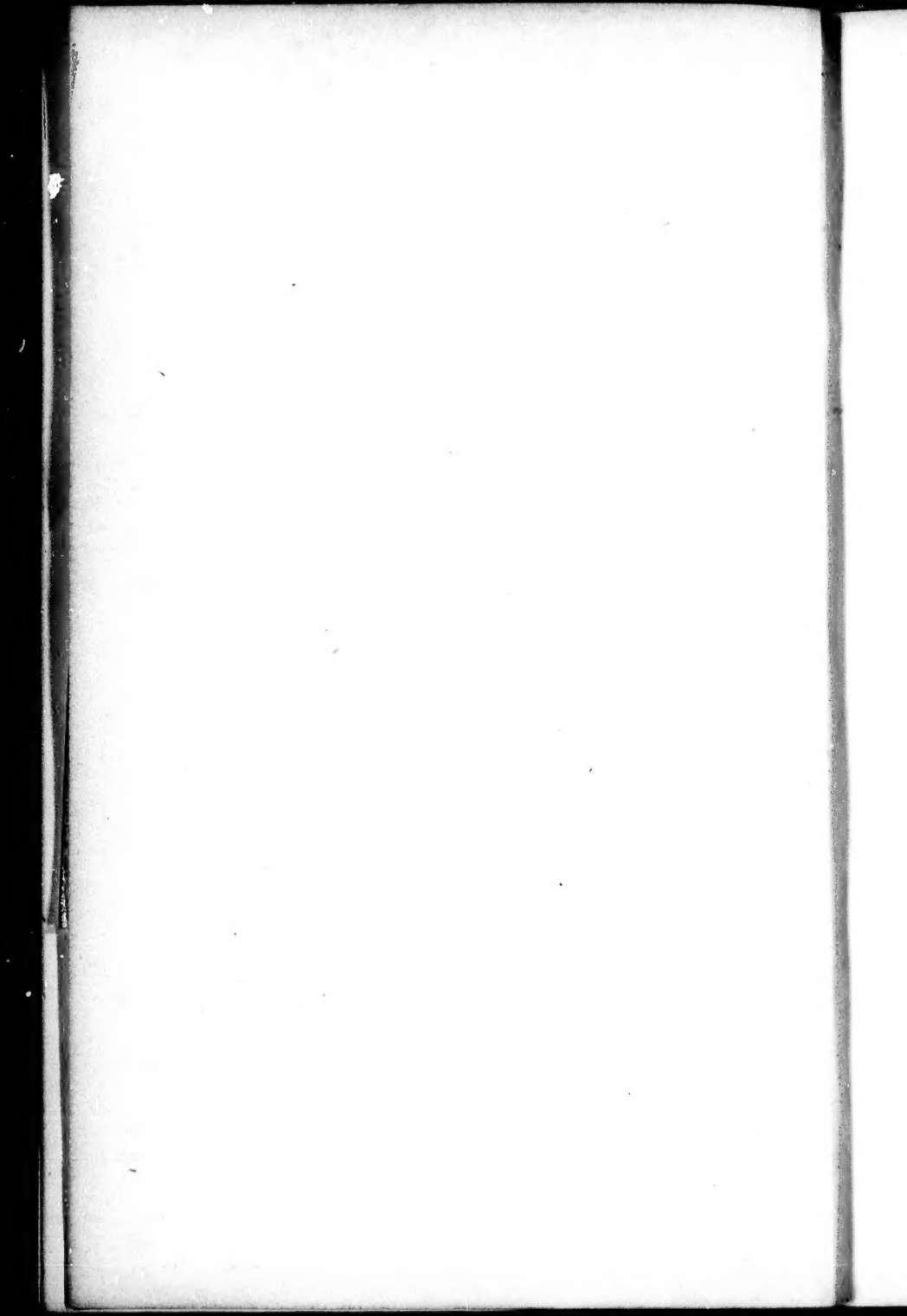
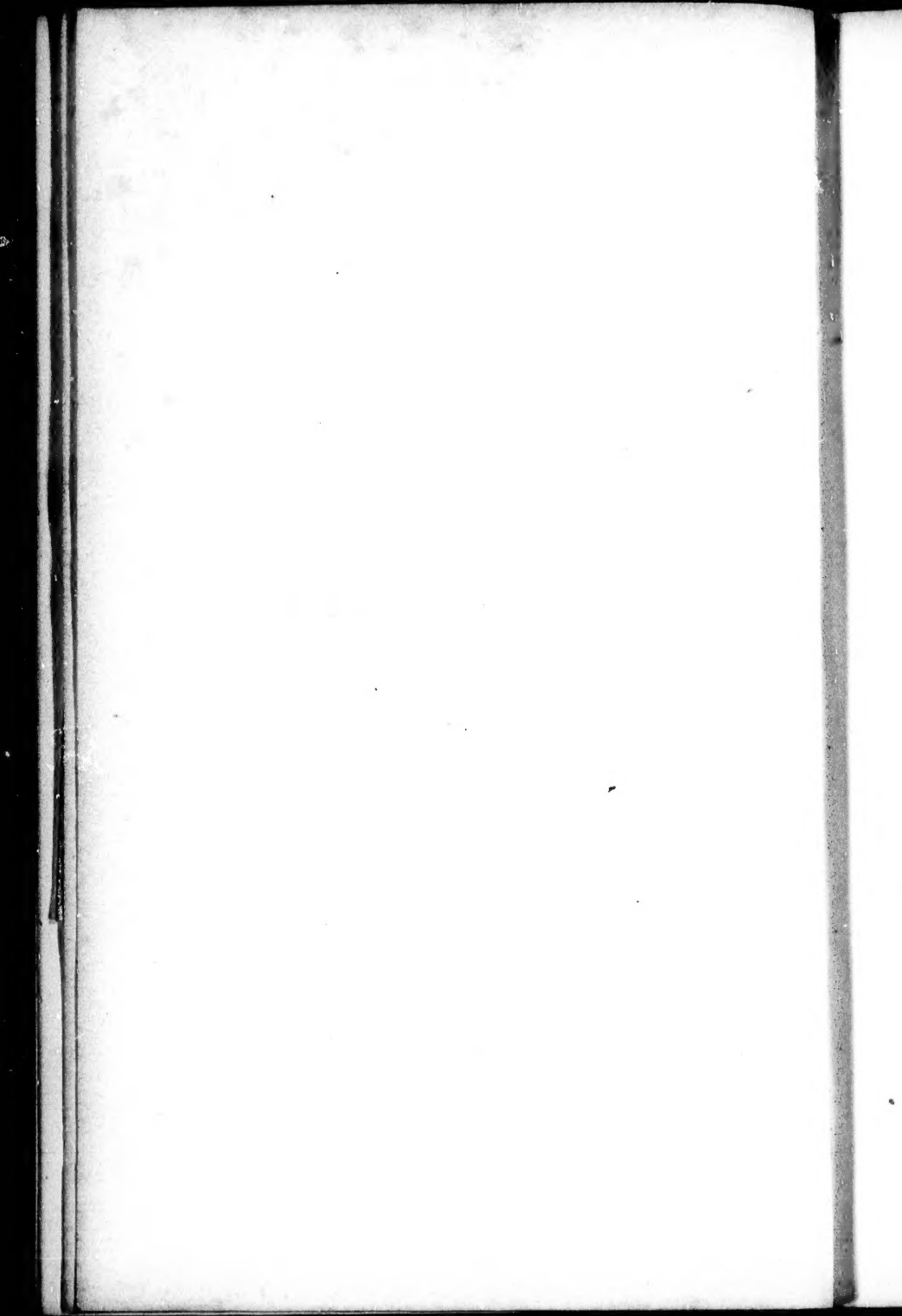




HASKINS' POEMS.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES HASKINS, A. B., M. B.,

TRIN. COLL. DUBLIN.

EDITED
BY HENRY BALDWIN, A. M.
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MEMOIR.

JAMES HASKINS, the Author of the following Poems, was a native of Dublin. He was born in the year 1805. His father was a man of considerable wealth : probably one of the richest business men in that elegant city. He had made his fortune by supplying the Government with clothing, for the troops. Being of a most liberal disposition, he did not regard his gains as made for mere selfish uses ; but lived in the true style of Irish hospitality. At his table, many attentive friends were glad to find themselves welcome, while his prosperity continued ; and while, together with more solid comforts, they could enjoy, (according to the style of those days,) abundance of the best wines, at no cost to themselves. This gentleman was the *beau ideal* of the generous, warm-hearted, whole-souled Irishman. He was distinguished for humour : and from him our Poet inherited that quality in a very high degree.

His mother's maiden name was Kelly. Very little information could at present be given, as regards incident, or matter of fact, in her personal history. But thus much the Editor would be most unwilling to omit. There is in existence an admirably executed miniature portrait of this lady : of which we may remark—that notwithstanding the effect of the most absurd and unnatural fashion, (prevalent in her day,) of covering the forehead with the hair : yet the intellectual beauty of that countenance is such as we cannot adequately describe. This miniature possesses, for the intimate friend, at least, of the Poet, one charm which is even still

greater. It is the only existing memento, or in a qualified sense, likeness, or resemblance of the full face of our Poet himself.

From his mother he inherited as well his general cast and expression of countenance, features, forehead, and general contour of his head: as also that peculiar temperament; which was the fertile source of keen, and deep suffering, during his pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

Possessing such ample means, Mr. Haskins afforded his sons those great and distinguished advantages, which a residence in Dublin placed at his door. At the usual time of life, our Author entered the University of Trinity College. It is not in our power to relate many incidents of his Academic course: and such as might well be introduced in a complete Biography, are here of necessity passed over. The fruits of such intellectual culture—where the soil was so worthy, and so grateful—are before the Reader. In that favoured seat of Learning, his mind became deeply imbued in the classics of Greece and Rome. And if a long, and most intimate acquaintance with him, in mature years, may be accepted as authorising the Editor to pronounce his opinion: he must say—that Dr. Haskins did honor to his Alma Mater. In his case—

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes"—was no dead letter. Whatever he thought worthy of learning, was most faithfully treasured up in the stores of Memory.

On graduating in Arts, he entered on the study of Medicine. He took the Bachelor's degree in both these. He also studied Surgery and other branches of Medical Science, with equal advantages.

Riches "make themselves wings;" and "fly away." It must have been after our Author's graduation, or at all events after the

principal part of the expenses of a College course had been defrayed, that a change took place in his father's circumstances. Some such untoward events, as occasionally affect the affairs of the most prudent, brought about a pecuniary embarrassment; which in a little time could have been entirely got over. But at this juncture, bad advice was intruded; and proved fatal. Mr. Haskins was not under any necessity of becoming bankrupt: but his friends advised him—nay urged him—to allow the '*Statute*' (as it is there expressed,) to be issued; and in an evil hour for his worldly interests, he yielded. The effect was such as his affairs never recovered from.

Now his friends were tried; and, as usual, found wanting. All turned their backs on him, at whose expense they had often feasted.

Deprived of the advantages which his former circumstances had promised for the commencement of a professional career; and influenced by various considerations which cannot now be discussed, Dr. Haskins had recourse to the honourable occupation of teaching. As a private tutor he found eligible situations, successively, in several most respectable families. Changes were necessarily incident to such a mode of life. He resided in various parts of Ireland; and had opportunities of visiting the most sublime, and the most beautiful, of those diversified scenes, that charm the traveller in the Emerald Isle. The scenery of the County of Wicklow was his favourite topic; when conversing on such subjects.

After passing some years in this way, he went over to England; and pursued the same vocation for some time at Clifton, near Bristol. Here some of his earlier poems were written; including a few that he latterly revised and improved. At one time, he was

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Usher in some considerable Academy. The laborious nature of the duties imposed in some such situations, and, indeed the impossibilities required in some schools, (according to the system of those days,) seem quite sufficient to account for occasional removals. And perhaps it is a rare case, for a man to find himself so comfortably situated in any such place; as not after a while—for the sake of health, or comfort, or to improve his pecuniary circumstances—to desire a change. But for one who has attained a learned profession, after so much persevering application, to make up his mind to abandon all the advantages thus toiled for, and to rest satisfied in an inferior and subordinate situation, would be still less natural.

Dr. Haskins returned to Ireland. The next important event that we have to notice in his life, is his emigration from the land of his nativity to North America.

Perhaps this may be considered a proper occasion, on which to introduce some description of our Author's character and turn of mind: his views in determining on such a course as the leaving the elegant city of Dublin, and the friends of his youth, to become a Colonist in the wilds of Canada; and the influence which was thus exerted on his after life.

His father had designed him for the Ministry. They were members of the Church of England. Had not our Author been such, he could not, in those days, have entered Trinity College. But his genius was too decided—his faculties, in general by far too energetic; to be led into just such a sphere of action, as another mind might select for him. He read much in religious books, practical as well as speculative; not probably, at any time, with an intention of eventually pursuing a theological course of study: but to satisfy his own mind on important points. In some,

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at least, of the various situations, which he filled with perfect satisfaction to his employers, he had the advantage of daily conversation with people of deep piety. His conscience was not to be satisfied with a hasty consideration of such subjects. He read much, and thought deeply.

Too much reading, and study, on subjects which stimulated his mind to intense application, with the sedentary habits thus induced, proved injurious to his health and comfort. He would not, or could not, in general, pass by with a mere glance, or a partial, occasional attention, any thing that he perceived to be of intrinsic, and high importance. Much less could he thus dismiss the solemn questions which concern not only the present interests, but the eternal future of the soul. His temperament was nervo-bilious. His energy, in the exercise of every faculty, his power of intense concentration of thought on any subject esteemed worthy of his reflections, his ready and inexhaustible endurance of bodily discomfort in the prosecution of his favourite pursuits—though well known, as matter of frequent observation, to the writer of this sketch, and appreciated too by him, as worthy of admiration—would require for adequate description, not only much more space and leisure; but probably a more practised and an abler pen. Indeed, had it not been the obvious leading of Providence; and the natural result of the closest friendship, and the deepest interest in his works; and also a necessary consequence of there being no other person intimately acquainted with his character, his mental exercises, his opinions after his judgment was matured, his religious faith and hope, his habits, his general circumstances, and the incidents of his life, during the eleven years from his arrival in Canada to the time of his decease; it would probably not have been the duty of the writer to have undertaken to describe one so

superior to him in scholarship, in general cultivation of mind, acquaintance with Poetry in particular, and probably in every department of intellectual capacity and energy, as was Dr. Haskins.

Our Author determined, for a time, to lay aside books. He saw no earthly prospect of comfort before him, but in a life of activity, and exertion : regular hours, with abundant bodily exercise in the free air, remote from cities. All considerations favouring such a course, he made choice of Canada, as his country ; and in the year 1834, bade farewell to Dublin, and to his native land. Accompanied by his sister, since deceased, (to whom he has inscribed his *Miscellaneous Poems*.) and their Aunt—he arrived at Belleville, on the Bay of Quinte, Upper Canada, in the month of July, in the same year.

Very shortly after his arrival, the acquaintance commenced between him and the writer ; which led the way to a friendship that no vicissitudes, or trials of life, could change.

Dr. Haskins practised his profession awhile in Belleville. He discontinued it for a short time ; but afterwards adhered to it while he lived. His place of residence, he changed three times.

While practising in Belleville, he became acquainted with the lady whom he shortly afterwards married. She was the daughter of Mr. Daniel Everitt of Kingston ; and was in Belleville, on a visit to her relatives. Not long after their marriage, having resided awhile at the River Trent ; that is to say, at the village so called, at the mouth of that River ;—they removed to a new part of the country, the Township of Loughborough ; north of Kingston. There our Author enjoyed a season of domestic felicity ; which proved as transient, as it was bright. There the sun of his life attained its meridian glory : there he buried the dearest of his earthly hopes.

His young wife was as amiable as beautiful. Never was there a man who more highly prized such a treasure. She was "a crown to her husband." But she proved to be of the number of those whom the Lord hastens to place among his own peculiar jewels.

She died at the birth of her child; the daughter to whom our Author has addressed a Poem, which we have arranged among the Occasional Pieces.

Dr. Haskins being so nervous a man, of such deep, tender, and intense feelings, as are most vividly exhibited in his works; there was no possibility of his remaining near the grave, which had swallowed almost his earthly all. His child was spared to him: but his feelings were those of one bereft of every joy, and comfort of life.

From Loughborough, he removed to Frankford: a village situated on the South West bank of the River Trent, about eight miles from its mouth; and on both sides of Cole Creek, a perennial stream of very considerable beauty, which there mingles its waters with the sounding rapids of the Trent. Here, he spent the remainder of his days. Here, in the abundant leisure, which remained to him, from the duties of a physician, and in the solitude, at times, but too irksome—which he had, however, chosen in preference to cities and crowds, with only a very few choice books to read: his energetic, and ever restless mind, found worthy exercise, in the composition of the greater part of these Poems. His Hymns were written while his wife was living. As they sat side by side on leisure evenings, he used to copy neatly in the roman text, such as he had finished. These and others they used to sing together.

At Frankford his friend used to visit him; and stay a week or

ten days at a time. In some of the earlier of the conversations, (long to be remembered by the survivor,) which they there enjoyed ; it was suggested to our Author, to employ his talents in writing sacred lyrics to certain favourite airs. Hence the Songs of Solitude. In singing these, the Spanish Guitar was, latterly, an accompaniment.

The Cross dates next after the Songs of Solitude. Its composition occupied most of his leisure hours from early in May 1841, until the commencement of October in the same year. It occupied many a solitary hour ; and though at times, not unproductive of weariness and suffering—it contributed to alleviate a sorrow, for which time has, in general, been considered the only cure.

Our space is almost fully occupied ; and but very few words can be added. The exposure incident to the practice of Medicine, and the intense exercise of the cerebral functions in Poetic composition, are, among all legitimate accompaniments of certain occupations, the two that have been found to operate with the greatest effect, against longevity. This statement is made on the authority of tables, carefully constructed by men of science. Dr. Haskins was not exempt from the influence of these universal laws. Though he was the most strictly muscular man the writer ever saw—possessing an arm whose solid knots, when in full tension, were absolutely beyond a comparison with the best representations of pugilists which we have ever happened to meet with—yet his constitution was not proof against the malaria of vegetable decomposition. Though the valley of the Trent is so very rocky : yet in the vicinity of Frankford there are some very extensive swamps. And at the mouth of Cole Creek, a mill-pond—while it affords the means of accommodating the population of an extensive region (in occasional seasons of drought,) with

the very aliment most necessary of all—yet exerts a prejudicial influence on the constitutions of Liliouly disposed inhabitants of the village.

Dr. Haskins, though possessed of a giant's strength in his brawny arm, yet had by no means a broad chest. Here was a weakness. His liver became seriously injured by repeated attacks of ague. Under the combined influence of accumulated causes, his constitution sank. He complained much in the summer of 1845: and in the ensuing autumn was laid on the bed of death. The spirit in which he met the grim enemy, might be imagined from the tenor of many passages in his works. Knowing his own heart, he looked for salvation only in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Deeply contrite—humbled before the Eternal Judge, in whose presence he was so soon to appear—he spent his last days in prayer. His little daughter was well provided for. She inherits property from her mother: and has kind friends in her maternal relatives. He had no cause for anxiety on her account. He gave all his thoughts to spiritual things: and in the calm hope of one whose strength is the Eternal Rock, his spirit departed from this world of suffering, to be with God and Chr's'.

The kindness and liberality with which the Editor has been supported in a difficult undertaking, demand his warmest thanks. The uniform, and unsurpassed politeness, with which his solicitations have been listened to, and the readiness with which a large subscription list was afforded—have forever endeared to his remembrance the Colleges and cities of New York and New England.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
DR. HASKINS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

NEGLECTED son of Genius ! thou hast passed—
In broken-hearted loneliness—away :
And one who prized thy talents, fain would cast
The cypress-wreath above thy mould'ring clay.
Ah ! could she yet thy spirit's flight delay ;
Till the cold world, relenting from its scorn,
The fadeless laurel round thy brows should bind ;
Crowning the innate majesty of mind,
By crushing poverty and sorrow torn.
Peace to thy nameless ashes ! till revive
Bright memories of thee, in deathless song.
True to the dead—Time shall relenting give
The meed of praise deserved, delayed too long :
And, in immortal verse, the Bard again shall live.

THE
Poetical Works
OF
JAMES HASKINS, A. B. M. B.

TRIN. COLL. DUBLIN.



THE CROSS :

A Poem,

IN THREE BOOKS :

BY

JAMES HASKINS, A. B. M. B.

TRIN. COLL. DUBLIN.

On perusal of the following Address, it will be understood, of course, that the Author naturally hoped to be able—at some period of his life—to effect the publication of his Poems. It is distinctly shown, moreover, by his own words, —(which, but for the utter want of space, would have been quoted at length, in the course of the preceding sketch ;) that he looked forward even to a second edition: in preparing which, (he declares,) he would gladly avail himself of the aid of candid criticism.

Hence his request to be remembered in the Reader's orisons.

Since he has, in this Address, thus further illustrated his own character and sentiments; the presenting it in its proper place—with this explanation—seems essential to the integrity of his Works.

TO THE READER.

READER ! if thou in this shouldst find
Aught to profit, please, thy mind—
Aught to beguile thy lonely hour,
Or wake within devotion's pow'r—
Aught to exalt thy soul to Him,
Before whose eye, stars—suns—are dim ;
Good wishes let the poet claim,
Whose guerdon is no earthly fame :
Still let a pray'r before the Throne,
For him, be mingled with thine own.

When winter, with his piercing wind,
Hail, snow, and tempest all combined,
Reigns o'er the world in solemn state,
And chills the heart, no more elate ;
In summer's bloom—in autumn's pride—
When smiles the spring with blushes dyed ;
At dawn of morn—at golden noon—
At eve—when midnight veils the moon ;
When happiness thy lot hath crowned,
Or sad affliction darkens round ;
Still let thy soul aloft ascend,
To Him, the contrite sinner's friend ;
Still be thy heart to Jesus giv'n ;
Who died, that thou mightst live in heav'n.



THE CROSS.

BOOK I.

ANALYSIS.—Stanzas 1—5, The Poet invokes the true source of Inspiration. His subject, the plan of Redemption. 7—10, Vastness of the Subject. Mystery of Divine Love. 11, 12, The Poetic impulse and ardour irrepresable. 13, The Author's purpose. 14, State of the world during Satan's reign ; or previous to the Advent of the Messiah. 19—21, God not without witness during that period : His Existence, Goodness, and Justice, being manifested in His works of Creation and Providence. 24, Traditional knowledge existed in all nations. 26—30, Reason, and a certain innate impression, taught mankind the Existence of a superior Power ; the Immortality of the Soul ; and a future state of Retribution. 31—35, Dreadful nature of Sin. 36, Universal Tradition of Sacrificial Atonement. 37, Revelation to a chosen nation. 38—40, Worders of the Law. 41, 42, Blessedness of Israel. 42—44, Their Rebellion and Ruin. 45, God foreseeing the fall of Man, had from eternity devised the plan of Redemption.

46—50, The Messiah's Kingdom predicted of old. 54, 55, The time drawing near ; 56—58, Satan summons his hosts ; and in an address (62) in which he shows the nature of the approaching Crisis, incites them to a final struggle. 66, They swear to war with Immanuel forever.

67—71, A Voice is heard through Hell ; showing the impotence of all creatures as compared with God.

I.

O THOU Eternal One ! at whose command.

From chaos rose Creation—at whose will,

Yonder proud dome, magnificent, o'erspanned

Earth newly born, where darkness lingered still ;

Whose fullness, then, infinite space did fill

With suns and spheres of glory—worlds of light,

All beautiful and blessed—where nought was ill,

To cast o'er them one shade of transient night ;

But all was like Thyself, glorious, and good, and bright :

II.

Thou, at whose word the firmament, earth, ocean,
 Took their appointed place by firm decree ;
 When from th' archangels thrilled supreme devotion,
 And all the host of heav'n sang praise to Thee !
 Creator, Ruler, of all worlds that be !
 Oh ! bear my spirit high o'er mortal things—
 E'en to that realm, where, throned in majesty,
 Thy greatness dwells—aloft on seraph's wings,
 Uphold her by Thy power ; while she, advent'rous, sings.

III.

Oh ! for a wing above the condor's flight,
 To waft my soul tow'rd Heav'n ; e'en where the strain
 Of songs angelic echoes from the height,
 And hands of seraphim their harps contain :
 Then would I sing. Yet, haply, not in vain,
 My feeble voice with them Thy praise may share.
 Oh ! how from hymns of praise can man refrain ;
 When he beholds Thy works, supremely fair :
 But chief, The Cross—Thy Son beloved expiring there !

IV.

Source of all spirit ! Maker of all mind !
 Omnipotence ! be Thou my strength and stay :
 Far from the wild'ring world, in clouds enshrined,
 Oh ! point me out the sure, unerring way ;
 That leads to lands where smiles immortal day.
 Sole Good ! Sole Great ! Oh ! teach me to behold
 The sun of Truth, unblinded by his ray :
 Nor let Thy love within this heart wax cold ;
 While I, in vent'rous verse, Redemption's plan unfold.

V.

No fabled muse—no fond Parnassian dream—

Invoke I now, a lofty strain t' inspire.

THOU *only*, as befits my sacred theme,

Can'st kindle in this soul unearthly fire ;

And wake to harmony my untuned lyre.

Thee I invoke. My strength were vainly spent,

Without Thine aid. Shall man, unhelped, aspire

To sing *Redemption* ? If that aid be lent—

Weak of myself, and frail, I shun not this high argument.

VI.

Saints of the earth ! in ardent, humble pray'r,

Lift your united voice to Him above ;

And supplicate that I His grace may share,

To make my darkness light. Mysterious Dove !

Thy blest illumination let me prove.

Spirit of truth and holiness ! 'tis Thine,

To vivify, t' enlighten, to remove

All earthly dross. Oh ! make my soul Thy shrine.

Kindle, and hallow all within, with love divine.

VII.

Wonder of wonders ! God, who reigns on high,

Lord of the Universe—Th' Almighty One—

Essential Life—Soul of Eternity—

Came down to dwell on earth. The peerless Sun—

Around in whom, stars, worlds, their courses run—

Shrouded His glory in a form of clay ;

Declined in death, for man by guilt undone.

Hence ! thoughts profane. Ideal dreams, away !

Be *this*—be this *alone* my thought—by night, by day.

VIII

Immortal Man ! how fearful was 'he debt,
 Which a Redeemer's blood alone could pay !
 This mystery of marvels angels yet,
 Awe-struck, behold, and tremblingly survey :
 How vast, no finite mind imagine may.
 Higher than highest heav'n—what canst thou do ?
 Deeper than earth's foundations—firm for aye—
 Wider than endless space : could'st thou pursue,
 E'en in eternal thought, the theme, 'twere ever new.

IX.

If, as the thunder on its fir'y wing,
 My voice to distant lands could speak afar ;
 If solemn tone, vibrating from the string
 Of my rude harp—beyond the flight of star,
 Could reach the realms where the unfallen are ;
 Myriads of worlds of beauty—where the blight
 Of sin ne'er came, their loveliness to mar ;
 I would address their countless legions bright—
 'Behold—behold the Cross ! that all transcending sight !'

X.

If, as a river rushing to the shore
 Of the unbounded Ocean—soon to lose,
 In that dread deep, its waters, heard no more—
 E'en to remotest time I could diffuse
 My soul, in heralding the sacred news
 Of a Redeemer's blood, shed to retrieve
 Man from eternal death ; unworthy muse !
 'Then might'st thou sing. But now—canst thou not weave
 One warning strain, and cry—'O Man ! repent—believe ?'

XI.

Comes there upon the calmness of my soul
 A nameless pow'r—as 'neath the moonbeams bright,
 The torrent from the mountain ; when the roll
 Of its dark waters, dashing from the height,
 Reverberates in echoes thro' the night—
 And thoughts are rushing by me : and the moon—
 All gentle in her silv'ry tissue dight—
 Can lull the rolling torrent's wave as soon,
 As I can stem those thoughts, not now mere fancy's boon.

XII.

And, were I silent, it might be required,
 At the great day, when all their doom shall know—
 When souls that high to heav'nly things aspired,
 Aloft shall wend ; and those that grovelled low,
 In base pursuit, plunge in th' abyss of woe :—
 When talents profitless must be restored ;
 And all shall reap as they on earth did sow.
 Oh ! let me not presume—yet, righteous Lord !
 My portion due of toil, let me, tho' weak, afford.

XIII.

Humbly, my God, to Thee I lift my heart,
 Seeking Thy succour ; that no evil thought,
 In this my hallowed purpose, may have part—
 Or vanity steal in, and make all naught.
 If that my spirit hath a portion caught
 Of heav'nly ardour—be that ardour spent
 In heralding the great redemption, bought
 By Jesu's blood :—be this my sole intent.
 To keep all pure within, oh ! be Thy influence lent.

XIV.

Two thousand years twice told, this earth had lain
To sorrow, sin, and misery a prey ;
And ruined Man, the heir of toil and pain,
Wore out in wretchedness his little day :
Nor hope diffused upon his lot one ray.
And when he died—the darkness and the gloom,
And heaviness upon his soul that lay,
Were but the heralds of an awful doom,
In the far land that lies beyond the shad'wy tomb.

XV.

Born as for woe—he vainly lived and died ;
Fearful, unknowing of his future fate :
Reason, by sin obscured, his feeble guide—
His life was drear. Death thro' his gloomy gate
Grinned ghastly, at his near approach elate ;
And pois'd his jav'lin, tipped with flames of hell :
And, at his furious frown of vengeful hate,
Blackness of darkness on the spirit fell ;
Anguish and mighty woe, and fears unutt'able.

XVI.

Earth was no paradise, as once of old,
When from her Maker's hand her beauty rose :
Brief was the bloom her morning did unfold ;
And transient did her cheek its blush disclose.
In youth, her brow became all stern with woes.
Yet oft did she look glad : but never smiled,
As she was wont ere sorrow shed its snows.
When guilty Man from Eden was exiled ;
Nature and she, erst lovely, grew all dark and wild.

XVII.

War, bloodshed, rapine—an unnumbered host
Of deadly plagues—her early annals stained ;
And Lucifer, (dread lord !) could proudly boast,
Not in but lurid hell he sov'reign reigned :
Dominion over Earth he not disdained.
Wide o'er the world, his sable banner waving,
Its mighty shadow cast : till nought remained
Uncoloured by its hues. Th' Eternal braving,
Victoriously he sped, all human hearts enslaving.

XVIII.

Prince of th' aerial powers ! I backward trace
The tide of evil ; that tremendous sea,
Whose overwhelming waves would fain efface
Good from our world. Satan ! alone from thee—
As Egypt's flood, when, like eternity,
Its stream rolls on—those billows bursting sweep.
Fountain of ill ! thy springs perennial be.
Nought can control their spreading waters deep :
Save HE, whose pow'r alone, can souls in safety keep.

XIX.

And yet—tho' evil, from those venom'd springs,
Swept as a moral pestilence the world ;
Tho' each departing virtue spread its wings,
And Satan waved his banner-cloud unfurled,
And Sin its myriads to perdition hurled :
Jehovah ! Lord of lords, and King of kings !
While mutability its circle whirled,
Till earth, and man, seemed moved by chance's strings ;
Thy hand, above, ruled all, and governed mortal things.

XX.

The blight of sin—the dismal, barren earth ;
 The double curse on Man—death, toilsful pain ;
 Woman, condemned to anguish, in the birth
 Of beings doomed to woe ; the first born Cain,
 Smirched with his brother's blood by murder slain ;
 The agony, the torture, and the woe,
 Superlative of horrors shed like rain
 On guilty man—hell's black abyss below—
 Thy holiness, and pow'r, justice, and truth, did show.

XXI.

Not without witness was Thy mercy too,
 Tho' Earth a dreary wilderness became.
 Thou water'dst her, each night and morn, with dew ;
 And warm'dst with genial glow her inward frame.
 Thy gen'ral care did all Thy creatures claim,
 Filling their hearts with food. And oft—tho' joy
 Was not a flow'r of mortal growth, (its name
 Still misapplied)—did sunny gladness buoy
 Many a human heart, above life's sad annoy.

XXII.

Tho' all were evil ; from th' infected mass
 Of vileness unredeemed, stood forth a few
 Of high and elevated soul. Alas !
 Tho'—eminent above the common crew—
 Superior, they did nobler things pursue,
 Not grovelling in sense, in vice debased ;
 Seekers of wisdom—they their God ne'er knew !
 Knew not the God, whose glorious image traced
 Upon the soul, from thence not wholly was effaced.

XXIII,

Wisdom ! it was a glorious guest, much sought.

Those noble few oft deemed her form their prize ;

And many grasped a cloud, and found it nought

But empty vapour : as the sleeper tries—

When, in the beauty of a dream, arise

(Charms of a form, than mortal one more fair—

T' embrace its loveliness, (with wishful eyes,

And a deep-heaving heart,) and finds but air :

Thus Wisdom lured along ; and few her smiles did share.

XXIV.

Some feeble rays of ancient lore, from heav'n,

Shed, in each nation, more or less of light :

And to each son of man, some grace was giv'n ;

Which, well improved, had made his darkness bright.

And manifest—amid that inward night—

God's spirit still diffused a living ray :

And hence were human hearts not evil quite.

Some good, some worth, men's actions did display—

Kind deeds were done ; and oft did gen'rous feelings sway.

XXV.

In sooth, Man was a strange and motley thing ;

All impotent, yet with vast pow'rs endued.

With spirit strong to soar on lofty wing,

Erect—sublime of brow—the heavens he viewed ;

And mid the stars his soul its path pursued :

Then—wallowed in the mire ! and grov'ling base—

E'en in the dust, beneath his footsteps strewed—

He seemed a being of a different race

From him, whose mind grasped suns, and worlds in its embrace.

XXVI.

Tho' "desperately wicked," Scripture says,
The heart, and its imaginations ill;
Tho' to depraved inventions, man his ways
Perverted; curved, and warped to wrong his will :
A monitor within was warning still,
Waked by the Spirit of God. Its accents spake
Around—with deep, reverberating thrill—
Like echoes of the thunder; when awake
Its loud-toned peals, that bid the rocks and mountains quake.

XXVII.

There was an innate stamp on ev'ry mind—
A strong, instinctive, energy of sense :
That still, with reason's arguings combined,
Spake of a God. Despite the impotence,
Wrought in the soul, by man's so dire offence ;
Convinced of God—One mighty Being, vast,
Supreme o'er all—Original, from whence
Creation rose ; Man stood and quaked aghast :
For Conscience spake of crimes, loud as the lightning blast.

XXVIII.

In his calm hours, he could not but believe
This truth—incontrovertible by all
The sophistries which Passion's pow'r doth weave.
Aloud, within, that voice to him did call,
To stay his steps—nor tempt a farther fall ;
And still, of former crimes, the bitter pang
His spirit stung ; and terror did appal,
And of his earthly joys the requiem rang :
Despairingly he drooped ; tho' flow'rs around him sprang.

XXIX.

For flow'rs of earthly joy no pleasure bring,
 When the sad heart is deep remorse's prey.
 When Conscience plies its scourge, and inward sting,
 The skies look black at noon of cheerful day ;
 And nature's realms a fun'ral frown display.
 Where'er we turn—the pit, where serpents hiss,
 Profoundly yawns, and threatens black dismay :
 Clouds darken all the heav'n of transient bliss—
 Death with white, fleshless finger, points to the abyss.

XXX.

Tho' nature's eye be glad, and wild birds sing
 Amid the pleasant groves ; whose early leaves,
 Luxuriant, fold the buds that, blossoming,
 Breathe odours on the air—tho' summer weaves
 Its flow'ry chaplet ; yet the heart that grieves,
 With the dark woe by sin and passion wrought,
 No pleasure from her varied scenes receives :
 But, from the sullen cave of fearful thought,
 Despairing, looks around, and deems that all is naught.

XXXI.

O Sin ! thou deadly source of all our woe !
 Thou traitress, still with blood of souls besprent !
 Destroyer of all life ! determined foe
 Of happiness—of love—each feeling sent
 From heav'n, t' enkindle earth's gross element
 With joy celestial ! wherefore did'st thou haste,
 On thy black wing of ominous portent—
 Like vulture to the carnage—to lay waste
 The loveliness that, once, man's guileless spirit graced ?

XXXII.

How deep, how dire, the desolation wrought
 Around—within—by that unsparing hand !
How did the heav'ns grow dim ; and come to nought,
 The bounteous scheme, that Love Divine had planned !
And universal guilt, at thy command,
Burst as a deluge round, with billows high :
 Till Peace and Virtue found not where to sta: '—
But waved their wings ; and sought, beyond the s.
A calmer world : where Love's elysian flow'rs ne'er die

XXXIII.

What lure did'st bring—what splendid recompense—
 What treasures infinite, the soul to gain ?
What golden wonders—what rich stores immense—
 What spell of matchless pow'r, t' illude the brain ?
What forms of paradise—a peerless train ?
Mere emptiness ! the shadow of a dream,
 That mocks the sleeper in his visions vain.
Away ! thine eyes deceitful lustre beam ;
Hence ! painted skeleton, whose smiles with horror teem.

XXXIV.

What was the witchery, that thus could steal
 To thy embrace, the soul, all heav'nly pure ;
That, blind to sense of its eternal weal,
 It rushed Almighty vengeance to endure ?
What was the recompense, the wondrous lure ?
No answer yet ! I turn me to the grave—
 Dark home ! man's dreary destination sure.
Let me consult yon gloomy charnel-cave ;
Dread pit. Of thee—yon scull—do I an answer crave.

XXXV.

Thou speakest well, O grave ! unburied scull,
 Sternly thy features on the living lour !
 Yet do those eyes, of mystic meaning full,
 Speak to the startled soul—beyond the pow'r
 Of eloquence, in its impassioned hour,
 Hurling its thunders. Thy mute mouth doth tell.
 How small of folly's treasures is the dow'r :
 Around its accents echo like a knell,
 Tolling its dreary dirge o'er all that earth loved well.

XXXVI.

Some sacrificial off'ring, to atone
 For sinful deed—some thing of worth resigned :
 Blood spilt—flesh burned—upon the altar-stone :
 'Twas not in *these* to renovate the mind ;
 The balm of peace not thus could spirits find.
 Tho' lore traditional all nations taught,
 Alone could *blood* the shackled soul unbind ;
 With errors wild their creeds were overfraught :
 Alas ! they knew not Him, whose blood Redemption bought.

XXXVII.

One chosen nation, God's especial love
 Blessed with a revelation of His will ;
 By precepts pure of wisdom from above,
 Taught to adopt the good, reject the ill :
 Just, holy, wise—beneficently still
 Pointing their path—He gave His sacred Law,
 Framed by Omnipotence with perfect skill.
 Not angel's eye could there discern a flaw :
 The seraphim its code, with speechless wonder, saw.

XXXVIII.

Blessings, and curses, did that law ordain :
 To the obedient an assured reward ;
 Deep woe denounced, the wicked to restrain
 From guilty ways, that make the heart most hard.
 By its restriction, was no joy debarred
 From man ; save those that left a sting behind—
 False joys, that solid happiness still marred
 With mildew blight : e'en as the Samiel wind ;
 Which passed, the traveller can nought of verdure find.

XXXIX.

Just, holy, good, the precepts of His Word
 Made wise the simple ; light unto the feet,
 That stumbled in the darkness, did afford.
 To heav'n-aspiring souls, its taste, more sweet
 Than honey comb, with pleasure was replete ;
 Sweeter than golden honey from the hive :
 To the despairing soul a cordial meet—
 A rich repast, the spirit to revive—
 A balm of sov'reign pow'r to make the dead alive.

XL.

Prefigured in its rites, th' adorer viewed
 The mystery of all-redeeming pow'r.
 As on the altar-stone, each day imbued
 With blood of lambs, was shed the crimson show'r
 From victims innocent ; th' approaching hour
 Of earth's deliv'rance on their vision rose—
 The Sun of Righteousness, (tho' clouds did lour
 Around Him,) seemed His dawning to disclose :
 The Lamb of God was slain, triumphant then o'er foes.

XLI.

Jehovah, still, this people of his choice,
 In all their wand'rings, did sustain and guide :
 And, (as the Shepherd calls his sheep by voice,
 And they obey him,) by the gentle tide
 Of waters, that without a murmur glide—
 Thro' meadows green, He led them day by day :
 With gladness, and with food, their hearts supplied.
 Oh ! blessed beyond all earthly creatures they !
 Yet widely did this flock from the Good Shepherd stray.

XLII.

A vineyard, planted on a fruitful hill,
 Was Israel. His boughs extended wide,
 In summer's golden gleam exulting still :
 His branches bent, beneath the purple pride
 Of grapes, that seemed with morning's blushes dyed.
 The stranger o'er the land, delighted, sent
 His ling'ring gaze ; and long the prospect eyed.
 Again he passed :—a storm its bloom had rent ;
 Blossoms, and fruit, and leaves, in dust were mould'ring blent.

XLIII.

Vineyard of God ! how did thy grapes become
 As barren clusters of th' uncultured vine !
 Ere winter's icy horrors did benumb
 The sap ascending, and their tendrils fine ;
 How love'y was each tree, each branch of thine,
 In nature's early freshness ! Heav'n on high,
 Show'r'd o'er thy genial bosom dews divine.
 Yet, transiently as dreams, that hour went by :
 How did the gold grow dim—mere dross its place supply !

XLIV.

Jeshurun's God ! depicted here we see
 A likeness of ourselves—the human heart !
 Our souls how base, how impotent they be ;
 Still prone from Thee, and goodness, to depart :
 How kind, how true, how merciful Thou art,
 To wretches wand'ring from the blissful way—
 Like broken bow, still wont aside to start.
 Oh ! guide my footsteps, lest I farther stray ;
 And shed upon my soul one beam of heav'nly day.

XLV.

Known unto God are all things : present, past,
 And future, His all comprehending eye
 Views at a glance. Time's moments flee full fast,
 From all created things. For Him on high—
 There is no time ; all is Eternity :
 No past, no future. He devised the plan
 Of earth's Redemption : long before the Tree
 Of Knowledge gave its fruit to guilty man ;
 Before His Seven days' work of wonder He began.

XLVI.

Quaffing the stream of inspiration deep,
 Prophets foretold of far, yet hasting, hours ;
 When Earth, with bosom torn, should cease to weep—
 Her brow again be decked with blooming flow'rs—
 The wilderness rejoice with heav'nly show'rs,
 And blossom like the rose : a distant time,
 When victory should smile on Salem's tow'rs ;
 And Glory's King arrive, in pomp sublime ;
 And Jewry's land become as Heav'n's ethereal clime :

XLVII.

When Zion's daughter, prostrate in her grief,
 Mourning amid the tombs in sable woe,
 (Disconsolate like Rachel, while relief
 Seemed far away,) a happy change should know,
 And in one moment all her grief forego :
 Music, for mourning, her sad spirit steep—
 Beauty, for ashes, on her cheek should glow—
 For heaviness, the heart's exulting leap,
 Where gladness and delight their joyous concert keep :

XLVIII.

Joy, as a precious balm, should widely pour
 Its streams o'er all the land ; and hearts be healed,
 Whose wounds were deemed incurable : no more
 The trumpet summon to the battle-field—
 War's thunder-cast no more its echoes yield ;
 Nor howling of the tempest shake the shore,
 Where all should find a port. Thus Heav'n revealed
 Health for the heart, a salve for ev'ry sore ;
 Of blessings from above, a rich, a boundless store.

XLIX.

The lion and the lamb, in flow'ry mead,
 Should play together ; the wolf, gentle-eyed,
 Fondle the kid : the flock securely feed,
 Amid the forest-herd, nor ill betide :
 The serpent—in his scaly, speckled pride,
 Twining voluminous his spiry fold—
 Sportive, and harmless, by the infant glide.
 Thus, in prophetic strain, the seers of old
 Messiah's welcome reign, as Prince of Peace, foretold.

L.

O blissful sight ! the vulture and the dove
 In kindly union meeting—sweet release
 From scenes ungente ! happy and love
 Gliding around, in silv'ry waves of peace,
 With whisper soft bidding vexation cease :
 Earth, as a paradise in vernal bloom,
 Bedecked with beauty's smile the heart to please ;
 All nature rising from ungenial gloom,
 And bursting into life, new charms each hour t' assume.

LI.

Yet—Judah ! He, thy princely Lord and Lion,
 Had warfare to accomplish. Sin and Hell,
 (Stern foes !) still fixed their foreheads against Zion,
 And this, her weal. Not tongue of man can tell
 How they conspired, with machinations fell,
 'Gainst God and His Anointed. (In the page
 Of Revelation, 'tis recorded well.)
 All madly, too, the heathen did engage
 To mock Jehovah's pow'r, with wild, with senseless rage.

LII.

O man most blind ! What darkness had disgraced
 Thy reason's ray, (obscured, alas ! and dim ;
 Yet still the beacon true, within thee placed,
 To warn and guide,) that thou didst war with Him,
 Who left, for thee, the realm where seraphim
 Circle His throne : where the archangels high—
 Whose cup with glory sparkles to the brim—
 Humbly adoring, stand submissive by ;
 Shad'wing with silv'ry wings, each starlike, radiant eye.

LIII.

O madness of the heart ! the phrensied brain
Ne'er equalled this, in its delusions wild ;
Delirium, in its dark, infuriate reign,
Had no such thoughts. This madness was the child
Of impious Pride, from Wisdom far exiled.
To war with the Redeemer ! to despise
Mercy and Vengeance—Love that gracious smiled,
Bidding the sinner come and share the skies !
Satan ! this stood supreme o'er all thy victories.

LIV.

Drew on the time which prophets, heav'n-inspired,
Declared should come—the all-auspicious day.
Judea's sons glad expectation fired,
Of a blest coming change : nor only they
Looked for a morning of a brighter ray,
Than e'er had dawned on earth. Sages averred
A mighty conqueror was on his way,
To ransom—to redeem. Hell's groan was heard ;
And Tophet all its waves e'en from the bottom stirred.

LV.

Unearthly sounds were heard upon the steep
Of Jordan's mountains—wailings of despair ;
Dread mourning—as when baffled demons weep,
In impotence of fury—filled the air.
Unwonted horrors did the sinner share ;
And dark forebodings of Immanuel's reign
And victory, the hosts of hell did scare :
Nor rested they from opposition vain.
Harp ! let thy strings vibrate a louder, sterner strain.

LVI.

Emerged the lost from the deep waves of hell ;
From the dread gulf of the abyss of flame :
Where, mountainous, the fi'ry surges swell
With everlasting roar. Fiercely they came
On, where the portals, of stupendous frame,
O'erarch with horrors black the gloomy gates—
Whose mysteries of terror have no name—
Where Death, with massive keys, (grim porter !) waits ;
And, sternly scowling, glares thro' the red, glowing grates.

LVII.

Glared fiendish eyes, from the unholy dead,
As, like a flood, along, fierce swept the crowd ;
As wave on wave, rank upon rank they sped,
With voices like the blast of thunder loud—
Their fi'ry breath streamed upward, as the cloud
That bears the lightning. With terrific swing
Those gates burst widely—his demeanor proud,
Fierce-eyed, within strode the tremendous king :
Hell's caverned echoes woke, its monarch welcoming.

LVIII.

Stern gazing, for a while, he silent took
His brazen trump ; and blew a warlike blast :
Hell's adamantine arches, starting, shook ;
And its black portals bowed their columns vast.
Onward, as speeds the storm, the summons passed
To the remotest bounds where demons dwell :
A ruddier gleam the swelt'ring billows cast—
Intenser burned the fires, whose blazes fell
Enwrap the tortured—at that warning known full well.

LIX.

As pour the stars from the bright, glitt'ring east,
 Streaming, all numberless, along the sky—
 When, from his golden chariot, harn released
 The Sun his coursers—from their fountains high,
 Magnificent, outspreading on the eye ;
 Where deserts wide unfold their arid world—
 As sandy clouds sweep on the tempest by ;
 As leaves autumnal, by the north wind hurled :
 Thus Tophet's armies rushed, with sable flag unfurled.

LX.

As round him in array their legions sweep,
 Stands Satan, as a rock ; that o'er the waves
 Uplifted—when the spirit of the deep,
 Roused by the war of winds, in fury raves—
 Rears high its brow, and all the billows braves.
 Awful he stands, in majesty ; replete
 With innate pow'r, and energy that craves
 From none or help, or counsel. At his feet,
 In haughty, swelling floods, th' unnumbered faithless meet.

LXI.

King of the proud ! whose sovereign commands
 None question here—whose undisputed sway
 Governs all hearts ; behold ! submissive bands,
 Spread limitless around in wide array,
 Await thy will. To hear, and to obey,
 Is ours : expectantly we wait thy word.
 Wherefore thus summoned, mighty monarch ! say.
 Outspake then, sternly, sin's terrific lord,
 Beloved of hearts below, by righteous Heav'n abhorred.

LXII.

'Souls of the free, the fearless ! dauntless ones—
 Spirits of finer frame, who nobly own
 No monarch's pow'r, save mine ; freedom's true sons,
 Valiant as wise—who bow not at the throne,
 Where sits the King who rules in heav'n alone ;
 Earth, hell, are *ours*—so let them still remain !
 Our vast dominion ne'er be overthrown :
 Man be our willing slave ; to wear the chain,
 Which thousand worlds to rend may seek ; but seek in vain.

LXIII.

'Comes on the day, prophets declared of old,
 Should see God's son victoriously arrive
 'Mong fallen men ; and conquering unfold
 His banner in the fight : empow'r'd to give
 Exemption from our bonds to all that live.
 Commissioned thus—descends He from on high,
 From sin, and guilt, and woe, their souls to shrive.
 Draws on the day—the hour, the moment, nigh :
 Let's greatly strive, and prove the prophets spake a lie.

LXIV

'Firm, bold, and brave—to war with Him in heav'n
 Be ours : nor let us tame our rights forego.
 Let lightnings blast—the firmament be riv'n,
 With all His thunder—the abyss below
 With tenfold horror rage. Let the storm blow,
 Of his concentrate wrath, upon each head ;
 The furnace of His fury fiercely glow ;
 And earth and hell be mingled in the dread
 Chaos, which once they were : till all of life be dead,

LXV.

Save that which cannot die. Tho' at His side,
 Myriads of strong archangels draw the sword;
 Proud let us stand, and the event abide.
 Have not the phials of His wrath been poured
 Upon our heads ere *now*? the lightnings stored
 In treasury of tortures, fiercely burst
 Around; nor left one thunder of that hoard?
 Burns not His hatred with immortal thirst?
 Arm—arm! arrive what will—we feel, we know the worst.

LXVI.

'What worse than *hell*? Is farther woe reserved
 For those who dwell in Tophet's gulf profound,
 Amid avenging fire? hath he not nerved
 His red right-hand, to deal destruction round
 Our faithful bands tormented beyond bound?
 War be our cry!'—Swept onward as a river,
 His words. Exultingly that host around,
 With curses deep, that made e'en stern hell shiver,
 Swore to contend with Him—Immanuel—for ever.

LXVII

A voice then echoed thro' th' expanse of hell;
 Like wind, at even, on the silent shore
 Of ocean. As around its accents swell,
 Tho' still and small—hushed is the fiendish roar
 Of execration: from that host no more,
 Tumultuous, rose th' exulting shout of war.
 A breathless trance, like that of death, came o'er
 The boastful bands: as spake that voice afar—
 Around were silent all, as death's still sleepers are.

LXVIII.

‘Woe to rebellious worms ! that madly strive
With their Creator; dare dispute His will,
Whose frown is death, whose word makes all alive—
Th’ Omnipotent : whose works of glory fill
All space ; who bids the stars of heav’n stand still,
And they obey ; who but withdraws His breath—
The universe sinks down in cureless ill,
All creatures tottero’er the brink of death.
None can withstand His pow’r : ’tis done, whate’er He saith.

LXIX.

Woe to the wicked, who presumptuous strive
With the Triune, Lord of eternity !
Whose bolts the everlasting mountains rive ;
Who fetters with strong chain the raging sea,
And bounds it by perpetual decree.
Satan, beware ! not *all* His shafts are spent.
Still are there thunders in His treasury—
The sevenfold thunders of Th’ Omnipotent—
To baffle thine array, in wide destruction blent.

LXX.

‘Shall the dry grass its feeble stem uprear,
In lightning’s flashes, and their fury brave ?
Shall stubble, chaff, and thorns, the trial dare,
When torrent floods of fire roll on their wave ?
When loud, o’er land and sea, tornadoes rave,
Shall the light thistle-down withstand their pow’r ?
When giant gusts rush from the mountain-cave,
Shall silv’ry, sailing clouds loiter that hour ;
Nor feel the mighty blast, o’erturning tree and tow’r ?

LXXI.

'Satan ! howe'er thy haughty heart may swell—

Archangels wonder—demons, men, deride ;

Unmoved alike by earth, or heav'n, or hell,

That by my prophets spoken, shall betide :

Immutable my promises abide.

Triumphant over thee, and death—My Son,

Shall rule, with royal sway, creation wide :

Mankind adore, from dark perdition won.

My changeless word is passed : it shall—it shall be done !'

THE CROSS.

BOOK II.

ANALYSIS.—Stanzas 1—3, The Majesty of God, the Centre of all Being. 4—7, Poetic aspirations, and Prayer. 8, Sophists. 9, Thomas Paine. 11, Newton. 14—20, Visions, showing the horrors entailed by Sin. 32, Zion watching for the Desire of all Nations. 33, Pride of the Pharisees; Scepticism of the Sadducees; False notions of the Jews, respecting the character of the Messiah.

34, Address to Jerusalem, on His Advent. 37—39, His appearance in the Temple. His majesty, meekness, wisdom, love, Divinity. 40—42, Satan baffled, plots anew. 45—48, The Saviour's Miracles. 49, His preaching: such words as never man spoke. 50, The Pharisee, and the Publican.

51, The Poet pauses, to contemplate Nature. 52—58, Description of Morning.

I.

SUN of the Universe! whose sleepless eye

Doth, at a glance, unnumbered worlds behold;

Sweeps the broad fields of ether, spread on high

Around yon orbs—that clustering unfold

Their paradise of beauty, gems, and gold;

Where'er arrive the sacred beams of light,

There is Thy presence: where extension, rolled

As ocean, sweeps above th' empyreal height;

There are Thy works. Yon dome magnificent, of night,

II.

Bespeaks Thy pow'r. Bright as a wondrous dream,

Effulge the starry hosts in proud array:

With eyes of glory that immortal seem,

And brows of calmer smile than men display—

Serene they walk along the heav'nly way,

In silent majesty and order deep.

How holy, and how beautiful are they!

Like bands angelic: as, in love, they keep

Watch o'er the world; while toil-o'erwearied mortals sleep.

III.

Centre of being ! prime Original

Of that which *was* and *shall be* ; whence derive
 Their essence and existence, each and all
 Thy creatures manifold, that move and live :
 Soul of the universe ! Thy guidance give.
 Illumine my darkness, O Thou peerless Sun
 ('Tis ineffable ! as on I strive,
 Point me the path ; that I false ways may shun :
 Then gild with glory ; when my toil, my travel's done.

IV.

Ye stars of heav'n ! on your ethereal path
 Ye have no resting-place. Along the steep
 Of yon unbounded blue ; whose azure hath
 No likeness upon earth—so calm, so deep,
 So shadowless its purple billows sleep,
 As lulled eternally in peace profound—
 Onward, still on, your shining course ye keep :
 Each like a king with gems and glory crowned,
 Dispensing beauty, light, on all above, around.

V.

If that my soul, unhindered in its course,
 Might speed like ye along the heav'nly way ;
 'Tho' small its lustre, impotent its force—
 Upheld by Him, whose hand by night, by day,
 Can guide my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray ;
 How blessed my lot ! 'Tho' ne'er on earth to shine,
 (Save when my glow worm-lamp, with feeble ray,
 Brightens the gloom,) what blissful life were mine !
 But now—toil, weakness, woe, to check my course combine.

VI.

Yet let me trust in Him, who ne'er forsook
 His feeblest foll'wer, wandering below !
 Who, from the womb, this fragile structure took,
 And bade a mother's breast with balm o'erflow.
 Let me upon His pow'r, His mercy, throw
 My weary burden—all my grief and pain,
 My anguish, and my weakness, and my woe.
 Friend of the fatherless ! do Thou sustain ;
 And bear, for me, the links of life's encumb'ring chain.

VII.

Bind up my bleeding wounds, Thou gentle Lamb !
 Who love compassionate for me did'st feel.
 Thou, and *Thou only*, seest what I am :
 Thy love *alone* my stricken heart can heal,
 And chase the grief my bosom-shades conceal.
 Come—for Thou know'st what pains this heart oppress—
 Saviour Omnipotent ! Thy help reveal :
 Come—for Thou knowest all my deep distress—
 Revive my fainting soul ; strengthen, uphold, and bless.

VIII.

Hence, ye vain sophists ! "*all things as they were*
From the beginning"—say ! is this your creed ?
 Behold yon heav'ns ! the stars that glitter there—
 Had they no Maker ? did destruction breed
 Their shining forms, (where man, not blind, may read
 The wonders of Omnipotence ; and improve
 Night's dark'ning hours :) that eloquently plead
 His cause ; who bade them not unbeauteous rove
 O'er earth, beneath the smile of thousand eyes of love ?

IX.

And thou—whose tongue long since is dumb in death !
 The worshipper of Reason, phrensy-driven ;
 Who railed at Revelation with rank breath ;
 Asking—"if *such* had been to mortals given,
 Why was 't not written with the stars of Heaven ?"
 Deluded man ! hadst thou upturned thine eye,
 With a pure heart, at hallowed hour of even ;
 Thou might'st have read, in scriptures of the sky,
 Tomes of eternal truth, and pow'r, revealed on high.

X.

Beams there not there a revelation, bright
 Beyond th' imaginings of mortal mind—
 Of pow'r, of glory, excellence and might,
 Wisdom, and majesty, and skill combined ;
 Splendour supreme, that can no equal find—
 To tell of the Eternal : to allure
 The heart to holiness and heav'n ? Oh ! blind
 Is he who cannot read those pages pure ;
 Than which the sacred Word ne'er spake a language truer.

XI.

How bright, in contrast with a heart like thine,
 Shone the seraphic spirit of the man—
 The starry seer—whose soul was all divine ;
 Whose mental grasp did nature's wonders span :
 Who, skilled in her deep mysteries, outran
 Wisdom of ages ; and in early youth,
 Philosopher profound, did science scan ;
 And saw a God in all, and Heav'nly Truth,
 And Wisdom infinite ! This man was great, in sooth.

XII.

O Calv'ry ! how a thought on thee annuls
All other thought ! be thou my only theme.
Be Golgotha, the ghastly place of skulls,
My Pindus—my Parnassus ; Kedron's stream,
My Helicon : where I would nightly dream ;
And all day in entranced vision view,
High on the cross—Almighty to redeem—
My dying Lord. O Holy One and True !
Give me a heart all pure ; my spirit quite renew.

XIII.

Creation ne'er beheld such awful sight,
Such mystery of wonders ; as that day
Unfolded to the view, on Calvry's height :
When on the cross, the Saviour did display
His bleeding wounds ; and to His Father pray—
That those, His murderers, who nailed Him there,
Might have forgiveness. Guilty too as they,
Oh ! let me—let *me* too, Thy mercy share !
Jesus ! my sins the nails, the spear, the wormwood were.

XIV.

A vision came before me in the night,
Scaring my soul—a city of the dead :
Where the few living stalked in pale affright,
Like spectres in a charnel-house. Like lead,
Their hollow, sunken eyes no lustre shed ;
And on their cheeks the smile of madness played.
Blue livid spots their ghastly skin o'erspread :
Convulsively, with famine's lust decayed,
Shivered their forms ; and each a harr'wing sight displayed.

XV.

Famine upon their souls its change had brought.
The husband with fell looks pursued the wife ;
By rav'ning fury to delirium wrought,
The father on his daughter drew the knife—
The mother from her suckling drained the life,
And hewed its tender limbs with horrid rage—
Brother with brother fought in deadly strife :
Where, o'er the corse, with wolves did dogs engage,
On rottenness did some their hunger's pangs assuage.

XVI.

It vanished. On my view arose a scene,
Of diff'rent aspect. Swept by ocean's wave,
Circling its em'rald shore with blue serene,
A lovely isle a pleasant prospect gave.
Gently as did the tide its borders lave,
Breathed balm the wind. Like gardens, in their pride,
Its fields appeared ; and towns and cities brave
Were scattered o'er its plains on ev'ry side :
And on its swelling seas did potent navies ride.

XVII.

'Twas changed. The wind spake thunder as it passed ;
The fields were black with blood—the towns o'erthrown :
The sea rose, mountainous, before the blast ;
And of unnumbered wretches drowned the groan,
That in the mighty deeps sank down like stone.
War blew his trumpet. Mustering full fast,
(As when the fabled serpent's teeth were sown,)
Armies around unfolded legions vast ;
And swept, with storm of death, that prostrate land aghast.

XVIII.

It vanished. Stood I on a mountain's height.
Beneath me lay a smiling continent,
A universe of joy—arrayed in light
And loveliness : where pleasure thoughtless spent
Enraptured hours. Far as mine eye was sent,
Glitt'ring with gold, proud cities with their tow'rs
Sparkled beneath the sun : while nature lent
Her meed of joy—rich fields and blooming flow'rs,
And paradisaal plains, bedecked with beauty's bow'rs.

XIX.

Music was on the air, and songs were heard
Around. Came suddenly an awful tone—
It was not voice of man, or beast, or bird ;
But a deep, fearful sound, like nature's groan :
And, as it came—roof and foundation-stone,
Those cities, with their tow'rs, did shake and quiver ;
Man's princely works of pride were overthrown,
Crumbling to dust. Destruction, like a river,
Swept on : and from its rage none could that land deliver.

XX.

Next did I see an aged sinner weep.
No tear of penitence bedewed his eye—
His was the agony of terror deep :
For close arrived the hour when he must die.
And, as his glance ranged upward to the sky,
Methought I viewed the stare of horror wild ;
That shall be seen at left of Him on high,
At the great day : when mountain vengeance piled
Shall crush to veriest hell, myriads from heav'n exiled.

XXI.

Then, brought before my view, a radiant form
In loveliness of youth, mine eye beheld :
Like a gay pleasure-bark, that never storm
Breathed on ; with gentle gales its canvas swelled.
Again I gazed—The sight my spirit quelled.
It wore the garb, and ghastliness of Sin :
Its furrowed face the smile of hope repelled :
On its corrupted cheek did white worms win
Their way ; till nought was left but bones yclad in skin.

XXII.

I saw a den beneath a burning sky—
Iron, and stone, a narrow dungeon made ;
From men within, close crowded, came a cry
That heart of adamant might have affrayed ;
Piercing into the soul. For mercy prayed
A hundred wretches, swelt'ring in a sea
Of horrors that, before, but hell displayed :
And bitterly besought their guards to free,
By death, their souls from worse than mortal agony.

XXIII.

Theirs was the fever's rage, whose fi'ry glow
Burns the heart black ; and thro' the scorching veins,
Like molten brass bids the hot current flow.
On to the bars—where, from the arid plains,
Breathes the light wind—that band a strife maintains,
Deadly as that raging in hell beneath ;
Where everlasting hate with tumult reigns.
Hangs o'er them high, with pestilential breath,
A grey, mephitic cloud ; whose drops are dews of death.

XXIV.

Theirs was th' infuriate phrensy of the brain,
That follows at the heels of grim despair ;
When souls, insensible to all but pain,
The degradation of the flesh must share—
And reasonless the body's curse must bear—
Annihilate, 'twould seem, to all but woe :
Thus miserably did those victims fare.
Morning beheld the dead. Few thence did go
Alive ;—and changed ! a mother's eye not one could know.

XXV.

Next did I see a heart ; that with keen steel
Severed, its bloody fibres did disclose.
Its dark recesses did a sight reveal,
More fearful than those many ghastly woes,
Beholding which, horror my spirit froze.
I looked—foul snaky worms entwining there,
Each on a sep'rate fibre, did expose
Their venom'd fangs ; the gazer's soul to scare.
Those worms—hate, envy, pride, all evil passions, were.

XXVI.

Then, in my dream, a voice its accents shed—
'Sin's slightest work, mortal ! thou hast beheld ;
Now see a stranger sight—the tortured dead.'
I saw a gulf, whose glowing surges swelled
On high ; and 'gainst a fiery roof rebelled,
(That overspanned that fathomless profound,
On pillars propped,) with wrinkled features eld
Of sin engraved, and eyes that all around
Shot terror ; from whose rays the lost no refuge found :

XXVII.

The mystery of hell. The tide of flame
 Rolled onward, on. Within its iron caves—
 As the unstable billow went and came—
 I saw the souls of men long in their graves ;
 Whose shriek of horror drowned the roaring waves.
 Then spake that voice from gloom of outer night—
 'Mortal ! this scene thy deep reflection craves.
 Thou seest the work of sin, with pale affright :
 Yet viewest but a part. Behold a stranger sight.'

XXVIII.

Borne on the winged wind, I soared afar ;
 Till Salem's tow'rs appeared beneath my feet.
 The heav'ns were black, without or sun or star :
 But, by the rapid lightning's flashes fleet,
 While thrilled mine inmost soul with awe replete ;
 I saw a sight—Earth ! Hell ! and holy Heav'n !
 Never but once such sight did mortal meet—
 Hung on the cross, with wounds unseemly riv'n,
 Creation's bleeding Lord—that man might be forgiv'n.

XXIX.

'O thou false tongue !' (then said I in my dream,)
 'This is the work of love, the masterpiece
 Of unimaginable love supreme ;
 Beholding which, wonder and sorrow seize
 My saddened heart, and all its fibres freeze :
 Till deep contrition makes that clime serene.'
 Then spake that voice—'Mortal ! thy censure cease.
 This is love's noblest work. Yet well I ween,
 Had sin ne'er wrought, on Earth that sight had ne'er been seen.'

XXX.

Gone is my vision. Yet before me now
I view that strange, that all-transcending sight,
High on the cross, with pallid bleeding brow—
And eyes suffused in death's unlovely night,
That dimly glazes o'er each orb of light—
The Lord of Glory bows His breathless form.
Methinks life's ray is not extinguished quite—
Heaves not the heart beneath that bosom warm ?
Away ! 'tis cold and still, and food but for the worm.

XXXI.

The Cross—the crowd—centurion with his band
Of iron-visaged veterans—the dense,
Thronged myriads around, on either hand—
The Pharisee, high priest of proud pretence—
Are strongly pictured to my eye, and sense,
See I not these ? is not *this* Calvary ?
Burns not my spirit with the view intense ?
It is no dream : but forms which graven be
On each believing heart, which still that sight doth see.

XXXII.

Turn we to tell of times, when Zion kept
Watch from her walls. The warders, day and night,
With eye of watchfulness that never slept,
Looked for the long Desired ; whose coming bright
Should gild her gloom with more than morning's light—
Whose reign should be eternal, on the throne
Of David ruling with resistless might,
Conq'ror and King : when, all her foes o'erthrown,
The world should own His sway, and bend to Him alone.

XXXIII.

The Pharisee, vain-glorious in his pride,
 In saintly garb with broad phylactery ;
 The Sadducee, who spirit, soul denied,
 Deeming that after death no life shall be ;
 Chief captains, high estates of Galilee,
 Levite and priest, Samaritan and Jew—
 Expected each, a conqueror to see :
 Beneath whose sceptre, all their land anew
 Should wake to glory, that the former times ne'er knew.

XXXIV.

Jerusalem ! thou city of the Great
 Eternal King ! upon thy holy hill
 Of Zion, lo ! with triumph's songs elate,
 Descends the heav'nly host ; whose harpings fill
 The skies around with their harmonious thrill.
 Echo responds—"Hosannah to the Son !"
 Widely the waves of sound are spreading still :
 And yet more fleet the courier angels run,
 Proclaiming all around—"good will to man undone."

XXXV.

Behold, upon the hills, their beauteous feet,
 Who bring the tidings of great joy. Behold
 His heralds—while the blissful moments fleet—
 Their message of good will and peace unfold ;
 And while, from man to man, the tidings told,
 Sweep o'er the land—awaking at the sound,
 Emotions thrill in hearts that long lay cold :
 And hallowed fire dispels the gloom around,
 That long o'er Zion's sons had shed its night profound.

XXXVI.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors !
Be ye uplifted, everlasting gates !"
The King of Glory comes with all His pow'rs ;
Zion's Deliverer no longer waits
A future hour : the God who peace creates,
Comes to enfranchise Zion. Prince of Peace,
How long desired Thy coming ; hell abates
No jot of enmity. Oh ! now release
From sin's dominion earth, and bid her sorrows cease.

XXXVII.

Lo ! in the temple, with a faithful train,
He stands sublime, in robes of whitest sheen ;
Superior, as o'er angels born to reign,
That eye—how calm ! that aspect—how serene !
What majesty, on mortal face ne'er seen,
Beams from His brow ! the crowd, in speechless trance,
Is fain to interpose the hand between
Its earthly eye, and that immortal glance.
Too much of Heav'n is there—it turns its looks askance.

XXXVIII.

How holy and how mild ! all there may see
The excellence of Deity displayed ;
Conscious perfection—sov'reign dignity—
Humility in placid smiles arrayed,
Too great to stoop to ill ; with aspect staid,
Meekness ineffable—heart of the dove,
Where th' eagle's royalty its home hath made ;
Wisdom, and pow'r, and gentleness, and love,
Combined in one blessed form of beauty from above.

XXXIX.

The Son of God—of Man ; two natures blent
 In unity of person, where combine
 True God and perfect Man ; Messiah sent
 Earth to redeem—half human, half divine
 In essence : Lord ! all praise and thanks be Thine.
 We creatures of an hour, before Thy throne,
 Deep in the dust our sinful heads decline.
 In Thee our trust is placed, in *Thee* alone :
 No other help have we—to us Thy grace be shown !

XL.

Now Satan, from his journey of deep guile
 Daring to tempt The Holy One—shot down
 To lowest pit of hell. His ev'ry wile
 Baffled—he tore his locks with furious frown,
 And trampled 'neath his feet his iron crown,
 Gnashing his teeth in pride and passion sore ;
 Extinct his glory, faded his renown—
 He shrank into himself : and at his roar,
 Swelled mountainous the waves, on Hell's terrific shore.

XLI.

Stern, savage, subtle, yet intent on ill,
 He calms his fury. With a brow malign,
 Dark furrowed by its frown—obdurate still,
 Hatred and envy in his breast combine ;
 Pond'ring new plans to thwart the work divine
 Of man's redemption : grievously he wrought
 A labyrinth of wiles, with deep design,
 The work of the Most High to bring to nought ;
 And spells of wondrous pow'r, with guile infernal fraught.

XLII.

Then calls his council, and enthroned uplifteth
His giant form—as Himalah's bleak brow
Frowns at the thunder blast, its crag that rifteth—
While the red bolts hell's murky billows plough ;
Again he binds his subjects, by a vow
Of direst import, endless war to wage
With Glory's King :—his chiefest purpose, now,
Man's aid against Messiah to engage ;
And stimulate his soul to deeds of hellish rage.

XLIII.

And well did he succeed : but doing so—
E'en as the man who undermines a tow', —
Pulled down upon his head intenser woe ;
Felt in its fullness the Almighty's pow'r,
And cursed the folly of that fatal hour.
Yet was he wise :—but partial was his view
Of the Eternal's plan. Thus wrath did show'r
Its heaviest flood, where he did most pursue
His wiles with subtlest skill, and malice staunch and true.

XLIV.

Behold the Saviour by yon city's wall.
Laid on the bier, a mother's only son,
(And she a widow,) borne beneath the pall,
Goes to his grave. Riv'lets of sorrow run
Adown the faded cheek of that sad one,
Left in her widowhood a thing forlorn ;
Seeming to all by this last blow undone.
How sinks her heart by speechless anguish torn !
But lo ! Jesus draws nigh, and bids her cease to mourn.

XLV.

That hand of clay He holds ; and bids arise
The dead man from his bier. Scarce sped the word—
The pallid corse unlocks its heavy eyes,
And stares upon the crowd ; the heart hath stirred
Beneath that icy breast : the voice is heard,
Whose tones were wont a mother's heart to cheer.
Death's debt was truly paid—by all incurred :
Yet now that young man lives ; and from the bier
Descending, fills each mind with wonder, joy, and fear.

XLVI.

Beneath you cliff with palmy shade o'ergrown,
Behold that cave—the grotto of the dead—
Hewn from the rock, and closed with massive stone.
There Lazarus has made his earthy bed ;
His sorr'wing sisters floods of anguish shed ;
Around the mourners stand. Lo ! Jesus weeps,
As mourns a brother for a brother fled
To death's dark realm ; sad woe his spirit steep ;
Not unbedewed the spot, where the departed sleeps.

XLVII.

That stone removed—in calm and heav'nly pray'r,
He thanks the Father ; then, with summons loud,
Cries—"Lazarus, come forth !" What feelings share
Those sisters, and that mute, expectant crowd !
Lo ! Lazarus, in grave-clothes, with the shroud
Close wrapt around him, struggles from the tomb ;
Yet vigorous, nor with death's languor bowed.
Unloosed the napkin, shows his ruddy bloom :
His limbs set free, at once their manly force assume.

XLVIII.

Lo! at His word, th' unseeing orb of sight
 Finds a new world; undazzled by the beam
 Of new-born day—exulting in the light
 Till now unknown—it gladdens in the gleam
 Of morning, shed on rock, and tow'r and stream.
 How beauteously, as bursts upon the soul
 Creation's form—waking, as from a dream,
 Does nature to that eye her scenes uproll;
 While feelings, as of heav'n, the bounding heart control!

XLIX.

What wisdom drops, like manna, from His tongue!
 Sublimity of truth how does it pour,
 By sage ne'er taught—bards, prophets, never sung!
 Egypt! Greece! Rome! how vain your boasted store
 Of knowledge, when contrasted with the lore
 Of Wisdom from above! how doth it steal,
 Of the deep heart e'en to the inmost core,
 Sharper than two-edged sword: and there reveal
 The glory of its light, and sin's death-warrant seal!

L.

Proud Pharisee! how shall thy soul endure
 The scrutiny of that all-piercing eye;
 Before whose glance not heav'n itself is pure,
 With all its host of seraphim on high?
 Poor Publican! thy broken hearted sigh
 Is heard, and rather shall accepted be!
 Than pray'r of those who fain would justify
 Themselves to Him, Who loves not pride to see;
 But honours, in the dust, saintlike humility.

LI.

Pause we awhile, and gazing on the bloom
 Of vernal nature, hold communion sweet
 With her and with her God :—we may resume
 Our sacred theme ere long :—'tis not unmeet
 To pause and wonder, when, before our feet,
 The countless treasures of the spring are poured
 Luxuriantly :—while dews celestial greet
 Each op'ning flow'r, that spreads its fragrant hoard—
 Awhile to stop, and bless the bounty of the Lord.

LII.

Lo ! 'tis the tranquil hour, when Morning wakes
 From her repose ; when on the eastern hill,
 Like a young queen, in loveliness she makes
 Her court a paradise. The winds are still—
 Save the soft breeze that flow'rs with fragrance fill :
 Smiles on the forest—blushes on the stream—
 Songs from the grove, and music from the rill !
 If there be hour, when earth as Heav'n doth seem :
 'Tis *now*—when all is hallowed by Morn's sacred beam.

LIII.

Behold the beauteous hour when nature weeps
 In gladness and deep joy ! when, as a bride
 Decked for the bridegroom, tears of transport steep
 Her vermeil cheek, with rosy blushes dyed.
 On—on she fares, in beauty and in pride ;
 And all, beholding, bless. In nature's smile
 Is no deceit. 'Mong men doth oft betide,
 That sunny looks but mask a heart of guile.
 O heav'nly Truth and Love ! not yours deception's wile.

LIV.

Sluggard, awake ! arise ! lose not the prime
Of this sweet hour. Now let thy soul ascend
Aloft from earthly things, in thought sublime :
In holy faith and trust, thy spirit wend
To the Eternal's throne. Morning will lend
Her wing, to waft thy pray'r, as incense pure.
Oh ! seek aloft thy Father and thy Friend,
Whose loving kindness shall unchanged endure ;
Like th' everlasting hills, aye faithful, ever sure.

LV.

Heav'nlier smiles the Morn. Ethereal light,
With motion tremulous, the clouds on high
Gilding with glory, spreads its lustre bright
Above, around, on all beneath the sky ;
Bestrewed with roses ocean's billows lie,
As slumbering in visionless repose ;
The winged breeze floats wafting odours by :
With murmuring the wanton rill o'erflows
Its em'rald bank ; and round its balmy coolness throws.

LVI.

Flow'rs waken, as upsteals the crystal wave,
Stirring the grassy stems around their bed ;
Th' ascending dews the forest's leaflets lave—
As loth to quit the earth, curl slow o'erhead—
Then high tow'rd heav'n their snowy volumes spread.
Free over ocean white-winged vessels roam ;
Odours of land around the breezes shed :
To cheer the sailor in his wand'ring home,
With incense-bearing breath, they kiss the bill'wy foam.

LVII.

'Tis sweet to walk upon the pebbled strand,
Where the calm wave a gentle murmur makes ;
Where glistens white beneath our feet the sand :
While from the mountain-cliff the eagle takes
His airy flight—and as the morning breaks,
High o'er the fishy deep his wing doth poise ;
The distant sea-bird's cry shrill music wakes :
E'en the hoarse cormorant's untuneful voice
O'er briny ocean booms, seeming to say—'Rejoice !'

LVIII.

There comes a freshness from the brimming seas,
We find not in the forest far away :
Tho'—fanned by branches of unnumbered trees,
Waving a world of leaves—winds, as they play,
Embathe with balm the brow ; and cooling stray.
Each region hath its own peculiar joys,
Known not elsewhere, if bright or dark its day :
With heart in heav'n—contentment sweetly buoys
The thankful spirit up, above life's brief annoy.

THE CROSS.

BOOK III.

ANALYSIS.—Stanza 1, Eternity. 2, Man's littleness. God's Providence. 3—5, The Poet returns to his Theme. Oppressed by affliction, he feels unworthy 'to sing Redemption.' But 'tis suffering nerves the soul.' 6, 7, Christ our refuge. 8, 9, Prayer for divine guidance, and sanctifying grace.

10, The Saviour in prayer on Olivet. 11—13, The plot ripens. 14—17, The Saviour in the garden. 18—20, Betrayed. 21—24, Arraigned, mocked, and condemned. 27, 28, His Crucifixion. 29—38, Supernatural Darkness. Earthquake. The Veil of the Temple rent. Some of the dead arise. The Centurion's Testimony. 41, 42, The Eve of the Sabbath. 43, Night.

45, 46, The Morning of the Sabbath. The Lord rises from the tomb. 49, Exhortations. 53, Invitation to come to the Saviour. 56—58, Satan and Death defied. 59, Christ ever pleads for man. 60, 61, The promised Sabbath of the Millennium. Hymn—'Sound ye the Trumpet.' 63—67, Aspirations after holiness; and Prayer for a part in the first Resurrection. 68, Rapid approach of the day. Hymn—'Hosannah to the Son of God!' 69—73, Contemplation of the Day of Judgment.

74—77, The Poet closes his Work with acknowledgments of his own 'nothingness,' in comparison with so great a subject: yet with hope of 'acceptance with the good'; and with devout aspirations after better powers beyond the grave.

I.

ETERNITY! thou limitless expanse!

Duration's shoreless ocean without bound—

Tow'rd which each hour, each moment, we advance:

Whose waves roll onward, on, without a sound—

Save the deep voice, that swells from the profound
Abyss, where sleep in night th' old eras past;

Which, while it breathes its awful tone around,
Seems like the knell of Time—the fun'ral blast
Of the archangel's trump, when Earth shall groan her last:

II.

What are we? as Time's torrent stream rolls by—

Mere atoms tossed upon its billows free!

Yet watched by Him, who sits enthroned on high,

None need be lost. Tho' impotent are we—

Tempestuous and dark, and wild that sea;

A star still beacons o'er the waters wide,

Still points the haven where our souls would be.

King of the floods! Thou wilt in safety guide,

E'en to the end, all those who in Thy truth confide.

III.

Again, my sacred theme, to thee I turn,

Leaving the world, and worldly care, behind;

Again I feel within me ardour burn:

And as the bark—when the loud northern wind

Uplifts the foamy waters unconfined—

Darts o'er the deep; thus, while I spread my sail,

Oh! may the fav'ring breeze its bosom find:

Thus may my ship glide on before the gale.

Heav'n! let not thy sweet breath, of gentle influence, fail:

IV.

Unholy—how can I, weak worm, presume

To sing Redemption? Dark—not wholly blind—

Thro' this, my spirit's so ungenial gloom,

The sombre shadow of a stricken mind—

Yet, thro' the creviced rock, a ray I find,

To cheer the cave; where thoughtful and alone

I rest me by the torrent's wave reclined:

Whose melancholy murmurs seem the moan

Of distant days, that smiled ere earth's best form had flown.

V.

'Tis suff'ring nerves the soul. Smitten—at length
 The mind becomes more firm, if not more pure :
 Long in the furnace—steeled to iron strength,
 'Tis taught its sternest trials to endure :
 'Gainst outward ills more tempered, and secure.
 Earth is a wilderness of trouble still :
 Much must be borne, that Death alone can cure.
 Mighty physician! of all earthly ill
 To work a sov'reign cure, unrivalled is thy skill.

VI.

Each moment, man draws nearer to his grave—
 The sand glides fleetly thro' the fragile glass.
 Of whom, but *Christ*, can we assistance crave,
 To shield us from the storm? if flesh be grass—
 And time a moment that must briefly pass—
 And Death the entrance to Eternity ;
 Heav'n, Hell, our doom, freed from this mortal mass :
 Well do I ween, that *He alone* can be
 A refuge for our souls, from endless wrath to flee.

VII.

Man's glory fades—the goodness thereof
 E'en as the flow'r, that withers in the field.
 Proud infidel! tho' thou at this dost scoff,
 Witness unto its truth, *thyself* must yield.
 Tho' now, by sin and evil habit steeled,
 Thou put'st afar the thought of dying day ;
 How well it were for thee—hadst thou (to shield
 Thee from the storm,) a friend—that faithful aye,
 Might be thy sure support, thy rock, thy staff, thy stay !

VIII.

Saviour of sinners ! teach me to contemn

All things, compared with Thee—a heav'nly crown :
Still let me seek a nobler diadem,

Than e'er to earthly monarch gave renown.

Tho' friends prove faithless, and tho' fortune frown—
My soul on Thee, still let me humbly stay ;

Still let Thine eye, in pitying love, look down :
And lest again I wander from the way,
Uphold me by Thy hand ; and send one guiding ray.

IX.

Thrice-Holy God ! Oh ! set thy servant free

From worldly bondage : sanctify within
Heart, soul and spirit. Let my nature be

Pure in its essence : washed from stain of sin :

White as the mountain snow—when rays begin
To gild, at morn, with living gold its steep.

Seal up my heart—let nought of evil win
An entrance to the fount of feeling deep :
Be Thou my guard, my God, whether I wake or sleep.

X.

On Olivet, all night—till early morn

Bade blush the sky—the Saviour's prayer arose,
Aloft by breezes of the mountain borne.

Still on He prayed, that man of many woes—

Still to His Father did His wants disclose ;
Yet meekly bowed to His disposing will :

"*Not mine, but Thine be done,*" His spirit shows.
Thus, in each circumstance of outward ill,
And inward woe, my heart ! be thou submissive still.

XI.

Now Satan's guile had worked its purposed ill ;
 Now madly men against Messiah strove :
 Yet, while they wrought to controvert His Will,
 Furthered the counsel of Almighty Love.
 Not unsuccessful did their strivings prove—
They bruised His heel. But He the Serpent's head
 Trampled full low ; his pow'r, his glory clove
 Down to the dust :—o'er subject earth to tread
 No more, as monarch proud, his vast dominion spread.

XII.

Fast rip'ning now the plots of Sin and Hell,
 The awful hour drew near ; the time decreed
 By Heav'n—with prophecy according well—
 When He, the Lamb of God, for man should bleed :—
 Mysterious consummation ! matchless deed
 Of Wisdom and of Love ! Justice and Grace
 With mildest mercy blending ! th' utmost need
 Of souls supplied : for an unworthy race,
 Redemption wrought—pardon for rebels vile and base.

XIII.

Chief rulers with the priests, conspiring, take
 Counsel together ; Jew and Gentile share
 The common enmity : man—for whose sake
 He condescended form of flesh to wear—
 His chiefest foe. Not Satan's self could dare
 A deed of deadlier malice to propound,
 Than that whose guileful plot they now prepare :
 Not in Hell's annals is the record found
 Of aught so black, e'er done before on earthly ground.

XIV.

Now weariedly the Saviour, with his train
 Of fond disciples, to the garden tends :
 Among whose peaceful shades, He oft is fain
 To calm his heated brow ; when Night descends
 Softly o'er earth, and all her coolness lends ;
 Fanning the forehead and the bosom bare,
 With the sweet breath her balmy spirit sends :
 Gently diffusing round a liquid air,
 Mingled with scent of flow'rs, that smile luxuriant there.

XV.

Silvery twilight—all around at rest—
 Its drops diffuses ; weepings of the sky,
 Pale sorrowing o'er earth with woe oppressed,
 And Him—that guiltless One—soon doomed to die.
 The mountains and the valleys dreaming lie ;
 The winds are lulled upon the couch of sleep ;
 Nature, in weariness, hath closed her eye :
 And while the heav'ns o'er sinful mortals weep,
 Creation, in its trance, doth holy silence keep.

XVI.

Glitters one star serenely in the heav'n—
 Bright watcher in the east ! hailing this hour
 Of loveliness, its eyelids ope at ev'n.
 Its meek ray trembles over tree and tow'r,
 Ocean, and forest-glade ; the fairy flow'r,
 Beside the rill, is painted by its shine ;
 Alike on city-wall, and garden bow'r
 Nourished by tender dew, its beams recline :
 Too pure for earth, that ray sheds lustre all divine.

XVII.

Gethsemane ! thy garden views a sight
 Ne'er seen on earth before : thy walks are trod
 By Jesu's foes. Fiends, murderers, unite
 To hunt Thee down, meek, gentle Lamb of God !
 Armed as for battle, forth they rush abroad.
 Jesus of Nazareth ! they seek Thee there—
 Tracking Thy footsteps on the grassy sod—
 With swords and staves ; as tho' they sought the lair
 Of some fell beast, there wont from slaughter to repair.

XVIII.

Judas ! betray thy Master with a kiss !
 Malice unmatched ! immortal perfidy !
 Methinks, at name of thee, the demons hiss—
 Hell's snaky worms thrust out their tongues awry.
 "Take him, and hold him fast !" And thus for thee,
 I ween, the sentence ran :—and Satan bound,
 And will hold fast that form, eternally.
 But hush—my soul ! breathe not such thought around :
 'Tis not for thee to scan Heav'n's mysteries profound.

XIX.

With insult rude, behold Him borne along—
 Tumultuously hurried to the hall
 Misnamed of Justice— by a murd'rous throng ;
 Whose curses and revilings Him enthral,
 As with hell's atmosphere. How bitter fall,
 Upon His holy ear, the taunt and gibe
 Of mocking multitudes ; who late did call
 "Hosannah to the son !" a hostile tribe
 Surrounds Him ; Levite, priest, and pharisee, and scribe.

XX.

Mingled with fellows lewd of baser sort,
 (If baser sort can be,) along they fare,
 With cruel mockery and fiendish sport :
 On to the high-priest's palace they repair.
 Peter ! let thy sad fall our spirits scare ;
 Warn us of weakness—teach us to repose
 Our trust in Him, whose pow'r is present where
 His saints are tried :—who chief His goodness shows,
 Where mortal strength must fail ; and earth no aid bestows.

XXI.

Now on to Pilate's judgment-seat they come.
 No murmur breathes that man of many woes ;
 But, like a lamb before its shearers dumb,
 Passive and silently, as victim, goes.
 Not anger's fire His patient spirit knows ;
 Serene within His bosom charity,
 With ardent love, thro' all His heart o'erflows :
 He hears not—heeds not—tho' infuriate be
 His foes : but views afar the bright futurity.

XXII.

By Galilee's proud tetrarch set at nought—
 (A murderer to Judah's King preferred,)
 Seated upon His throne of holy thought,
 With soul unmoved, He answered not a word.
 Tho' many lying witnesses averred
 Things that He know not : meek in majesty,
 As tho' their cruel slanders all unheard—
 He stands in wrapt communion ; with an eye,
 And brow superior, fixed in heav'nly trance on high.

XXIII.

They smite Him on the head—the Living Lord !
 Arrayed in smiles of blessed humility.
 They spit upon Him, as a thing abhorred,
 And worship Him, in solemn mockery ;
 In seeming adoration bend the knee.
 Heav'n ! sleeps thy thunder ? does thine awful knell—
 Vengeance Omnipotent ! o'er land sea,
 Crushing the scoffers down to deepest hell—
 Loud as th' archangel's trump, its peals indignant swell ?

XXIV.

Scourged, spit on, crowned with thorns, smote, wronged, reviled.
 Robed in derision's garb, our Lord we view :
 Superior still He stands, in meekness mild,
 Nor wears a frown. What more can malice do ?
 A deadlier purpose yet their hearts pursue.
 "Away with such a fellow ! crucify—
 "His blood be on our heads, our children too."
 'Let him not live another day !' they cry ;
 And wretched Pilate yields, nor dares their will deny.

XXV.

Hark ! from Jerusalem a voice of woe
 Bursts on the ear. It is the wailing cry
 Of faithful hearts, that dread affliction know,
 To see their Master led along to die.
 Ye mournful band ! behold the hour is nigh.
 Like a pierce swelling flood, the hostile throng
 Sweeps from the gate, with shouts that pierce the sky—
 Tumultuous—with contumely and wrong,
 They urge their victim on, goading His steps along.

XXVI.

Onward he fares—bearing, without a groan,
The burden of His Cross to Calvary ;
His bleeding feet are torn by gravel-stone,
With stripes His back all mangled cruelly ;
Totters beneath the weight each languid knee,
With weak exhaustion bent : His brow is faint.
Like lamb unto the slaughter led is He ;
Bearing reproach—along without complaint
He meekly moves : while none His bosom-woes can paint.

XXVII.

Hark to the hammer's sound, whose heavy dint
Deep thro' the tender flesh the nails impels !
See how the spikes those hands and feet imprint
With wounds, while down a crimson current swells !
See—and when Sin her tale alluring tells,
Behold the Cross ; and think what Jesus bore
For thee, and tremble. While thy heart repels
Her wiles delusive—go and sin no more :
But love and serve thy Lord, till life's brief day be o'er.

XXVIII.

High on the Cross, behold yon bleeding form,
Mocked by the multitude with hellish spite.
Wide waves around a sea, o'er which the storm
Of various feelings swell with fearful might ;
As sweeps the tempest o'er the mountain height,
Rending the forest. Let within thee reign
Deep awe, my soul ! contemplating that sight :
Welcome reproach, and toil, and grief, and pain—
Think on thy suffering Lord, nor let his wounds be vain.

XXIX.

Clouds come upon the heav'ns, in dense array,
Like legions to the battle. From the sky
Their black battalions chase the king of day :
And ever and anon, blasting the eye—
Flings the red bolt its burning flashes nigh.
Onward—still on—like troubled torrent's wave,
Dusk masses move, up to the zenith high :
Till earth becomes dark as the gloomy grave ;
And ne'er before her realms such signs of suff'ring gave.

XXX.

'Tis the sixth hour. Death hath his flag unfurled
On Calvary. No tempest waves its wing—
Silence as of the tomb is on the world.
It seems the hour doth sense and reason bring
Even to nature's most inan'mate thing ;
While horror holds them in its grasp spell-bound.
The mountain stream forbears its murmuring ;
The cataract leaps down without a sound :
And silence, as a deluge, rol's its voiceless tide around.

XXXI.

Palled with the mighty gloom, the skies are black,
And fun'ral shadows brood upon the sea ;
No ship upon the deep its course can track :
The pilot, pausing, upward fearfully
Turns his mute gaze. On Lebanon, the tree
Whose giant form for ages bore the blast,
In shudd'ring terror writhes its branches free ;
And falling, groans in agony aghast ;
On Carmel rocks are rent—yawn wide its caverns vast.

XXXII.

Ocean, too, summons to th' embattled coast
 Might of o'erwhelming waves : tho' not a breath
 Be stirring o'er the expanse of that huge host ;
 That sullenly sweeps on to shores of death,
 Savage, yet silent all. Around—beneath—
 Sits expectation. Earth and air, and sea,
 Seem fettered by the chain, whose links enwreath
 The overburdened heart ; that heavily,
 Droops 'neath the weight of awe, and matchless mystery.

XXXIII.

Hark ! hear—while bows His meek submissive head—
 The Saviour breathes His last confiding prayer :
 Hear Him aloud, ere life's faint spark be fled,
 Cry "IT IS FINISHED." Howlings of despair
 Echo from hell : while, thro' the upper air,
 A thousand harps struck by the heav'nly host,
 Harmoniously responding vibrate there.
 Wide waves yon sea of heads, as tempest-tossed
 The bill'vy main. Lo ! Jesus now gives up the ghost.

XXXIV.

Outspeaks the Earthquake, (while loud thunders thrill.)
 With its terrific roar : whose echo sweeps,
 Like knell of ruined worlds, o'er plain and hill :
 Making the earth, that now not mutely weeps,
 Tremble to its foundation. Ocean keeps
 Silence no more ! but (like stupendous wall.)
 High as the heav'ns uplifted, overleaps
 All bound—while mighty deep to deep doth call :
 Then, as with weight of worlds, on prostrate earth doth fall.

XXXV.

The temple's veil is to the bottom rent—

Rocks shattered—th' earthquake in his wrath strides by ;
Down to the charnel-vault blue lightnings sent,
Blaze round the corse's brow ; whose livid eye
Starts into life, with wild intensity.

The sheeted dead arise : Creation reels,
With shudd'ring horror—pale the sick'ning sky ;
The mighty shock earth to its centre feels :
Incessant streams of death the thunder-cloud reveals.

XXXVI.

"*Tis finished !*" as beneath the pillars twain,
Triumphantly did Samson bow in death ;
Sin's pow'r and enmity at once were slain,
When Jesus on the Cross, resigned His breath.
Crown Him, Eternity ! with conqueror's wreath ;
Rejoice O Earth, and Heav'n ! the vict'ry's won :
Hell ! tremble in thy gloomy gulf beneath.
Ruler Omnipotent ! behold—Thy Son,
Crushing the serpent's head, hath rescued Man undone.

XXXVII.

Stern stood a rugged soldier, in his pride ;
Nor trembled, when all round gave signs of fear :
Contemptuously, in scorn, the people eyed.
But, when the Saviour's dying hour drew near—
When quaked the universe, in darkness drear ;
Remorse implanted in his soul its tooth :
Like lightning-flashes did conviction sear.
His heart—tho' steel—was touched with tender ruth ;
And witnessed well, tho' late, to Heav'n's eternal truth.

XXXVIII.

"*This was the Son of God!*" The saying fell,
 As light from heav'n, on the bewildered crowd :
 Thrilled hearts, responsively, innum'able.
 The meek disciples—by affliction bowed—
 See, at thy word, effulging from its cloud,
 Hope's star : their skies no longer on them lour.
 And many to His name allegiance vowed,
 Who owned another master till that hour ;
 But now shake off their bonds, and praise Redeeming pow'r.

XXXIX.

Yon Head—how droops it in abandonment,
 Death's dereliction ! how each limb doth show
 The languor left, when life's last string is rent ;
 When the frail flesh hath felt the final throe !
 'Christian is *this* thy God ?' Vain sceptic—*no* !
 'Tis but the *mortal* part of Christ that died :
 Nature Divine nor death, nor change can know.
 Not long that form shall separate abide ;
 But, with the Godhead joined, for aye be glorified.'

XL.

Not to behold corruption ; tho' the grave
 Must hide a treasure, such as ne'er before
 It held in chamber of its fun'ral cave :
 Nor yet again shall hold for evermore.
 Three days that absent form all hearts deplore,
 That wept in wonder at His agony :
 Then see, exultingly, the morn restore,
 From the dark tomb, their much-loved Master free ;
 No more to die, but Conqueror of pow'rless Death to be.

XLI.

Gone is the gloom. That awful period passed,
The congregated clouds departing flee:
And lo! the ruler of the day hath cast
His mantle from him; and o'er land and sea,
Looks from his throne, in sov'reign royalty:
With light of living gold creation steeps.
Yet all looks strange—horror of mystery
Still darkens nature's eye: that wildly keeps
Its stony glance of fear; and neither smiles, nor weeps.

XLII.

'Tis finished! Lo! the solemn Sabbath eve
Steals o'er the world. The spear that side hath torn—
The multitudes the scene of suff'ring leave:
All save yon band, which yet remain to mourn;
Deep sunk in sadness, yet not quite forlorn.
Alternate hope and fear within them rise—
Now seeming as by sorrow overborne,
They downward droop: then faith with bright'ning eyes,
Looks thro' the veil of tears; and precious balm supplies.

XLIII.

'Tis night—the skies with more than wonted gloom
Are vested. Earth beneath the dismal shade
Of tenfold darkness, cheerless as the tomb,
Sinks to her sleep; the sun his couch hath made
In cradle of the deep; with grief decayed,
The winds enwrap the moon in sable shroud;
In melancholy dreams is nature laid:
Slumber the stars—each on its pill'wy cloud;
The heav'ns, o'er Jesu's grave, in speechless woe are bowed.

XLIV.

Why sleep'st thou, Earth ? thou Moon—ye starry fires ?

Nature ! why sleepest thou ? behold yon grave !

Why wake ye not and weep ? Hate never tires—

Tho' weariness of woe may slumber crave—

But wakes and watches. Armed with spear and glaive,
The torch-light streams o'er steel-girt warriors round ;

That, vigilant, the entrance to yon cave

Guard :—while within, in trance of death profound,

The Saviour's breathless form angelic hosts surround.

XLV.

Comes Morning, with her spell, upon the earth,

Waking the sleeper with the song of bird :

Nature is steeped in dew of heav'nly birth ;

Ocean from slumber hath his billows stirred ;

The flow'ry grass is cropped by flock and herd.

All—all looks glad. Morning ! how canst thou smile ?

Nature ! why is the bird's sweet music heard ?

Why rove abroad the flocks, devoid of guile ;

When lies that sacred form, in darkness drear, the while ?

XLVI.

How press the heavy hours upon the heart,

Like an eternity ! how lingers time !

How tediously the lagging moments part,

In their slow flight ! But lo ! the eastern clime

Blushes with dawning of a day sublime :

And brighter than yon sun, whose liquid gold

Decks with a dazzling deluge morning's prime ;

Ascending from the tomb, behold—behold

The Lord of life, again, His glorious face unfold !

XLVII.

Hence ! melancholy doubt, and sad suspense ;
 No more yon blissful band your grief shall know :
 Love, gratitude, and wonder, all dispense
 Their thrilling joy ; and bid each heart o'erflow.
 This is a joy their souls shall ne'er forego—
 Yet not to *them* its gladness be confined :
 But Saviour ! on *our* souls its balm bestow ;
 Still be the mem'ry of that morn enshrined
 Deep in the inmost heart, thro' all its fibres twined.

XLVIII.

'Tis finished. Nought remains, on earth, to do
 For man's Redemption. Christ His work hath done ;
 Paid is the ransom—debt no longer due :
 Death—Satan conquered ; priceless vict'ry won.
 Man ! play *thy* part—sin's snares delusive shun ;
 Choose life ; trust in the strength of God alone :
 The race for Heav'n with patient vigour run.
 Hourly seek help from Him upon the Throne ;
 And let thy steadfast faith by holiest life be shown.

XLIX.

Repent—believe—love God with all thy soul,
 Heart, spirit, strength ; keep conscience undefiled :
 Hardness endure ; thy passions proud control ;
 Firm, bold, courageous, humble, patient, mild.
 Be anger from thy spirit far exiled ;
 Meek, merciful, yet brave, thy Saviour serve ;
 Walk with the wise ; let folly wander wild :
 Ponder thy path—to crooked ways ne'er swerve ;
 From wicked deeds, and words, thy guarded soul preserve,

L.

Thy neighbour love. Upon the waters cast
 Thy bread ; and let thy wool the naked warm :
 Plead for the widow—shelter from the blast
 The homeless orphan ; vengeful strife disarm
 With words of peace. Do good to all ; and harm
 To none—not e'en the worm before thy feet.
 Love be the master-spring—the secret charm—
 The mighty motive to obedience meet ;
 And gratitude a spell of gentle influence sweet.

LI.

Do this—and more. Yet, when thine all is done,
 But profitless and void thyself esteem :
 For refuge to the wounds of Jesus run ;
 Seek of His precious blood the healing stream :
 Trust in mere man a vain dependence deem.
 Thy works, as fruit of faith, will be received ;
 Christ has *atoned*—all else is but a dream :
 The soul *is* justified, which hath believed ;
 And from the curse of sin, at once, by faith retrieved.

LII.

A man once built a house—digging full low—
 And founded it on rock. The floods arose,
 The stream with fury beat, the storm did blow ;
 The elements their utmost rage disclose :
 It trembled not, nor fell. E'en such are those,
 Who found their faith upon the living Rock.
 No shuddering the steadfast spirit knows ;
 But strongly overbears the tempest's shock :
 All else is sliding sand, that yields to feeblest stroke.

LIII.

Come to the Saviour ; ye who, wearily
 Drooping along life's road with care oppressed,
A brighter world than this desire to see :
 Where troubles cease, the weary are at rest.
 Oh ! seek the consolation of His breast ;
Whose heart, for man, with boundless love o'erflows :
 Come each to Him, a not unwelcome guest ;
And, on His bosom, quite forget your woes.
He only can give rest—the spirit sweet repose.

LIV.

Wearied and heavy-laden, at His feet
 Fling down your burdens—all your anguish throw ;
Nor fear from Him a harsh repulse to meet :
 Not unrelieved from thence shall any go—
 But pardon, and reprieve, the sinner know ;
And happiness, and love, each bosom fill.
 All are invited—none rejected. Lo !
His hands are opened wide : and all, at will,
May share His bounteous gifts ; and find a welcome still.

LV.

Fly to the Saviour—let not fear benumb.
 Christ has declared—"Whoever comes to Him,
Shall not be cast away." Therefore we come
 To thee, the Living God ! From darkness dim,
 Where shadows as of death around us swim ;
High to the realm—where the archangels prone
 Fling down their starry crowns ; and seraphim,
In adoration, bend before the Throne—
We come, with all our woe, trusting in Christ alone.

LVI.

Proud potentate ! in ill, supreme and worst,
 Satan ! thou vainly tri'st : our help is near.
 Go—howl in hell thy blasphemies accursed ;
 And bid congenial friends thy ravings hear :
 Omnipotence is nigh—we know not fear.
 Safe in the hollow of His hand, we smile
 (When thou, and thine, to check our course appear,)
 At all thy malice, mockery, and guile.
 Hide, 'neath the hissing wave, thy loathed aspect, vile !

LVII.

And thou—whose mortal shaft did never err—
 Misfeatured phantom, with the hollow eyes !
 Seated upon thy throne the sepulchre,
 With sullen voice still mutt'ring mysteries ;
 Dreaming that man for aye should be thy prize:
 Thine empire, like thy victims, finds a tomb.
 Where now are all thy boasted victories ?
 With woe, those orbs a ghastlier glare assume.
 Hence--hence ! go hide thy hideousness in outer gloom.

LVIII.

Vile spectre of the grave ! dost thou deride,
 And think the Saviour's triumph to annul ?
 With lank jaw laughing at vain mortals' pride,
 Still glare those eyeless orbs, of malice full ?
 Around thy rattling bones, and sightless scull,
 Still weaves the warp of hell thy garment's grain,
 Yet—yet, methinks thy glories show but dull.
 Thine was a fearful deed, when Christ was slain :
 But lo ! He comes—thou di'st ; while He shall ever reign.

LIX.

Dead, buried, ris'n, enthroned above the sky,
 Our Advocate and Judge—at His right hand,
 Th' Eternal Father's—Mediator high,
 Still doth He plead for man. Around Him stand
 Th' encircling hosts of heav'n : the saintly band
 Worship with honours due. Accomplished years
 Bring on the era ; when, with mild command,
 Immanuel shall dry His people's tears ;
 And Salem, 'neath His sway, forget her woes and fears.

LX.

A thousand years, the prophets erst foretold,
 Messiah over earth should peaceful reign ;
 A thousand years the world His sway behold ;
 All lands forget their agonies, and pain :
 When Satan, bound with adamant chain,
 No more should hurt upon His holy hill ;
 Good will, and peace, possession should maintain
 Of human hearts : and boundless blessing fill—
 E'en to o'erflowing—earth, unmixed with aught of ill.

LXI.

This Sabbath of release, era sublime
 Of rest and holiness, draws on apace.
 Yet ere it visits earth—that sacred time—
 Shall unbelievers vex the sons of grace ;
 And War once more uplift his horrid face,
 Stern frowning upon Zion : all in vain !
 For Jesus comes to rout the fiendish race,
 And faithless men. Upon the battle-plain,
 Methinks I hear a voice ; which sings this martial strain.

I.

'Sound ye the trumpet for God and for Zion !
Thunder-clouds sweep o'er Jehoshaphat's vale :
Warriors, awake ! 'tis the voice of the Lion—
Lion of Judah—that swells on the gale.

2.

Judah ! awake from the trance of thy slumber ;
Souls of the mighty ! arise from your sleep :
Burst ye the bonds that your spirits encumber ;
Onward ! roll on, like the surge of the deep !

3.

Multitudes throng in the Vale of Decision ;
Fearfully bright is their battle array :
Drained by their draughts, thy dark waters, old Kishon !
Swoll'n by the winter—have vanished away.

4.

Hark to the tread of the faithless advancing !
Prophets ! they trample the land of your birth :
Hark to the tramp of the battle steeds prancing !
Shake to thy centre, thou firmly-based earth !

5.

Not at the threats of that host be thou shaken ;
At pomp of their proud legions, tremble not thou :
Field 'gainst His foes hath Immanuel taken ;
Earth, with its pow'rs, at His presence must bow.

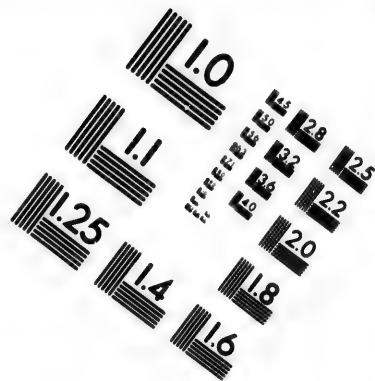
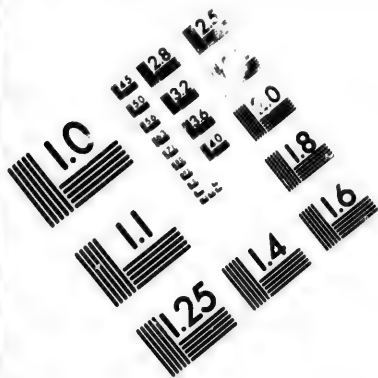
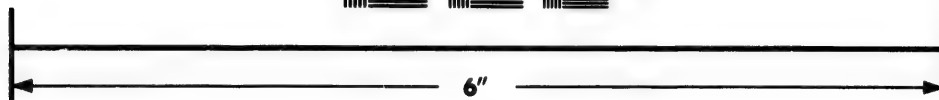
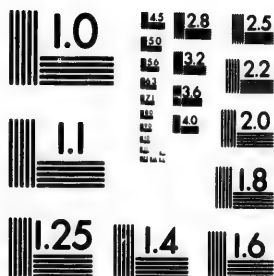


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6.

Comes He to conquer, archangels attending ;
Burst of the lightning-cloud heralds His way :
Dawn-star of beauty, o'er Zion descending,
To her sad mourners he brings a blessed day.

7.

Heav'n opens wide its high gates everlasting :
Behold Him, on white horse, The Faithful and True !
With eyes like the fire-flame a stern glory casting,
Behold Him—a monarch majestic to view !

8.

Crowns on His head, and with kingly attire on,
He comes as from Bozrah, with scourge and with rod ;
With robes rolled in blood, and with sceptre of iron ;
The wine-press to tread of the fierceness of God.

9.

Hark to the trump, and the signal of slaughter !
Thunders of battle are pealing afar :
Death rages wild ;—and his dark-winged daughter,
Terror, stalks wide in her vestments of war.

10.

Carnage rules there ; and the eye of the vulture
Glares thro' the gloom, as it deepens o'erhead.
Beasts of the desert ! in ghastly sepulture—
Give ye a grave to the newly fall'n dead.

11.

Flashes the falchion—the strong armour shattered,
Mighty ones fall; and Earth foams with a flood :
At blast of His nostrils, the foemen are scattered ;
The war-steeds wade on, to the bridles in blood.

12.

Tempest and storm, from their prison-house rushing,
Blend with huge hail in its fearful descent :
Th' earthquake convulsively myriads is crushing ;
Mountains and rocks at His presence are rent.

13.

Lightning-bolts beam ; and the lustre they shed on
Fields of the slaughter, shoots back to the sky.
Valley of death ! thy deep shades, Armageddon !
Burn with the blaze His foes view but to die.

14.

Tophet ! enlarge thee—extend thy dread border :
Gape, black Gehenna ! with yawnings more wide.
Battle sweeps on :—but in direst disorder,
Rolls o'er thy dark gulf the rage of its tide.

15.

Woe—woe to man, when he strives with his Maker !
Pow'rless and feeble, he fights but in vain :
Vengeance—in victory—burneth to slake her
Blood-seeking thirst, in the gore of the slain.

16

Woe—woe to man ; when unholy, unfaithful,
'Gainst his good Lord he hath dared lift his hand.
Vengeance hath slept :—but the day of her wrathful
Anger is come ; and how then shall he stand ?

17.

Strewed in the dust—like the leaves of the forest,
Mould'ring on lap of cold winter away—
Host of the faithful ! the Lord thou adorest
Hath trod down thy foes, in His fury's great day.

18.

Shout ye the song of the Lamb and of Moses !
Palms and white robes to His foll'wers are given :
Apollyon no longer His people opposes,
Down to the depths of the fiery lake driv'n.

19.

Jesus hath triumphed—glad multitudes hail Him
Victor transcendent, o'er land and o'er sea :
Conqueror crowned, in His kingdom of Salem,
He rules, and He reigns, o'er His ransomed and free.

20.

Glory, dominion, might, majesty, honour,
Sway universal, to Jesus our King !
Zion exults, with His smile shed upon her ;
Her courts with His praise, her high palaces ring.'

LXII.

That voice hath ceased to vibrate on this ear.

Rude and unworthy, tho' its notes might seem ;
Yet, not ungrateful to my soul, came near

Its accents ; bringing o'er the mind a dream,
Of days bright with unclouded glory's beam.
Still haunts this heart a vision of the time,

When love shall gild of years the rolling stream ;
Earth, beautiful as Heav'n's elysian clime,
With loveliness be decked, and majesty sublime.

LXIII.

Oh ! for a heart where holiest love may dwell,
And light my being with a ray divine :

Oh ! for a heart, where love unutt'able,
Making its home, may seal me ever Thine.

Saviour ! still be Thy dove-like spirit mine ;
Still let the mind of Christ my mind control :

Still may the star of peace serenely shine,
As morning on the waters, o'er my soul ;
And gild the waves of life, that darkly by me roll !

LXIV.

Then, when Thou com'st at the appointed day,

To reign above Thy chosen people ;—*then*,
Look lovingly upon my senseless clay ;
And bid my breathless dust revive again.

Dead to the world, regarded not by men,
Tho' now my name—as in the silent tomb—
Slumbers unknown, obscure ; beyond the ken

Of curious critic :—let a nobler doom,
In that fast-coming day, my bright'ning soul illumine !

LXV.

Why should I mourn—tho' darkness, and the deep
Waters of woe, have curtained o'er my head ;
Tho' suns of transient joy have sunk to sleep ;
And she, of earth the dearest form, is fled ?
Tho' vernal flowers lie with'ring on the bed,
In which, of late, their infant buds were born ;
Long treasured hope in one sad moment dead :
Yet am I—am I but a wretch forlorn ?
Sees not my soul, thro' clouds, heav'n's blessed eternal morn ?

LXVI.

Is there not that within me, which shall live,
When yonder starry worlds forsake the sky ?
Sun of the universe ! thy guidance give—
Illume my darkness, Sov'reign Lord on high !
Omnipotence ! thine aid be ever nigh ;
Nor let the grave my wiser hope devour—
Let not my dust in dark oblivion lie :
Uphold me still with Thy strong arm of pow'r ;
And comfort me, thro' life, and death's ungenial hour.

LXVII.

Oh ! that my spirit, with the loved of earth,
May stand before Thee pure, arrayed in white ;
Fresh in the dew of its immortal birth ;
In robe of righteousness, unsullied, bright :
And basking in the beams of heav'nly light,
Beneath Thy smile, may we our voices raise—
While echoes to the song th' empyreal height ;
Hymn with th' angelic host eternal praise ;
And with enraptured eyes, upon Thy glory gaze,

LXVIII.

The hour is coming—on th' ethereal air,
 I hear the rushing of its rapid wing—
 When weary Earth shall Sabbath quiet share ;
 And revel in the rest the moments bring.
 Yet, ere it comes, let me essay to sing
 Once more, tho' weak, in unpresuming lay,
 (Tho' haply to my hand vibrates the string
 Unmusical,) the dawning of that day ;
 When Love Divine its star shall in the skies display.

1.

'HOSANNAH to the Son of God !' in beautiful array,
 Behold His heralds on the hills, ere smiles the new-born day !
 In shadow of the twilight hour, th' angelic host is seen,
 Descending where the mountain strews its garb of vernal green.

2.

And while they walk in glory on the everlasting hills ;
 A fragrant dew, like that of dawn, gently around distils—
 A balmy breeze, like that of morn, sighs o'er the verdant steep—
 Tears, blended with the pray'rs of hearts, all tenderly that weep !

3.

'Hosannah to the Son of God !' the promised hour is nigh.
 'Twas but a little space—We saw earth's Eden blossoms die ;
 And fairer than those transient flow'rs, a form in death grew
 dim :
 Nature ! thou knewest not thy Lord ; else hadst thou died with
 Him.

4.

'Twas but a little space—a brief, yet darkly-visioned hour—
Sorrow kept hold of faithful hearts, with spell of sadd'ning
pow'r;
'Twas but "a little while" the grave obscured that wondrous brow :
O Death ! thine was a fearful deed :—but where's thy vict'ry
now ?

5.

Ethereal fire is kindling on the mountain's distant peak ;
A crimson blush is burning now on Nature's virgin cheek :
Night, with her gloomy train of hours, while wends afar each cloud,
From her reviving limbs unwraps her melancholy shroud.

6.

Morn, as a mighty flood, o'erflows magnificent the sky ;
E'en as a spreading ocean, rolls its azure depths on high :
Crested with crown of fi'ry gold, each billow in its play,
Sparkles and shines ; while floats along th' empurpled pomp of day.

7.

Whence pours that mighty ocean—morn's magnificence above ?
Whence that illimitable sea, whose waves rolls on in love ?
Jesus ! Thine eye sheds glory on dull earth, that mourned awhile:
The universe hath kindled up ; and gladdens with a smile.

8.

Not as when Salem once beheld, with wildering surprise,
Encircled by the fisher train—in humble, lowly guise—
Her King, the Conqueror, arrive : bright bursting on the view,
Behold ! archangels at His feet their starry chaplets strew.

9.

He comes ! shout, spirits of the saints ! man's eloquence is weak ;
 Earth's proud comparatives are vain, His grandeur to bespeak :
 Heav'n hath no likeness to His form, in star or radiant sun.
 Whereunto can we resemble the Most High, th' Eternal One ?

10.

Praise Him, majestic Ocean ! with the choral shout of waves ;
 Mountains ! His Name re-echo from your deep-resounding caves :
 Thunders ! with your tremendous voice, His praise sublimely sing :
 JEHOVAH comes to rule and reign—Hosannah to our King !

LXIX.

Now turn we to contemplate, O my soul !

The final scene—that great, deciding day—
 When Earth and Time, shall reach their final goal ;
 The skies, as shrivelled scroll, vanish away :
 Ascending from their tombs, beneath the ray
 Of bright Eternity, the dead shall tend
 To the great judgment-seat ; and Him survey,
 Before whose throne all worlds must subject bend :
 Of man th' unerring judge, the contrite sinner's friend.

LXX.

Nor let this meditation profitless

Prove unto thee, my heart ! but deeply traced,
 Within the chamber of thy dark recess,
 Still be that scene—from mem'ry ne'er effaced ;
 Warning—but not condemning—'gainst the waste
 Of life's so transient hour, with utterance deep
 Speak to my soul : for time by sin disgraced,
 Wake penitence ; and warn her eye to keep
 Her garments white and pure, and ne'er o'er work to sleep.

LXXI.

Methinks the books are opened. Trembling stand

Far to the left, the multitudes aghast ;

While to the right, exultingly, a band

Spreads limitless throughout extension vast.

Whiter than sunlit snow around them cast,

The Saviour's robe of righteousness I view ;

No spot, nor shadow of a stain hath passed

Upon that beauteous robe's unsullied hue :

Such as the Saviour is, appear his foll'wers true.

LXXII.

Each sev'rally, as do his deeds deserve,

Shall find a recompense and sentence sure ;

Not Justice now from punishment can swerve,

Or Vengeance longer sinful souls endure :

Far to the right—the holy, just and pure,

Ascend to the empyreal realms of bliss,

For ever from all fear of change secure :

And sinners, driv'n afar, plunge in th' abyss ;

Where Death eternal dwells, undying serpents hiss.

LXXIII.

Oh ! when that great, that dreadful day is come ;

Be not this soul of mine, my Saviour ! found

Without a wedding robe, confused and dumb :

But brighter than the sun, be clothed around

With righteousness ; and beams of truth surround,

And love, and holiness and faith, this soul.

Then, let the final trump tremendous sound—

The firmament shrink up like shrivelled scroll—

And vast eternity its years of endless joy unroll !

LXXIV.

Thus faintly have I touched upon a theme,
 The habitants of heav'n with wonder scan.
 Let not the hearer it presumption deem,
 For one so weak to sing Redemption's plan.
 The feeblest voice may cry—'behold the Man,
 Who died the death for us on Calvary !'
 "Behold the LAMB OF GOD !" each tongue which can,
 Aloud should cry ; and warn all souls to flee
 To Him, whose blood *alone* from endless wrath can free.

LXXV.

Critic ! thy censure, (should this meet thine ear)
 Weighs not with me. Deeply within is known
 My nothingness ! thy frown I may not fear ;
 Nor anxious seek that smiles to me be shown :
 Approval is well sought from Heav'n alone.
 Love of the praise of man oft brings a snare ;
 Fear does the same : yet—freely will I own—
 Pleasing, to profit all, much would I bear :
 Acceptance with the good fain would my spirit share.

LXXVI.

O Saviour ! now this hand its harping stays.
 If I have sung amiss, be *mine* the blame ;
 If otherwise, be *THINE alone* the praise :
 But condemnation can my spirit claim—
 Mine be th' unworthiness, and mine the shame.
 Yet—yet to me, and my weak work, extend
 Thy pardon and forgiveness : tho' my name
 Be breathed but with derision—Jesu ! lend
 One fav'ring smile ; lead, and conduct me, to life's end.

LXXVII.

Then—when the dimness, and the cloud are gone
That hang upon my heart ; when my cleared eye
Views the bright world that Thou for man hast won ;
When Heav'n, with all its mysteries on high,
The glorious vision of eternity,
Bursts on my soul :—*then* may I hope to sing
Such strains as my weak pow'rs on earth deny ;
Hymning on golden harp, far echoing,
Immortal praise to Thee, from each delighted string:

NOTES ON THE CROSS.

On p. 53. Book II. stz. IX. 1.

And thou—whose tongue long since is dumb in death!

The worshipper of Reason, phrensy-driven.

NOTE.—Thomas Paine.

On the same page ; stz. XI. 3.

The starry seer—whose soul was all divine;

NOTE.—Newton.

On p. 57. Book II. stz. XXII. 1.

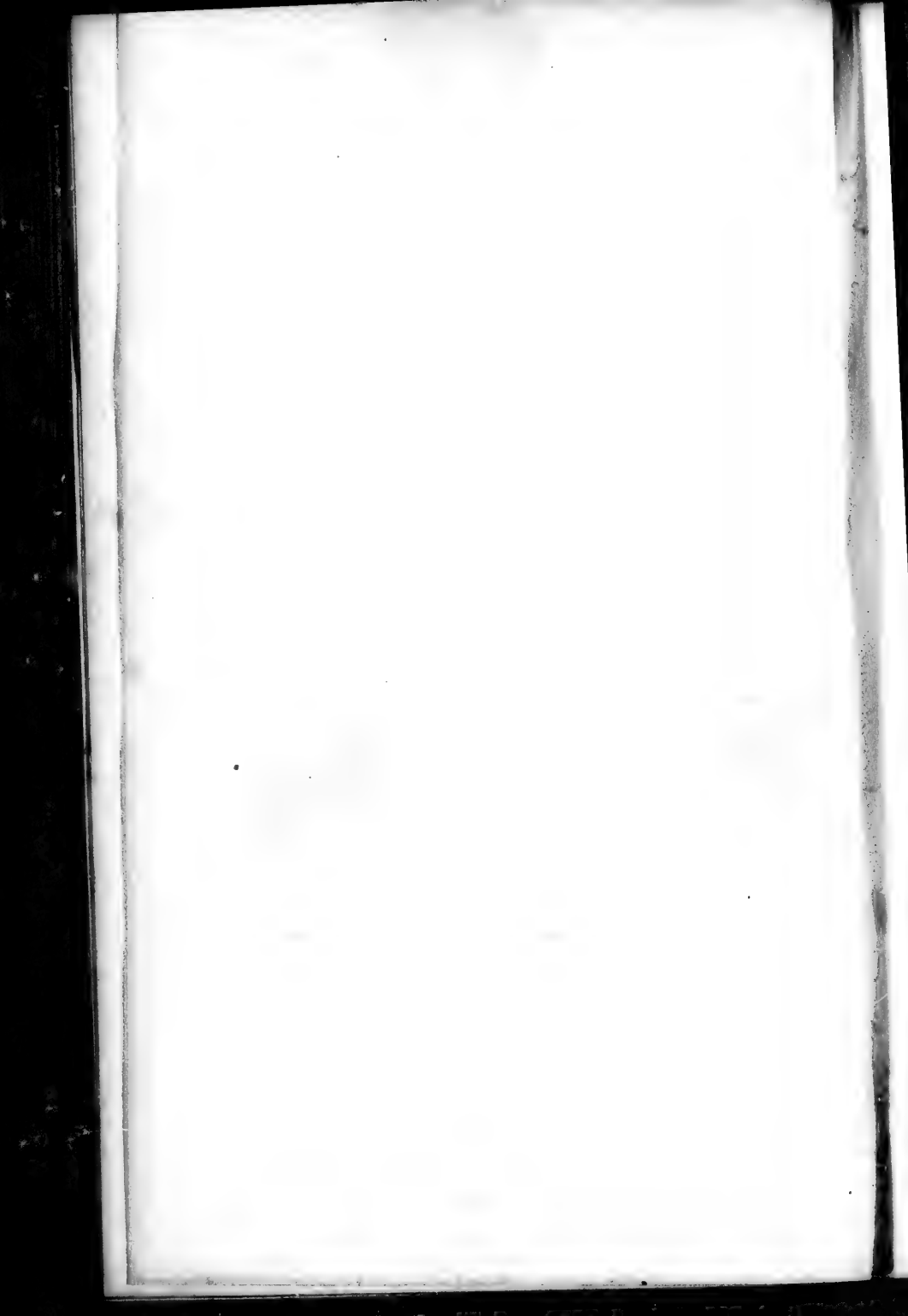
I saw a den beneath a burning sky—

NOTE.—The Black Hole at Calcutta.

On p. 96, Book III. stz. LXV. 4.

And she, of earth the dearest form, is fled?

NOTE.—His young, beautiful, and amiable wife. For some brief notice of his deep and lasting sorrow on this account; which is exhibited in many passages of his works: see the sketch prefixed to this volume.



H Y M N S ;
AND
Sacred Poems.

"Serve the Lord with gladness :
Come before His presence with singing."
Psalm C. 3.

HYMNS, &c.

"Serve the Lord with gladness :
Come before His presence with singing."
Psalm C. 2.

HYMN I.

I.

MORNING again, with beauteous eye,
Hath looked upon our pleasant fields ;
And rays of glory shoot on high,
Like splendour from a thousand shields.

II.

Oh ! that my soul were calm and bright,
As yonder sea's untroubled wave :
Oh ! that my soul were filled with light,
And love to Him who died to save.

III.

Earth ! thou art beautiful :—to me
Beautiful too, thou Sun of Morn !
That look'st in lustre on the sea,
And smil'st above as newly born.

IV.

Thou hast a goodly race to run ;
Thy glorious path is in the sky :
Thine is a steady course, bright Sun !
Thou wand'rest, while we rest not, on high.

V.

Oh ! that my soul might run like thee,
And surely walk the heav'nly way :
Strengthened, established, settled be ;
And never wander, never stray.

HYMN II.

I.

DEAR twilight of the west,
How soft thine hour to me !
The sun hath sunk to rest ;
And smiles are on the sea.
As friends at parting smile—
That sweetness will not flee ;
But lingers for a while :—
So seems it now to me.

II.

Tho' sun be far away,
The gentle waters gleam ;
And smiles of gladness play
On ocean's pleasant stream.
Thus fare it, Soul, with thee !
Thy sun to set may seem :
Glad smiles upon thee be,
In mem'ry of his beam !

III.

Yet, yet a little while,
And He that comes will come :
Serenely wilt thou smile,
When He dispels thy gloom.

IV.

Wait, wait His blessed will ;
 Bid clam'rous fear be dumb ;
 Be firm, be faithful still :—
 For He that comes will come !

HYMN III.

I.

THE root, from which the tree was hewn,
 May boast a thriving offspring soon ;
 And tender branches, young and fair,
 May wave again in beauty ; where
 The parent oak once proudly stood,
 The mighty monarch of the wood.

II.

Yea ! tho' that root wax old below,
 That stock may seeming sapless grow ;
 Yet, thro' the scent of waters near,
 'Twill bud again, and fresh appear.
 But man—when dead, and gone from view ;
 Where is he ? shall he bloom anew ?

III.

As waters, failing from the sea ;
 As floods decayed, and dried up be—
 So man lies down, and ne'er shall rise ;
 Till gone be earth, and heav'ns, and skies ;
 He shall not wake from sleep profound,
 While earth rolls on her yearly round.

IV.

The mountain, falling, comes to nought ;
The rock from its strong base is brought ;
The water wears away the stone :
All things, that from the earth have grown,
Are wasted still away, away ;
And thus man's worldly hopes decay.

V.

Yet there's a hope, which ne'er shall fade,
Tho' man must lie in dust decayed ;
Tho' earth be frail, and flesh be grass ;
There is a life, which ne'er shall pass ;
And man, tho' dead, shall live again ;
And live in endless bliss, or pain.

VI.

If Christ have washed him, Heav'n's his home ;
The long Eternity to come
Shall see him blest, and blest, and blest,
With nought to rob his soul of rest.
If Christ wash not, his fate is fixed—
Eternal ruin ! wrath unmixed !

VII.

Oh ! let us then be greatly wise.
A point of time this life supplies,
That our eternal state turns on :—
If that be lost, our all is gone.
Let us that point of time secure,
To make our heav'nly calling sure.

HYMN IV.

I.

WHAT mighty mountain, tow'ring, vast,
Rises to bar my onward way ?
What gloomy, fearful chasm, is cast
Across the path in which I stray ?

II.

And thousand foes, in arms, advance
Adown that steep and narrow pass ;
And arrows gleam with fi'ry glance,
Snakes spring from 'neath the stunted grass.

III.

How can the traveller essay
To combat 'gainst such fearful odds ?
Weak fool ! fear not—hold on thy way :
Thy help is sure, thy strength is God's.

IV.

He will not leave thee, nor forsake ;
Tho' Earth and Hell against thee rise :
Tho' flesh may fail, and spirit quake ;
He'll bring thee to thy home, the skies.

V.

He will thy strong deliv'rer prove,
From ev'ry fear, and ev'ry foe :
He'll fold thee in His arms of love,
And shelter thee from harm and woe ;

VI.

Crown thee, when all thy warfare's done,
With an immortal, glorious crown ;

Make thee joint-heir with His dear Son,
And sharer of His rich renown ;

VII.

Bring thee to Heav'n's bright dwelling-place ;
Bless thee with all that Love can give :
Unveil to thee His wondrous face ;
And bid thee look on Him, and live.

HYMN V.

I.

OUR God is our Helper, and shield ;
We fear not the battle, the foe :
The sword of the Spirit we'll wield,
And smite till the tyrant lies low.

II.

The tyrant, whose enmity cast
Wide space, 'tween our souls, and their God—
Our warfare against him shall last,
Till down in the dust he be trod.

III.

Sin ! sin, and his pestilent train,
Have kept us in thraldom too long :
We shrink not from peril, from pain,
In the help of the Lord are we strong.

IV.

Like soldiers inured to the war,
The heat of the battle we'll brave ;
And carry our conquests afar,
Thro' Him, that is mighty to save.

HYMN VI.

I.

FATHER ! I fain to Thee would pray,
When morning's star of light
Smiles o'er the couch of new-born day,
With sparkling tear-drops bright.

II.

Father ! to Thee my thanks are due,
Whate'er of good I prove :
Thy mercies ev'ry morn are new,
Fresh tokens of Thy Love !

III.

I thank Thee, that mine eye can see
Earth's charms of beauty round ;
Mine ear can hear sweet melody,
Music's delightful sound.

IV.

For gifts of nature, time, and sense,
I thank the pow'r that gave ;
For promise of a life far hence,
And bliss beyond the grave.

V

If creatures seem so fair to me,
So lovely, meet for love ;
What must the Great Creator be,
Who sits enthroned above !

VI.

Most blessed Guardian, Father, Friend !
I thank Thee for Thy grace ;

Thy bounteous Love, that knows no end ;
Thy mercy to our race.

HYMN VII.

I.

WHEN Revelation's glorious morn
First dawned on Earth, with gladsome ray ;
Man's soul sprang up as newly born,
Shook off the dust, in which she lay :
Rose from the dungeon depths of night ;
Revelled in that ethereal light :
Beheld, with joy, her darkness flown ;
And life, bliss, freedom, all her own !

II.

That God—whose nature, dimly traced
By Reason's eye, she saw above—
Seemed far beyond her friendship placed ;
Too high, too great, for mortal's love :
Throned in his vastness, pow'r extreme,
Monarch most mighty, sole, supreme ;
Eternal, boundless ; King of space,
Maker of Worlds, and Time and Place.

III.

His strength was seen in all around,
Above, below—in earth and sky ;
His fearful thunder shook the ground,
The lightning spake of Him on high :
The tempest—ocean's mighty swing,
When her proud waves confess their King—

Plague, earthquake, nations' fall and rise,
All told His Pow'r ; were Man but wise.

IV.

Creation, Providence, displayed
His Wisdom too ; tho' much was dark.
His Moral nature, hid in shade,
Rose not to view ; tho' Learning's spark,
Struck out by force and labour's dint,
Flashed on the soul like fire from flint :
And Man in dismal darkness trod ;
For he "by wisdom, knew not God."

V.

But lo ! 'tis noon—'tis brightest day ;
Mercy has bade the clouds remove :
Behold His Goodness' rich display,
His Moral nature—"God is Love!"
Love without measure, fathomless ;
Which thousand tongues can ne'er express :
Love gracious, bounteous, kind, and true ;
That passeth all that man e'er knew !

HYMN VIII.

I.

GREAT God ! let not an hour go by,
Without a pray'r to Thee ;
Were't but the breathing of a sigh,
The spirit's incense free :

II.

Were't but the groan that inly swells,
For sin, and guilt abhorred ;

The motion of a thought that tells,
We, too, have pierced our Lord.

HYMN IX.

I.

Who are these in bright array,
With faces fixed tow'rd Canaan ;
Who tread, thro' deserts wild, the way,
The narrow way to Canaan ?
'Pilgrims we, and seek the land,
The promised land of Canaan ;
Soldiers, too, a royal band,
And marching on to Canaan.
Saviour ! blest Saviour !
Do Thou conduct to Canaan,
Be Thou our guide, our strength, our all,
Till we arrive in Canaan.

II.

We must toil, and we must fight,
Before we come to Canaan ;
We must serve our Lord aright,
Before we land in Canaan.
Satan hedges up our path,
Lest we arrive in Canaan :
But a strong protector hath
Each traveller to Canaan,
Saviour ! &c.

III.

Banded fiends oppose our way,
While we journey on to Canaan,

III.

And wicked men, as fierce as they,
Would stop our course to Canaan :
But Jesus Christ, the Mighty God,
Himself leads on to Canaan ;
And as we go, His staff and rod
Will comfort us to Canaan.
Saviour ! &c.

IV.

Tho' thousand fiercest foes surround,
To shut us out of Canaan ;
Yet ever let us ever stand our ground,
And firmly march to Canaan :
In one united, faithful band,
Break thro' our way to Canaan ;
And fight for ev'ry inch of land,
Till we arrive in Canaan.
Saviour ! &c.

V.

When mighty tempests are abroad,
And cloud our view of Canaan ;
When thunders blacken o'er the road,
The narrow road to Canaan ;
When floods of fire are round us poured,
And seem to compass Canaan :
Th' unfailing promise of our Lord
Shall cheer us on to Canaan.
Saviour ! &c.

VI.

Then let us ever watch and pray,
And fight our foes to Canaan ;

Nor cast our confidence away,
 But boldly strive for Canaan :
 And look to Jesus, as we go,
 Thro' flood, and fire, to Canaan ;
 And follow Christ thro' weal, and woe,
 Till we are safe in Canaan.
 Saviour ! blest Saviour !
 Do thou conduct to Canaan :
 Be thou our guide, our strength, our all ;
 Till we arrive in Canaan.'

HYMN X,

I.

BLESSED Saviour ! make us, now,
 Such as Thou delight'st to see :
 Holy, just, and good, art Thou ;
 Such this moment, let us be.
 Make us pure, and true, and kind ;
 Clad in perfect charity ;
 Ever blessed with all the mind,
 Lord of Love ! that was in Thee.

II.

Let us live without offence,
 Pure in heart, and pure in mind ;
 Drive all evil tempers thence,
 Let us be from sin refined :
 Purely purge away our dross,
 All our inward stains remove ;
 Let us count all things but loss,
 Compared with Thee, and Thy dear Love.

III.

When ungodly passions rise ;
Say to the winds, and waves, 'be calm !'
When wounded by our enemies,
Oh ! then pour in Thy healing balm :
When unholy thoughts steal in,
Let us drive them whence they came ;
Keep us free from secret sin,
Keep—oh ! keep us in Thy name.

IV.

Drive the demon sloth away ;
Might, and pow'r, and action give ;
Let us labour all the day,
Let us labour while we live :
Let us labour in Thy cause,
Still work on with fervent zeal ;
Still uphold Thy righteous laws,
Still Thy quick'ning Spirit feel.

V.

Never let us slothful sit,
While our work remains to do ;
Whatsoever our hands find fit,
Let us faithfully pursue :
Toil for Thee, and for our race—
Serve our generation still ;
Rightfully fill up our place,
And labour on, thro' good and ill.

DEATH'S LAST VICTORY.

I.

'Lo ! I come from the shades of Hell,
On my pale horse mounted well ;
On my warrior-steed, to ride
O'er the Earth, in her peopled pride.

II.

'Lo ! I wander forth again,
To reap my final harvest of men ;
I come the last of the living to slay,
And glut the grave with its destined prey.

III.

'I must toil, ere the day be past ;
And pile of the dead a mountain vast :
Ere night looks down, with startled eye,
And the broad moon blushes red on high.

IV.

'Countless ages have come, and gone,
Since first I girded my keen sword on :
Numberless years have rolled away,
Since first my arm was lifted to slay.

V.

'But ne'er, since the primal curse was sped,
Which peopled my gloomy realms with dead ;
Came there such a day of doom,
To wither the flow'rs of mortal bloom.

VL

'Lo, my banner-cloud in the sky !
Broadly it waves, and blackens on high :
Lo, my standard o'er earth displayed !
Deeply it darkens the land with shade.

VII.

'Earth hath often been scattered with blood :
But ne'er was she deluged with such a flood,
As shall be poured to-day by me,
For this is Death's Last Victory !'

VIII.

I saw him on his war-steed pale ;
I saw him scatter his darts like hail :
His voice was thunder as he passed ;
His breath, the pois'nous desert blast.

IX.

Onward he went with, a gloomy frown :—
I saw him smite the living down ;
I saw him slay their hosts in fight ;
And there was none to resist his might.

X.

There was none to cope with Death :
Thousands fell before his breath ;
Millions sank beneath his feet ;
Shrivelled as grass, in the furnace-heat.

XI.

The lightning bolt, where'er he went,
Gashed the ground with a fearful rent ;

The earth yawned deeply, as he sped ;
And, closing, swallowed her millions of dead.

XII.

The sea slept not upon the shore ;
But rose on high with deafning roar :
And swept his tracks, with a broad'ning wave,
And buried the dead in a deeper grave.

XIII.

The vulture came, with dismal shriek,
And plunged in a corse her rav'ning beak ;
The grim wolf howled o'er his mangled prey,
And rent the flesh from the bones away.

XIV.

But a sulph'rous blast swept o'er the plain :
And the wolf lay stiff, on the shrinking slain ;
And hushed were the cries of the rav'ning brood ;
And a breathless calm o'er the earth ensued.

XV.

Earth ! the plumes of thy pride are rent—
Yet wake not the voice of thy last lament.
Nature ! thy goodly fruits are strown ;
Yet mute be sound of thy tortured groan.

XVI.

Ocean thy waves may widely sweep—
Yet dumb be the roar of thy waters deep :
For Ocean, and Earth—the land, the sea—
Shall sink in thy gulf, Eternity !

DEATH CONQUERED.

I.

DREAMER ! hast thou, with fancy's eye,
Beheld the dread destroyer nigh ?
Didst fear the frown of his visage grim ;
And was there none to cope with him ?

II.

Dreamer ! and hast thou ne'er heard tell
Of Him, who vanquished both Death, and Hell ;
Who took from Death both his dart, and sting ;
And made him a weak and harmless thing ?

III.

Come ! and I'll show thee a royal sight ;
The Lamb that bled on Calv'ry's height :
Come ! and I'll shew thee His wondrous blood ;
That conquers Hell with its healing flood.

IV.

Come ! bow thee before His mighty throne ;
Where the highest seraph worships prone,
And down the crown of his glory flings :
For the Lamb is Lord, and King of Kings.

V.

He is thy Lord, and serve Him thou ;
And fear the frown of His awful brow :
For He alone hath pow'r to slay,
And cast, in the depths of Hell, away.

VI.

But if Thou love Him, with all thy heart ;
And bid all evil from thee depart :
He'll own thee, and love thee, and make thee blest ;
And bring thy soul to His own bright rest.

"THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING."

I.

Tho' with a voice, as thousand thunders loud,
The Preacher of the Gospel-news be heard ;
Tho' light, as flashes from the lightning-cloud,
Glances and glitters from each pointed word :

II.

Tho' pond'rous truth, like thunder-bolt, be thrown,
With giant's vigour, and with angel's might :
It weighs no more upon man's heart of stone,
Than down of feather, touch of morning's light.

III.

Feeble, and pow'rless, comes its crushing weight,
On the rude rock of man's insensate heart ;
As flinty, in its natural estate,
As is the nether mill-stone's hardest part.

IV.

Till God's good spirit breathes on each dry bone ;
And moulds anew the chaos of the breast :
Breaks up, and mollifies, that heart of stone ;
And makes "the foolishness of preaching" blessed.

V.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" Light rushes like a flood,
 And sweeps the inner world from pole to pole:
 Germs of immortal life begin to bud,
 And deck the dreary desert of the soul.

VI.

This crowns the means, that man must still employ:—
 Heals the deaf ear; gives utterance to the dumb;
 Sight to the blind: the lame man leaps for joy—
 The promised pow'r, the Comforter, is come!

 THE MIDNIGHT STAR.

I.

STAR! that, in the loneliness of night,
 Beamest with a pure, unmingled, light:
 Star of beauty! what, and whence art thou,
 Looking, in thy lustre, thro' the deep
 Vapours of dusk night; that coldly creep,
 In passing dimness, o'er thy fair face now?
 Art thou a world, where blessed souls are gone
 To brighter joys, than e'er on earth have shone?

II.

Star of midnight! whose untroubled eye,
 Lovely as hope's beacon-light on high,
 Shineth thro' infinity of space;
 Far beyond those regions of the sky,
 Where the sisters of the dull Earth trace
 Their illimitable paths on high:

Art thou a sun to thousand radiant spheres,
Where happy spirits spend unnumbered years ?

III.

Light of th' azure heav'ns ! art thou a sun,
Round whose orb a thousand planets run ?
Roll a thousand planets, in their flight,
Round thy vast immeasurable ball ;
Worlds whose loveliness ne'er felt a blight ;
Unstained by sin, unhumbled by a fall :
Where guilt, and grief, and pain were never known ;
Where souls ne'er sigh, nor wounded spirits groan ?

IV.

Shall thy glitt'ring round for aye endure,
Untouched by time, from ev'ry change secure ?
If thou smil'st on an eternal world ;
If thou, and thy countless bright compeers,
Ne'er from thrones of glory shall be hurled,
Down the deep descent of by-gone years :
Tell me what varied, endless joys, are found,
In all the wondrous worlds, that you surround.

V.

Tell—oh ! tell me, as with angels voice—
What of bliss bids those glad worlds rejoice :
What bright roses, what immortal flow'rs,
Freshly-springing pleasures, there have birth ;
What fountains gush in paradisa bow'rs,
Untouched, untainted by the soil of earth :
Doth thy great Master there unveil His face,
And Jesus walk with His redeemed race ?

VI.

Oh ! it matters not to me, how blest,
 Shine those regions of eternal rest ;
 Oh ! it matters not, how goodly bright
 Thine elysian ray to me may seem :
 Without my Saviour, all the world were night ;
 Ten thousand suns were darkness, Heav'n a dream.
 It matters not to me, those worlds how fair ;
 With Him, with Jesus—Heav'n is ev'ry where !

HYMN XI.

I.

MAN's mighty works are soon forgot ;
 Systems, and sects, grow old and die ;
 Eternal Truth decayeth not ;
 God's Word, the Record from on high.

II.

God's Word stands forth, in form sublime ;
 And smiles above the wreck of years :
 And, victor of unconqu'ring Time,
 Bright with immortal youth appears.

III.

Bright, beyond all of mortal birth,
 The splendour of its glory shows ;
 Lovely as when, o'er darkling Earth,
 The beauty of its morn first rose.

IV.

Ages are lost from hist'ry's chart ;
 Epochs and eras fade away :

Gone, gone is Time's far greater part ;
And Earth's hoar head is silver grey.

V.

Then let us prize that light divine,
Which leads to deathless worlds away.
Bright Sun of Glory ! ceaseless shine,
And steep our souls in endless day.

HYMN XII.

I.

"ASHES to ashes ! dust to dust !"
Will soon conclude our brief career ;
Yet God shall be our tow'r and trust,
And strong defence when Death is near.
Our faith is founded on Thy word,
Thy promises are sure and true :
We cast us on Thy truth, O Lord !
What Thou hast promis'd, sworn to do.

II.

'Ashes to ashes !'—when earth's dust
Lies cumbrous on our coffin's lid ;
Oh ! may our souls reign with the just,
Our precious life with Christ be hid :
When, in the grave, each kindred clod
Lies heavy on our senseless clay ;
Oh ! may our souls be blessed with God,
In realms of bright and wondrous day.

III.

'Ashes to ashes !'—O ye great,
Noble and mighty, proud and high !

Like men of poor and low estate,
 Ye soon must suffer, groan, and die :
 Ye soon must in the judgment stand,
 And hear the final, just, decree ; -
 With fiendish gang, or saintly band,
 Be classed for all eternity.

IV.

Tremble ! ye proud ones of the earth,
 Nor longer slight the Saviour's call ;
 Your souls must know a nobler birth,
 Born from above, new creatures all :
 Old things must pass, like morning dew,
 And leave your souls all fresh and fair ;
 God's Spirit must your hearts renew,
 And rule, and reign, in brightness there.

HYMN XIII.

I.

In trial, trouble, and temptations,
 Darkness, danger, and distress ;
 Jesus ! Healer of the nations !
 Let us trust Thy faithfulness.

II.

Thou canst still from all retrieve us,
 When our weak resources fail ;
 Thou canst shelter, and relieve us,
 From the windy storm and hail.

III.

When rude doubts my soul have shaken,
And my bark is on the deep ;
And the giant waves awaken,
From the calmness of their sleep ;

IV.

When the fiend of darkness utters
All his mighty malice feels—
In the soul's black midnight, mutters
Voice, like echoed thunder peals ;

V.

When that voice around me speaketh,
Like the crash of thunders near ;
And my spirit wildly seeketh,
Rest, and refuge from its fear ;

VI.

When stern horror's chains have bound me
Fettered, as with iron band :—
Jesus breathes a calm around me,
Jesus guides my bark to land.

VII.

Satan ! tho', in wrath, thou sweetest
Countless clouds of dust in air ;
Pow'r of evil ! tho' thou keepest
Watch, and ward, to hurt my pray'r ;

VIII.

Tho' a thousand tempests darken
Earth, and heav'ns, and sea, and sky :—

Jesus to my voice will hearken ;
He can hear my feeblest cry.

IX.

Jesus ! O Thou great Restorer
Of our life, and health, and peace !
Look upon each weak adorer ;
Bid his sins and sorrows cease.

HYMN XIV.

I.

THE mountains have brightened, and Morning comes on ;
Dull Night at the glance of her glory is gone ;
And bears, in the far-distant homes of the west,
To the toiler repose—to the wearied one, rest.

II.

On the mountain-based rock, where the sky seems to meet
The tempest-worn earth ; and the clouds at my feet
Sweep by me, sweep by me, on wing of the gale :—
I view thee—I bless thee : bright Morning, all hail !

III.

Thy many-hued banner is waving o'erhead,
And radiance, thy first-born of beauty, is shed
Above me, around me, where Nature sits sad :
E'en the bleak barren rocks of the desert look glad.

IV.

O Nature ! thy wonders are goodly, and great :
But wondrous o'er all, is the Pow'r could create

Thy system stupendous; earth, heavens, and sea—
With their manifold marvels:—how wondrous is He!

V.

I see Him—I see Him! thro' darkness, and storm,
My soul, in her visions, views dimly His form:
In nature; in providence, light of His Word,
I catch, as thro' clouds, but a glimpse of my Lord.

VI.

O Thou, who upholdest all things by Thy pow'r!
O Saviour—Redeemer! oh! hasten the hour;
When Thy greatness, Thy glory, and goodness, shall be
Like Morn in our souls; and all darkness shall flee.

HYMN XV.

I.

THE storm is howling on the deeps—
How fearfully the billows break,
Beneath those rude, and rocky steeps;
Where eagles their high dwellings make!

II.

Yet not so high the eagle's home,
And not high the mountain's brow,
Is reared; but that the ocean's foam
Dashes above its summit now.

III.

Far, far above the wild bird's nest,
And far above the mountain's height;
Old Ocean lifts his giant crest,
Shakes his hoar head, and locks of white.

IV.

Never hath human eye beheld
 The flood to such wild fury wrought :
 The rocks, which long its rage repelled,
 Crumble beneath its blows to nought.

V.

What wondrous Pow'r is that, whose breath
 Hath swept the waters high in air ?
 What Pow'r hath moved the depths beneath,
 And laid the bed of Ocean bare ?

VI.

What hand sustains the earth, when crash
 The billows 'gainst her crumbled wall ;
 'Gainst her bare side the surges dash,
 And mighty deep to deep doth call ?

VII.

Nought, but omnipotence, can wield
 The bulk immense of waters wide :
 Nought, but Omnipotence, can shield
 The Earth, from rush of Ocean's tide.

VIII.

The Pow'r, whose breath has stemmed the storm,
 And swoll'n with fury Ocean's wave—
 His hand upholds Earth's trembling form,
 Almighty to destroy, or save.

IX.

Else had her massive pillars sank,
 Beneath the waste of waters free :

Her highest hills of Ocean drank ;
And slept beneath one boundless sea.

HYMN XVI.

I.

JESUS of Naz'reth ! lowly name—
Who can but love Thee ; who but fear ?
In essence, Godhead, still the same ;
The hour is come—Thy foes are near.

II.

By wolves, and demons of the night,
The peaceful garden-walks are trod :
Bloodhounds, and murderers unite,
To hunt Thee down, meek Lamb of God !

III.

Why stand their shrinking bands aloof,
And yet forbear to seize the prey ?
E'en sordid Judas feels reproof ;
And turns his burning brow away.

III.

JESUS of Naz'reth ! well may all
Thy foes be smitten, gentle Lamb !
Well may they deeply prostrate fall :
For Thou art God—the Great I AM.

V.

Well may their ranks be smitten down,
Their limbs with fear be fettered fast :
For Thou art God. JEHOVAH'S frown
Stamps horror on their souls aghast.

VI.

Woe be to sinners—endless woe !
 Who with their mighty Maker strive :
 When He, from heav'n, looks down below,
 And frowns on men ; who then can live ?

VII.

Jesus of Naz'reth ! Oh ! the day,
 The hour, is coming—ripens fast :
 When all Earth's sons shall own Thy sway ;
 All kings their crowns before Thee cast.

HYMN XVII.

I.

LIFE is a wondrous thing—
 Our souls how wondrous they !
 Man reigns, a mighty king :
 Inferior nature owns his sway.

II.

Beasts of the field, and birds,
 The monsters of the deep,
 Nature's unnumbered herds—
 Before him bend, and crouch and creep.

III.

Go, look upon his form ;
 His noble, Godlike grace :
 Nor class him with the worm,
 With beasts that perish, reptiles base.

IV.

Did Man but range the fields,
With brutes unblest as he ;
Live as free nature yields
Lie down, and sleep eternally ;

V.

Did he but live, and die,
Uncheered by reason's ray ;
And soul that looks on high,
To realms of bright and wondrous day ;

VI.

Were Man but tree, or stone ;
How humble were his place !
All nobler state unknown—
How low his lot, in either case !

VII.

Man ! thou art none of these—
But glorious, godlike thou ;
Monarch o'er land and seas,
Thou wear'st a crown upon thy brow.

VIII.

Oh ! then, be wise—to all
Thy privilege live up :
God thee to Heav'n doth call ;
He'll to o'erflowing fill thy cup.

HYMN XVIII.

I.

Our days are fleeting, short, and few ;
Our earthly life will soon have passed :
Death, mighty reaper ! works in view,
Ready to cut us down at last.

II.

Death, mighty reaper ! grimly stands,
And laughs at all our futile cares ;
Sways round his unrelenting hands,
And cuts down all—both wheat, and tares.

III.

Widely upon Earth's bosom spread,
The human harvest ripens still :
Yet, Lord ! ere long, as Thou hast said,
Angels shall work Thy blessed Will.

IV.

'My wheat—a precious, golden grain—
Gather in garners of the sky ;
And let the hurtful tares remain,
In noisome heaps, for burning, by.'

V.

But wheat, or tares ! and thus assigned,
To ev'ry soul, its lot shall be ;
As sinner—saint—no neutral kind :
Hell—heav'n, for all eternity.

VI.

Oh! may we, at that awful day,
Be gathered in Thy garner, Lord!
Not cast like hurtful tares away;
But blessed with Thee, our rich reward.

HYMN XIX.

I.

HUMBLE and lowly, meek and mild;
Free—free from sin, and guilt, and blame;
To God in mercy reconciled,
And saved by faith in Jesus' name:

II.

Humble, tho' unto heav'n allied;
Lowly, yet of ambition high;
Of tow'ring spirit, eagle-eyed,
Which looks to realms beyond the sky:

III.

Gentle, yet of a burning zeal;
Ardent and active, filled with fire;
Jealous for God, and Zion's weal;
And hating sin with sacred ire:

IV.

Such are the men, who bear the cross;
Who tread the path, which Jesus trod:
Who count all things below but loss,
Compared with Heav'n, and Christ, and God.

HYMN XX.

I.

BEGONE, unworthy thoughts! begone;
Nor haunt, and hurt my soul:
I must have Hope to cheer me on,
Tho' dark my moments roll.
I must have Hope's bright helmet still,
To wear upon my head;
With Faith, and Love, to shield from ill,
Like mail, around me spread.

II.

Begone, injurious thoughts! begone;
Hence, hence, to whence ye came!
Faith, Hope, and Love shall lead me on;
All evil I disclaim.
I will not own a sinful thought,
Nor yet an idle word:
Oh! may my soul with grace be fraught,
Strong—strong in Christ my Lord.

HYMN XXI.

I.

OH! what a gracious God is ours,
Whose work we are, whose name we love:
Come life, come death—come sun, come show'rs—
His goodness beams, below, above.

II.

His smile is life on all around,
Sheds richness on the teeming soil;

With glory, gladness, earth has crowned;
And blessed with joy the reaper's toil.

III.

The early, and the latter rain,
Have strewed with plenty all our land;
The fields are bright with golden grain:
Behold! and bless His bounteous hand.

IV.

Why should we dread a scanty year,
When dryness locks the barren clod?
Why do we dream of famine near?
Is any thing too hard for God?

V.

Why do we droop, and weak despond,
When barrel fails, and cruse runs dry?
Have we no eye, to look beyond
Our dreary doubts, to Him on high?

VI.

What tho' our store be waning all,
Our weak resources help deny?
That God, who sees a sparrow fall,
Can yield us then a rich supply.

VII.

What tho' thou weepest in the dust,
Thy lot be low, thy purse be poor?
Make Him thy hope, and strength, and trust—
Thy bread is safe, thy water sure.

VIII.

Arise ! arise ! and deem no more
Thy God, regardless of thy fate.
He will recruit thy wasted store,
And lift thee from thy low estate.

IX.

His wondrous Love will ne'er wax cold,
When friends forsake thy wounded breast :
Not one good thing will He withhold,
From souls who seek in Him their rest.

X.

Oh ! what a gracious God is ours,
Whose work we are, whose name we bless !
Come life, come death—come sun, come show'rs—
Let us still trust His faithfulness.

HYMN XXII.

I.

Oh ! what a clog is unbelief,
Which robs the soul of health, and peace ;
At once our sin, our guilt, and grief :
When—when will this tormentor cease ?

II.

Oh ! what can cause this sick'ning strife,
'Twixt care, and doubt, and scruples vain ?
Have christian men no nobler life,
Than this rude war with inward pain ?

III.

Can it be thus, with those that seek
To serve the Lord, with true intent ?
Is mighty Truth so faint, and weak,
As not to force more full assent ;

IV.

Full Faith—exemplified in all
Its glorious fruits of act, and deed,
And godlike bearing ; not the small,
Starved growth, of speculative creed ?

V.

Faith should be forced, and greatly won,
By blaze of Truth's meridian light.
When clear, and cloudless, shines the sun ;
Who, that has eyes, can deem it night ?

VI.

Oft, when our souls would clearly view
The sun of gospel light serene ;
Alas ! to damp our joy anew,
Some envious cloud still comes between.

VII.

It must be that our earthly part—
Of strange contrivance, deep design,
(Work, wondrous work ! of matchless art ;)
With thousand nerves and fibres fine—

VIII.

Gives trouble to the soul ; when jar
The movements of its nice machine :

Its health when subtle causes mar,
Disturbance on the mind is seen.

IX.

It cannot be, that aught, but this,
Can gloom the soul's serenest ray ;
Can rob her of her right to bliss,
Beneath the blaze of Gospel day.

X.

The holiest faith that man e'er blessed—
When judgment totters, mind grows dull—
Will fail to cheer the saddened breast ;
And weakened pow'rs will joy annul.

XI.

These, and like troubles, with the calm
Repose of patience, should be borne :
Pray'r to the wounded breast is balm ;
And Heav'n will crown the tempest-worn.

HYMN XXIII.

I.

SOULS ! that bear the battle's dint,
Warriors ! striving with the foe—
Set your faces firm as flint ;
Smite to death with ev'ry blow.

II.

Strive with spirit, soul, and mind,
For the mighty mastery :

Fling the scabbard far behind ;
‘Heav’n, and Christ !’ the watchword be.

III.

Victory will crown your pain ;
Victory is worth your toil—
Victory is glorious gain ;
Rest from battle’s stern turmoil.

IV.

Rest, and triumph’s royal crown,
Palms that Christian conquerors wear—
Endless, wondrous, high renown,
Wait—your portion, lot, and share.

HYMN XXIV.

I.

GENTLE, as when Morning stealeth
O’er the earth, and sea, and air—
Is the calm my spirit feeleth ;
When I breathe my soul in pray’r.

II.

Gentle, as the sigh of even,
When she treads the track of day—
Comes a still small voice from Heav’n ;
Wooes, and wins my soul away.

III.

Earth ! thy joys no more deceive me ;
World ! thy smiles are but a cheat :

Mine a bliss, that ne'er can leave me ;
Pleasures without end are sweet !

IV.

As the Pilgrim, lone and weary,
Drooping in some desert land—
Views around the prospect dreary,
One wide waste of burning sand :

V.

But, at length—his eye discerning
Some fair isle, of lovely green ;
All for which his heart is yearning :
Far, and off—yet clearly seen—

VI.

Finds his fears were but delusion :
‡ (Lo ! it brightens in the sun ;
Round that isle, in blest effusion,
Fountains spring, and rivers run :)

VII.

Then, his feet are shod with fleetness ;
Thither, thither speed away :
In that land of rest, and sweetness,
He will soothe him many a day :—

VIII.

Thus a glance above will cheer us,
When we strive and watch in pray'r ;
Heav'n—if ours—is surely near us :
Jesus ! Thou wilt bring us there.

THE STORM.

"God help thee, traveller."—KIRKE WHITE.

I.

THE storm sweeps by on his car of cloud,
And drives o'er earth in wildness ;
The wan moon, wrapt in her silver shroud,
Hath hid her brow of mildness ;
The stars are cloak'd in the fun'ral pall,
That darkness folds around them ;
The volum'd vapours their forms enthal,
And blackness' chain hath bound them.

II.

What a night is this ! what a night is this ?
When the forest's earth born giant,
Writhes his huge form o'er the precipice,
And bends like the osier pliant ;
Till down comes his crushing vastness near,
With a dying groan of thunder ;
Earth quivers, and bounds at that crash, in fear ;
And the stern wolf wakes in wonder.

III.

What a night to ride the forest path,
Dim, viewless, and strange, before us ;
While the wild wind gathers the gusts of his wrath,
And wrecks them in fury o'er us.
Had man a heart, and a breast, of steel—
This night were their firmness shaken ;

This hour must that heart its frailty feel,
And fear in that breast awaken.

IV.

Yet there is a Pow'r around, and nigh,
That watchful ever abideth ;
His hand rules all in the earth, and sky ;
His wisdom the tempest guideth :
Not a leaf can fall from the forest-tree,
When the storm its branches swayeth—
Not an atom can stir by land or sea,
But it His bidding obeyeth.

V.

If He be thy friend, thou need'st not fear,
Nor hurt, nor harm can befall thee ;
Tho' death in a thousand shapes seem near,
And darkness and storm appal thee :
Tho' flesh may quiver, and spirit quake,
And terror of sense bereave thee—
His hand thy soul from distress shall take ;
And from ruin's depth retrieve thee.

VI.

He'll bring thee back to thy homestead dear,
Thou desolate forest-ranger !
Home ! Oh ! how a thought on thee can cheer
Long hours of travel, and danger !
Lone, weary, and dark, as I ride along,
While my limbs in the chill rain welter—
Sweet visions of thee around me throng,
And woo to thy welcome shelter.

VII.

In the world's cold gloom, one spot most bright,
Can the care-dimmed eye discover;
There wait us shelter, and warmth, and light,
And rest when our toil is over:
Home! where each charm of hope, and love,
The drooping soul allureth;
Sweet emblem of that blest state above,
Where joy for aye endureth.

HYMN XXV.

I.

Oh! be not of an earthly mind;
Look, look to Him on high:
To God's good pleasure be resigned,
Whether to live, or die.

II.

To seek for rest on earth is vain;
'Twill ne'er be found below:
For those in Christ, to die is gain;
'Tis rest from ev'ry woe.

III.

'Tis rest from sin, and sorrow's smart;
From toil, and trouble too:
From fear, and a deceitful heart,
'Tis rest for *me*, and *you*.

IV.

'Tis rest from peril, pain, and grief;
 From wand'rings to and fro :
 From frailty a supreme relief,
 Freedom from ev'ry foe.

V.

Rest, rest from warfare, and from strife ;
 From earth's encumbering clod :
 'Tis joy of joy, and life of life ;
 'Tis Heav'n, and Christ, and God !

JEHOVAH, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I.

JEHOVAH is our Righteousness,
 Sole Saviour of our race ;
 Come saint, and sinner, join to bless
 The fullness, freeness of his grace :
 Lift—lift on high united voices,
 And tell how man in God rejoices.

II.

God is our glory, strength and aid—
 (No other help than He)—
 Let's love, and serve Him, undismayed :
 Tho' mighty mountains in the sea
 Be cast ; and Hell's abysses, under,
 Would shake our souls with Satan's thunder.

III.

Tho' Earth, and her eternal bars,
Be rent from her strong base ;
Tho' mountains, moon, and sun, and stars,
Be hurled from their appointed place,
And thro' the vault of space be scattered—
Ten thousand worlds in ruin shattered ;

IV.

Tho' the broad firmament should cast her
Stars like untimely fruit :
We'll trust, and triumph, in our Master—
The Branch of David's royal root ;
Judah's unconquered Lord and Lion—
The King of Glory, King of Zion.

V.

Tho' Satan rushes like a flood,
To sweep from ev'ry stay ;
Tho' sun be darkness, moon be blood,
Rocks melt with fervent heat away :
Amid the ruins of creation,
We'll shout, and sing the great salvation.

VI.

We'll triumph in our King and Lord,
Tho' now we're faint and low :
Oh ! let Him bare His two-edged sword,
And smite our ev'ry fiendish foe—
Satan and Sin ;—whose black rebelling
Hath darkened all our earthly dwelling.

VII.

Oh ! let Him free each heart, and soul,
From guilt and hellish sin ;
Let light beam there with blest control,
His Holy Spirit rule within :
And doubt, and darkness, thence be driven ;
Till all be Love, and all be Heaven.

MORNING HYMN.

I.

SAVIOUR ! we leave our beds of rest,
And bow before the Throne, in prayer ;
Of thy good bounty to request
Such gifts, as thou bestowest there.

II.

A light has blessed our outer world—
So let Thy mercy beam within ;
Let doubt, and darkness, thence be hurled ;
And set us free from guilt, and sin.

III.

Open our eyes—each mind, and heart—
That we may all Thy goodness see ;
Behold Thee, as indeed Thou art,
The Lord of Love, and Charity.

IV.

Strengthen our souls, that we may run
The race that is before us set ;

That, when our day of life is done,
Thy bounteous smile may bless us yet.

V.

Oh ! grant that we—like strong men armed—
Our citadel, the heart, may keep ;
By Sin, and Satan, all unharmed :
And never slumber, never sleep.

VI.

Bless us in all we speak, and do ;
Bless us in all our inward thought :
Bless every object we pursue ;
Bless all the works our hands have wrought.

VII.

In coming in, and going out,
In rising up, and lying down—
Let Thy good blessing be, throughout
Both day and night, our joy and crown.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

I.

Be angry, nor sin. As waters deep—
Cool, and unruffled, thy spirit keep :
As the motionless depth, which the passing wind
But ripples ; nor leaves a trace behind ;

II.

As the waveless lymph of some still lake ;
Shrouded by hills, that no storm can shake :

In whose bosom of calmness, nought is seen;
Save Heaven's fair light, and blue serene.

III.

In this world of hate, and guilt, and wrong,
Tho' ruffians, and cheats, may round thee throng;
Tho' insult, and injury, be on thee piled—
To the good unknown, by the bad reviled:

IV.

Tho' evil report upon thee lour;
And the guileless speech of a guardless hour
Be blackened with blot of the serpent's tongue;
And thy sensitive breast with pain be wrung;

V.

Tho' Slander may point her keenest shaft;
And Calumny come with her wormwood draught,
And force thee to take that poisoned cup,
And drain the dregs of her malice up:

VI.

Tho' Falsehood may steal where thou dost resort,
With her glass to multiply, and distort;
And show thee most hideous, vile, and mean—
Thy frailties baser, thy leanness more lean:

VII.

Yet even, and calm, be thy balanced soul;
Tho' the storm run high, and the waters roll—
Secure in the pow'r of the Lord be still:
Let His Love blaze higher, thro' outward ill.

VIII.

Smile on the rage of the godless crew ;
And humbly, in peace, thy course pursue ;
Let thine eye, and thy soul, be fixed above ;
In the calm of faith, and the rest of love.

IX.

Be angry at sin—yet thy peace preserve ;
And ne'er from the law of kindness swerve :
The sinner rebuke—and with sharpness too ;
But let LOVE still beam in its brightness through.

NOTES ON

THE HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS.

Page 108. Hymn II.

—*He that comes will come.*

See Heb. x. 37. Hab. II. 3.

Page 109. Hymn III.

The first four stanzas are a paraphrase of a beautiful passage in Job. See Ch. XIV. 7—12, 14, 18, 19.

Page 115. Hymn VIII.

The breathing of a sigh—

The motion—

These two lines, (though obviously not copied,) may perhaps seem to be a reflection of ideas, which occur in Bickersteth's Hymn on Prayer. Any such resemblance, if known to the author, would have been acknowledged by him; had he ever published this piece. But it is necessary, further, to state—that Dr. Haskins, probably, never saw Bickersteth's Hymn: but had only heard some passages from his friend the Editor.

Page 116. Hymn IX.

The general idea, of the subject merely, of this piece, was suggested by the chorus (more particularly,) of a well known hymn; the spirit of which our Author admired: though its composition, (as regards poetry) did not meet with his entire approbation. In expressing his own thoughts and feelings, he has observed the me-

tre of the old hymn ; and he used to sing his own, with his wife, (and afterwards with his friend, the Editor,) to the favourite air. See the preceding brief Memoir.

Page 120. Death's Last Victory; and

Page 123. Death Conquered.

See Rev. vi. 8. Isaiah, xxv. 8. Hosea, xiii. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 54—57. Rev. xx. 13, 14.

Page 124. "The Foolishness of Preaching."

See 1 Cor. i. 18—21.

Page 128. Hymn xii.

"Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!"

See the Burial service of the Prot. Ep. Church; and of the Meth. Ep. Church. And see Gen. iii. 19. xviii. 27. Job xxxiv. 15. Ps. civ. 29. Eccl. iii. 20. xii. 7.

Page 152. The Law of Love, Stz. vi. 4. *thy leanness*—See Isaiah, xxiv. 16.

with his wife,
favourite air.

14, 1 Cor.

and of the
r. 27. Job

s—See Isai-

SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

¶ *The Airs, named in connection with several of the following Songs, are those to which they were respectively composed; and to which the Author used to sing them, accompanying his voice with the Spanish guitar. For more particular information, see the preceding Memoir.*

SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

SONG I.

AIR—Hassan & Leila.

I.

ZION ! o'er thy darkling rest,
Dawns the day with silver crest ;
And, where Jordan rolls afar—
Heralded by one bright star,
Morning wheels her golden car,
O'er the mountains fleetly.

II.

See ! the wintry snows have gone
Far from leafy Lebanon ;
And, amid the cedar-grove—
Winged with beauty, breezes rove,
Wafting music from above :
Answers Echo sweetly.

III.

Carmel's verdant top appears,
Gemmed with morning's sparkling tears.
Zion ! o'er thy sacred wall,
Golden floods of day-light fall :
Darkness, with his dreary pall,
Never more shall meet thee.

IV.

Daughters of Jerusalem !
 Bright with many a starry gem,
 Broad His banner waves on high ;
 Flames the red Cross in the sky :
 Sing ! for your Redeemer's nigh—
 Jesus, hail ! we greet thee !

SONG II.

Air—"Life let us cherish."

I.

Come ! thou glad morning
 Of a blest, eternal day ;
 And dispel the darkness,
 In which we stray.
 Dreary is the clouded night ;
 Stars and moon withhold their light ;
 Joyless fleet the hours away :—
 Hasten, beauteous day !
 Come ! thou glad morning, &c.

II.

Night has no pleasure,
 To the trav'ler far from home ;
 But the thought is cheering—
 Morn soon will come.
 When, along th' empurpl'd sky,
 Glance the sparkling rays on high ;

Home will greet the pilgrim worn :—
Haste, then, heavenly morn !
Come ! thou glad morning, &c.

III.

Is yon the sunbeam,
Glowing on the mountain's peak ?
Are yon the blushes
Of Morning's cheek ?
Ocean's wave in lustre burns ;
Now the golden day returns :
Nature's hour of bliss comes on ;
Grief is quickly gone.
Come ! thou glad morning, &c.

IV.

Thus, O my spirit !
When life's brief gloom is past ;
Shall a dawning cheer thee,
Whose light shall last ;
Undecayed thro' endless years—
Sullied not by sorrow's tears—
Cloudless, pure, immortal day :
Haste then, Night, away !
Come ! thou glad morning
Of a blest, eternal day ;
And dispel the darkness,
In which we stray.

SONG III.

AIR—"Come o'er the sea."

I.

SUN of the dead!
Saviour—Oh! shed
Light within, till the gloom be fled:
In the cold shadow,
Where sorrow sits musing,
Thy smiles of love
O'er the spirit diffusing.

II.

Dimly and dark,
Over our bark,
Falls the rain, as the floods on the Ark.
Maker, and Master!
Rescue from danger:
Thou art the help
Of the friendless, and stranger.

III.

When o'er the soul
Deep waters roll;
Ruler of Seas! their rage control.
Let not the tempest
Breathe on the billows;
Hushed as the wind,
That waves not the willows

IV.

Mourners, that weep
In sorrow deep !
All your woes in oblivion steep :
For the kind Saviour—
 Tho' earth be dreary—
Calls to his breast
 The burdened, and weary.

SONG IV.

AIR—"She came at eve."

I.

WHEN the wildering spells of the night are thrown
O'er the tranquil rest of my slumber lone ;
 When Silence sleeps by the haunted rill ;
Pleased in dreams, I wander still.

II.

In delighted vision, my heart then roves
To the calm refuge of the home it loves ;
 Heav'n-ward soaring—stars, at my feet,
Light me on to that mansion sweet.

III.

What are ye around me, whose splendour seems
Like the sun, in glory of his noon-day beams ?
 Beings of beauty ! how bright ye shine,
Robed in lustre of Love Divine !

IV.

Oh! would that, free from sin and sorrow's chain,
I too, in bliss might wander amid yon train;
Purer than snows on the sunlit steep:
Where souls ne'er sigh, and hearts ne'er weep.

SONG V.

AIR—"I'd be a Butterfly."

I.

WHEN dewy flowers are smiling beneath,
Waked by the moon with her silvery kiss;
Winds o'er the waters in ecstasy breathe,
Wooing the leaflets that tremble in bliss:—
When sparkling fountains their voices unite
With murmuring streams, as they whisper of love,
Blending in music with sighs of the night—
Paradise opens, around and above.

II.

When on the mountains, the dawn-star is bright,
Blushes in beauty the Morning on high;
When the world wakes in an ocean of light,
Crimson-hued billows empurpling the sky:—
Soft, in the stillness, awakens a tone,
Music of heart-strings that thrill in the breast;
Like phantom-bell ringing in wilderness lone,
Echo around me the songs of the blessed.

SONG VI.

I.

WEEP not for the dead,
Beloved of old ;
Tho' bright brows be ashes,
Fond, faithful hearts cold ;
Tho' silent, in darkness,
Their dwelling is made ;
Mid clods of the valley
Their dust lies decayed.

II.

Oh ! checked be thy tears,
Tho' bereft in an hour :
Earth's loveliest, kindest,
Cut down as a flower,
By hand of the reaper,
In beauty laid low ;
Tho' full heart be breaking,
And sad eyes o'erflow.

III.

Weep not for the dead,
Bright, beauteous, and brave ;
Life's gems, in their glory
Gone down to the grave :
The choice fruits of summer,
The sweets of the spring ;
Oh ! fall'n in their freshness,
While storms waved their wing

IV.

There swept a rude storm
From the deep, in its flight;
Ere desolate winter
Came on in his might.
Its rude hand hath rifled
The garden's rich store;
And blighted earth's Eden,
Sweet smiling no more.

V.

Yet springeth a stem,
O'er blackness beneath,
Whose buds in the desert
A wild fragrance breathe.
When winds rudely bluster,
Tho' trembles its form;
Its loveliness blooming,
It smiles at the storm.

VI.

Bedewed by the drops
From their fountain above,
It stands as a spirit,
In light and in love;
Fit emblem of beauties,
The grave holds in trust;
Till hour of revival,
Low lying in dust.

VII.

'Tis Hope o'er the wreck
Of withering years,
Triumphant o'er sorrow,
Rejoicing thro' tears.
Its verdant leaves whisper
The parted shall meet:
Till then in earth's bosom,
Their slumber is sweet.

VIII.

Pale watcher! that weep'st
'Mong the sad tombs forlorn;
The dim clouds are passing;
'Tis break of the morn.
Tho' clods cannot cover
The dead from the sight,
Yet, Mem'ry thou mourner!
The dawn-star is bright.

IX.

And soon shall all tears
Depart from each eye,
Like dew drops of morning
Exhaled to the sky.
In home of our Father,
Bright, joyous, and calm—
There's rest for the weary,
For each woe a balm.

SONG VII.

AIR—Bay of Biscay.

I.

THO' thousand foes surround us,
And fears rise up within ;
Yet Love Divine hath found us—
We shall be saved from sin :
The dismal, downward road,
Shall ne'er by us be trode—
While we may
Watch and pray,
And strive all the day,
In Jesu's name.

II.

Then let our lives be holy,
To Satan ne'er give place ;
But look to Jesus solely,
Be saved by His free grace :
Begone our doubts and fears—
The way to Heav'n appears ;
There our home lies—
There soon soon we'll rise,
Thro' yonder skies,
In Jesu's name.

III.

Come, let us kneel before Him,
And to Him humbly pray ;
In faith, and love, adore Him,
And serve Him all the day :

Let us sing praises, too,
 In adoration due :
 Let's soar above,
 On wings of the Dove ;
 And sing His Love,
 In Jesu's name.

SONG VIII.

I.

DARK as the shadow where midnight is sleeping,
 Sorrow hath hung o'er my spirit its gloom ;
 Memory wakes—on her pillow still weeping,
 Sadly she thinks of the loved in the tomb.
 Spirit ! say—why is thy woe still waking ?
 Memory ! wherefore weepeth thine eye ?
 Oh ! seest thou not that the morn is breaking ?
 Dawns not a day of glory on high ?

II.

Heart ! art thou yearning for those that have left thee,
 Changing for heav'n this dark valley of woe ?
 Say—of *all* hope hath affliction bereft thee ?
 Desolate mourner ! thy sadness forego.
 Oh ! deem not that the departed slumber
 Coldly, for aye, in their narrow bed ;
 Refulgent on high, a countless number—
 Like stars, and like suns, they glory shed.

SONG IX.

AIR.—The Bard's Legacy.

I.

TAKE this gloom from my soul away,
Jesu ! Saviour ! the sinners friend :
Beam on my spirit one genial ray,
And bid the night of my sorrow end:
Let the balm-drops of bliss enlighten
The cloud that o'ershadows my dim cold breast;
And rainbow-tints of heav'n's beauty brighten
The tear-dews falling where loved ones rest.

II.

Around—while I wander in darkness drear,
The angel forms of the dead arise :
Whispers their voice like music near ;
And the lustre strange of their dazzling eyes
Beams on my soul immortal glances,
Like the Herald-star of Redeeming Love :
When the Chaldee Sage in his midnight trances,
Hailed a new sun mid the worlds above.

III.

Fairest and best of yon bright forms !
Say—art thou she who vanish'd on high,
Leaving me lone in this land of storms ?
Twas but a vision—she did not die !
Saviour, Oh ! when shall thy blest returning
Scatter our dreams of desponding gloom :
From graves, the dust of thy saints inurning,
Rise glorious suns in eternal bloom ?

SONG X.

I.

O LAND of bliss and brightness,—
 How fair thou seem'st to me !
 Arrayed in robes of whiteness,
 The angel-band I see,
 And mid that band with glory crowned,
 A beauteous form stands radiantly ;
 Smiling in love on all around :
 The Saviour-King—'tis He !

II.

O land of light resplendent !
 When shall this earth like thee,
 In holiness transcendent,
 From sin and death be free ?
 When shall our guilt, and grief and woe,
 Be cast like stones into the sea ;
 All hearts the light of love o'erflow ;
 Jesus their portion be ?

SONG XI.

I.

My people I'll ransom from power of the grave ;
 From sword of the spoiler I'll rescue and save :
 From death to redeem them, my angel stands by ;
 Tho' thousands are falling, no danger is nigh.

II.

In the dark visioned valley, where black waters glide,
 Omnipotence leads them—no evils betide :

A morning of splendour, through shade of the tomb,
Still haloes with glory the sepulchre's gloom.

III.

O death, thou destroyer ! how brief was thy pow'r !
O grave ! thou art vanquished, no more to devour !
The sword of the spoiler is shivered and rent :
His arrows are broken, his quiver is spent.

IV.

Eternity dawns in its beauty above ;
My banner waves widely—that banner is Love :
Revealings of Paradise burst on the sight ;
The sons of my bosom rejoice in its light.

SONG XII.

I.

Out of the deeps—where the fearful tone
Of the broken heart is heard alone ;
Where the viewless grief that the body kills,
And the icy pang that the spirit chills,
Utter the voice of dread despair—
To thee I turn : God ! hear my prayer.

II.

Where the frozen billows, in midnight dark,
Crashing, roar round my fragile bark ;
And the Storm-fiend frowns with terrific eye,
As the flickering stars go out and die—
O'erwhelmed in ocean's abysses lone,
God ! hear my pray'r : God ! heed my groan.

III.

Out of the fathomless depths—where roll
 Waves of remorse o'er the troubled soul ;
 Where the tangled weeds are round my head ;
 And the last dim ray of hope is fled—
 From the dread abyss beneath the sea,
 God of my life ! I look to Thee.

IV.

If thou did'st mark— with unsparing hand,
 All sins of men ; who then could stand ?
 Forgiveness and mercy to Thee belong :
 Thy heart is Love ; Thy hand is strong.
 Therefore, is this mine evil day,
 Friend, Father and God ! to Thee I pray.

SONG XIII.

AIR—*Believe me if all &c.*

I.

BEHOLD ! 'tis the beauteous approach of the Morning—
 In her pure golden calm she appears ;
 The green garb of Earth, with its gem-wrought adorning,
 Is bright with the dew of her tears :
 There's a blush on the stream, and a smile on the forest,
 As they wake from their stilly repose ;
 Wake thou too, my glad soul ! and to Him thou adorest,
 Devote the blest hour He bestows.

II.

Sweet Morn ! from her dewy trance, Nature's awaking
 To love, and to bliss, as before :
 Yet how many the hearts that with sorrow are breaking,

Whose joys shall awaken no more !
 How many the hearts, to which thy bright returning
 Wafts not the soft whisper of peace !
 How many the souls, that for loved ones still yearning,
 Breathe sighs that on earth ne'er shall cease.

III.

Fair emblem of that happy day, when the spirit,
 That droops in affliction's cold gloom,
 With the ransomed of Jesus, Heav'n's light shall inherit ;
 Oh ! when will that blest morning come ?
 Oh ! when will Heav'n's day-spring of glory enlighten
 The cloud-darkened depths of the soul ;
 Sorrow's dim faded eye, at its glance, gladly brighten ;
 True pleasure its transports unroll ?

SONG XIV.

I.

THERE'S an hour when the spirit, serene and unshaken,
 Tho' its bed the dark bosom of Ocean may be—
 All tranquilly slumbers, while tempests awaken ;
 Like wave-wafted petrel, that sleeps on the sea.
 As, rocked by the billow, the sea bird reposes,
 When cradled on crest of the dark-rolling wave ;
 The desolate spirit its weary eye closes,
 Calm-smiling in peace this rude world never gave.

II.

There's an hour when the heart—like the dim flow'r at even,
 That hideth the blush of its beauty in shade—
 Unnoted by mortals, exhales, but for Heaven,
 The fragrance of feelings that never shall fade.

Those feelings be mine! may that balmy rest cover
 This sorrowful spirit, with mantle of peace:
 My refuge be Jesus, till life's storms be over;
 And then, on his bosom, all troubles shall cease.

SONG XV.

[Man passeth swiftly over the deep waters—
 His home is in the harbour of the grave.

I.

Oh! think not thus:—there is a home
 Of bliss unspeakable,
 Beyond the Ocean's bill'wy foam—
 Where ransomed ones shall dwell.

II.

Tho' deep the waves, the surges dark,
 Swift wends the Soul away—
 Over the Ocean's breast, like bark—
 To lands of endless day.

III.

Tho' in the grave Man's form may rest,
 While soars his spirit high;
 That form, in radiant glory dressed,
 Shall dwell above the sky.

IV.

Tho' death must end our hopes, in this
 Dark world, wherein dwells woe:

Life hath no bounds—eternal bliss,
No limit to its flow.

V.

A peaceful port, extends the grave—
Where wearied frames shall find
A refuge, from the stormy wave :
Not so the godlike mind.

VI.

The heav'n-born Soul nor sleeps, nor dies ;
But boundless, chainless, free—
It wins, thro' Christ, beyond the skies,
Bliss—immortality.

SONG XVI.

AIR—*Ailcen Arcon.*

I.

SAVIOUR ! we look to Thee,
From depth of woe ;
Do Thou our Helper be,
When floods o'erflow :
When, in his rage and pow'r,
Satan would fain devour ;
Be Thou our Strength, and Tow'r--
Thine aid bestow.

II.

When, thro' this wilderness,
Darkling we rove—
Anguish, and deep distress,
Our spirits prove ;

Oh ! guide us lest we stray ;
 Smile all the clouds away—
 Beam on our souls the ray
 Of Heav'nly Love.

III.

When—upon Ocean's breast
 Tossed to and fro,
 Pain would we be at rest,
 From storms that blow—
 From billows high and vast,
 From the infuriate blast :
 Guide us, till these be passed—
 Peace let us know.

IV.

When, on the gloomy brink
 Of the sad stream,
 Pause we ; and fear to sink,
 Lost to life's beam :
 Put all our fears to flight,
 Shed on our souls the light,
 That makes Death's darkness bright—
 Glorious its gleam !

SONG XVII.

AIR—*Logie O'Buchan.*

I.

THE shadows are fleeing,
 The night-clouds have flown ;

The sun, as a monarch,
Looks down from his throne :
The shadows are fleeting,
The clouds are away—
Oh ! why is not sorrow
As fleeting as they ?

II.

The Morn, in her beauty,
Comes forth as a bride,
In bloom of her blushes—
The sun at her side :
She smiles over ocean,
The meadows doth kiss ;
Each flow'ret awakens
To love, and to bliss.

III.

Oh ! when will the dimness—
The darkness—be fled,
That hangs o'er my spirit,
Bewailing the dead ?
Then, only, when Jesus
Smiles down from above ;
And lights all my bosom
With glory, and love.

SONG XVIII.

I.

O LIFE ! thou'rt like the stream,
That quickly glides away ;

O Bliss ! thou'rt as the morning,
 Whose blushes will not stay.
 The stream rolls swift its waters ;
 Morn's transient tints are gone :
 Thus fleets the bliss, the light of life—
 Each hope that lured us on.

II.

Tho' quick the stream glides past,
 And soon Morn's blushes fleet ;
 Yet—is there not, my Spirit !
 A life, a bliss, more sweet ;
 A dawn of fairer beauty—
 A morn of purer ray ?
 Soul ! may the light of Heav'n be thine,
 Which ne'er shall fade away !

SONG XIX.

AIR—"oft in the stilly night."

I.

WHEN first young Morning's blush,
 Its sunny smile diffusing,
 Tints Earth with roseate flush—
 Eastern skies suffusing ;
 A spirit breathes
 O'er flow'r-decked wreaths,
 That Love, and joy, are twining ;
 While Faith's clear eye
 Looks up on high,
 To worlds where bliss is shining :

Then, at the morning-tide,
My spirit high is soaring ;
Heav'n flings its portals wide,
To souls their Lord adoring.

II.

Then, then my bosom dreams
No more of clouds returning ;
Heav'n's light around me beams,
Love's pure flame is burning :
Sorrow's drear form,
And mist, and storm,
Have from my prospect fled ;
And Joy alone,
As on her throne,
Within my breast is seated :
Then, at the morning-tide,
My spirit high is soaring ;
Heav'n flings its portals wide,
To souls their Lord adoring.

III.

Pray'r, then, on dove-like wing,
Its gentle pinion plying—
Wafts me where angels sing,
And beauty blooms undying ;
Like odours free,
From incense-tree,
With birds' sweet music blending—
In that blest calm,
Devotion's balm,
Its healing pow'r is lending :

Then, at the morning-tide,
 My spirit high is soaring ;
 Heav'n flings its portals wide,
 To souls their Lord adoring.

IV.

On ! On ! where gush the streams
 Of Life's unfailing fountain ;
 On ! where His beauty beams
 O'er Zion's heav'nly mountain ;
 I mount, I rove,
 Thro' realms of love ;
 Where glory's dawn-light springing,
 Gilds with its ray,
 An endless day ;
 There my glad soul is winging ;
 Thus—still, at morning-tide,
 My spirit high is soaring ;
 Heav'n flings its portals wide,
 To souls their Lord adoring.

SONG XX.

I.

TELL me not of joy, of blisses—
 Pleasures on the passing wave—
 In a world so dark as this is ;
 Beauty, glory, bright and brave ;
 Pow'r and pomp, and might and splendour,
 Riches, honour, wealth and fame :—

Lovely Woman, true and tender,
To this heart a dearer name !

II.

Woman's eye—enchantment glancing,
Woman's smile—bewitching, sweet ;
Woman's soul and form entrancing—
Beauty, kindness, love, complete :
Worth far more than worlds of treasure,
Dearest bliss that mortals know !
What were glory, pomp, and pleasure,
Without Love ? but gorgeous woe !

III.

Tell not of proud Triumph's glory,
Burning on the victor's brow ;
Tell not high Ambition's story,
Warrior's deed, and knighthood's vow :
Kingly crowns, and gems resplendent,
Sceptral sway, or lordly line—
Majesty, and thrones transcendent,
Dazzled ne'er this heart of mine.

IV.

Deathless Fame is but a fable,
Phantom of th' illuded brain ;
Riches, as the sand, unstable—
Beauty withers—splendours wane :
Honour, pow'r, are evanescent—
Soon find wings, wherewith to fly ;
Changeful as the Moon, whose crescent
Leaves to darkness all the sky.

V.

Love's delights too dear I deemed of—
But, alas ! those blisses sweet,
Whose continuance I dreamed of,
Sped away on winged feet.
Earthly joys no more deceive me—
Transient joys that will not stay :
Mine be bliss that ne'er shall leave me,
Endless bliss, more bright than they.

SONG XXI.

I.

WHEN days grow dark—the skies o'rcast—
While all within is gloom :
When scattered by th' autumnal blast,
Each flow'r of fairest bloom ;
When flow'rs that smiled, and buds that breathed,
Lie withering in decay ;
And hopes, that round the heart enwreathed,
Are with'ring, too, as they :

II.

When Earth seems but a wilderness,
Where dark the soul must rove ;
What can dispel its dreariness,
What can a solace prove ?
Not hopes, on which the worldling builds
His airy fabric slight—
Not the false beam, his gloom that gilds,
With vain illusive light.

III.

No ! when the cloudy day hath drawn
 Its shadow o'er the soul ;
 We look for Heav'n's ethereal dawn,
 • Suns of more blest control :
 We spurn the hopes that worldlings cheer ;
 And not unjoyful deem—
 Tho' skies be dark—a day is near
 Of cloudless, endless, beam.

SONG XXII.

I.

As THE bird, on tireless wing,
 Over ocean journeying
 To some calmer clime ;
 Thus the Soul, on pinions bright,
 Heav'nward should direct its flight—
 To the land of love, and light,
 'Yond the realms of time.

II.

As the arrow from the string,
 Tipped with flame, aloft doth spring ;
 Thus on high the Soul,
 Winged with hallowed blest, desire,
 Wrapt in love's unfading fire,
 Upward—onward—should aspire
 To its heav'nly goal.

III.

As the stream—that, from the hill,
Rolls its clear pellucid rill
Onward, tow'rd the sea ;
Thus the Soul, from youth to age,
Pure, and peaceful—calm, and sage—
Should pursue its pilgrimage
Tow'rd Eternity.

IV.

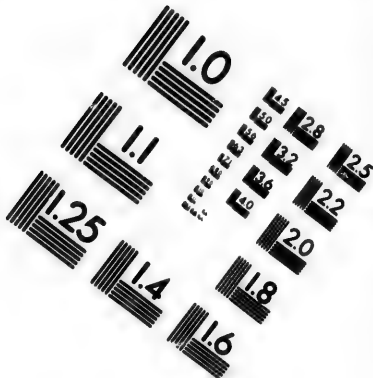
As, at morn—the early dew,
To the clouds of roseate hue,
Tranquilly doth tend ;
Slumbers, there, on Morning's cheek,
Blushing bright with crimson streak :
Thus the Soul its rest should seek—
Heav'nward thus ascend.

SONG XXIII.

MY FATHER'S HOME.

I.

MY Father's Home ! how sweet the sound,
When tempests sadden all the air—
When darkness veils the prospect round !
Fain would my weary Soul be there.
Glad fields are smiling round that Home,
And bright streams cheer the sunny glade :
And soft-winged whispers bid me come ;
And friends, in glitt'ring garb arrayed.



6"



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II.

My Father's Home ! a golden star
Is burning o'er the mountain's crest ;
Its ray of beauty points afar,
To that dear Home, the land of rest :
Blazes a watch-fire o'er the foam
Of Ocean's intervening tide ;
It leads where lies my father's Home,
True beacon o'er the waters wide.

III.

That Star—that Watch-light, 'yond th' abyss—
Who feeds their flames with living fire ?
Who bade them cheer an hour like this,
And wake for Home the fond desire ?
That star is Hope—that beacon Love—
Faith views those friends upon the shore :
But, had we not a Friend above,
Their radiant forms were seen no more.

SONG XXIV.

AIR—*Harp of Tara.*

I.

To LOOK from earth—its fleeting bliss—
With heav'n, enlightened eye,
To lands of fairer bloom than this,
And heave the wishful sigh ;
To view the fadeless realms above,
And Jesus smiling there—
And breathe unutterable love,
This—this is Prayer.

II.

When the deep heart, at midnight hour,
Vibrates a solemn tone,
While thought awakes in trance of power;
To bend before the Throne—
Set free from earth's entangling thrall,
Its pleasure, and its care,
To feel that God is all in all—
This—this is Prayer.

III.

When sorrow, with oppressive weight—
Affliction, wrings the soul;
When droops the heart disconsolate,
Waves roar, and thunders roll;
When anguish racks th' encumb'ring clod,
While whispers fell despair—
To seek on high relief in God,
This—this is Prayer.

IV.

When bursts temptation, like a flood,
Around in all its pow'r—
When lion-like, intent on blood,
Satan would fain devour;
When sinks the soul, the spirit faints,
Weak flesh dark visions scare—
To breathe aloft our sad complaints,
This—this is Prayer.

V.

When sunny scenes around us rise,
When summer flow'rs smile near—
When, calm, on bright unclouded skies
We gaze, while falls a tear;
When feels the soul its guilt forgiv'n,
And sighs that all might share
The beauty, and the bliss of heav'n—
This—this is Prayer.

VI.

When lowly on a dying bed,
While life ebbs fast away—
When earthly things are all but fled,
Ere dawns eternal day :
Like Stephen, when the stones were hurled—
With Jesu's suppliant care,
Mercy, implore for all the world,
This—this is Prayer.

SONG XXV.

NIGHT.

I.

WHEN the fire-flies are glancing,
Like gems in their flight—
The star-jewels blazing,
Mid tresses of night ;

When the proud forest flingeth
Its arms on the gale ;
And dim flow'rs—soft breathing—
Sweet odours exhale ;

II.

When the gentle moon playeth,
Where ripples the stream—
The silver waves dancing,
With joy, in her beam ;
By osier-fringed border,
The calm waters glide ;
And heav'n, with its azure,
Their crystal hath dyed ;

III.

When the voice of the river
Hath sunk to a sigh—
The rush of the rapids,
Like music, floats by ;
When the blue lake, like ocean
Is smoothed by a spell—
In magic of moonbeams,
Its waters sleep well ;

IV.

While fresh on its bosom,
Dew-spangled by night,
Each islet green-tufted
Looks lovely in light ;
O'er its shadow of stillness,
Bends beauteous in rest—

Like bark moored in haven,
Where storms ne'er molest ;

V.

When the deer lie reposing
By fountain, and spring—
The beaver lone sleepeth,
The jay folds its wing ;
The stately stag tosses
His antlers on high,
In slumber still dreaming
That morning is nigh ;

VI.

When the pine lifteth lordly
Its trunk, as a tower—
In gloom of its branches,
The birds find a bower ;
The hunter, toil-wearied,
His couch spreads beneath—
Where grassy stems, twining,
The moss-bank enwreathes ;

VII.

Oh ! then,—in her trances—
My spirit soars high ;
Like falcon—wild fleeth
To homes in the sky :
In that hour of deep beauty,
Revealings are given ;
My soul teems with visions—
Love, Glory, and Heaven.

NOTES ON THE
SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

Page 165. Song vi.

The several poems, which the Editor has hitherto met with, commencing 'Weep not for him that dieth,' (or in other very similar words,) are founded on Jer. xxii. 10 ; a passage which treats of the miseries of captives. But this Poem has, for its subject, the affliction spoken of in Ezek. xxiv. 16 ; and 1 Thes. iv. 13—18.

Page 168, Song vii. stz. 1. 9.

And strive all the day.—

meaning, in a spiritual sense, "while it is" (yet) "day:" (because) "the night cometh, when no man can work." John ix. 4 ; and xii. 35.

Page 171, Song xi. See Hosea, xiii. 14.

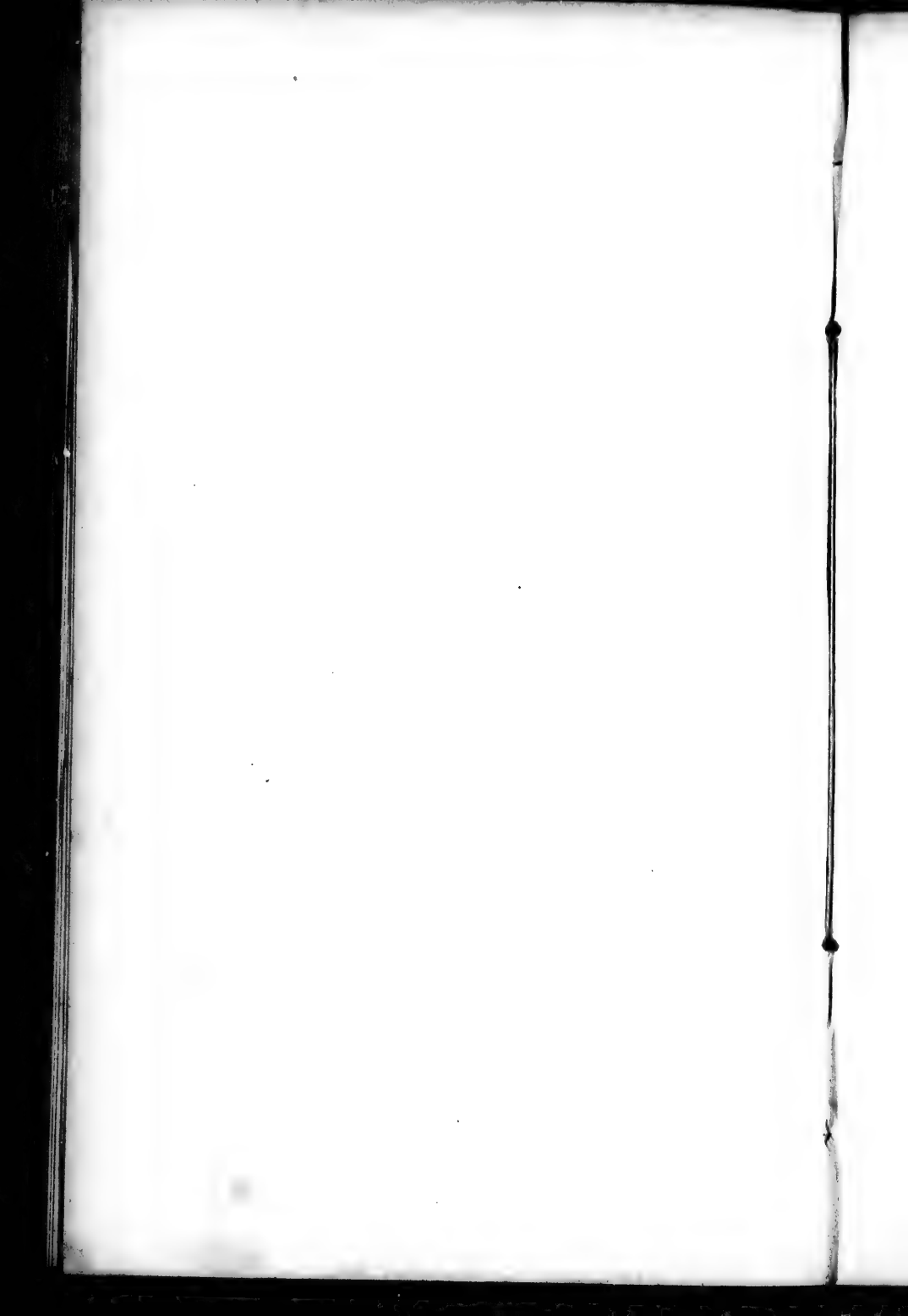
Page 172. Song xii.

The first and fourth stanzas, are a paraphrase of Ps. cxxx. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.

Page 188, Song xxv.

In this instance, Dr. Haskins not only composed the poem to a certain Air ; singing, mentally, as he wrote : but also, (as, in some other cases, he showed himself fully capable,) modified the Air, in a beautiful manner, to suit his own subject and style. The original melody was that of "Oh ! when shall I see Jesus ?" a hymn, which he, and his friend, used to sing together.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.



OCCASIONAL PIECES

THE FLOWERS OF THE GRAVE

I.

THE wind breathes softly o'er her verdant bed ;
And there the dim flow'rs wake beneath the Moon,
And on the breeze of night their fragrance shed—
Lovely as she, and to decay as soon.

II.

The lily—meekest daughter of the clime,
The wind-flower—drooping her unsheltered head,
The sweet, pale primrose—early in its prime,
Are mourning for the beauties which are fled.

III.

The vi'let—blue as tint of maiden's eye,
When its glance glistens thro' affection's tear ;
The hyacinth—with bells of azure dye,
Shedding sweet melody in Fancy's ear :

IV.

Like angels—o'er the consecrated clay,
They bend in beauty, while their bright eyes weep.
How holy, and how innocent, are they,
Who, as those vernal flowers, their pure souls keep !

TO MY HEART.

I.

Go to the grave, wherein thy loved one lieth—
Go, my sad heart ! and ponder for awhile ;
E'en as unto her nest the ring-dove hieth :
Go—and let Mourn'ry there thy grief beguile.

II.

Hasten, my heart ! where tearful thoughts await thee,
Dreams of the blessedness that once was thine :
Oh ! think—there's nought on Earth, can reinstate thee,
In that brief bliss, so transient, so divine.

III.

No more—no more ! the light of life hath parted :
Joy comes no more—like dawn of cheerful day—
To gild the gloom ; wherein the broken-hearted
Lie down, to dream of bliss too bright to stay.

IV.

Yet be it so ! this world was made for sorrow :
But there's a land, beyond the silent tomb ;
Where suns, that darkly set, shall find a morrow—
Loved flowers that die, shall boast immortal bloom.

THE FAREWELL.

I.

FAREWELL ! I turn me from the sod, where sleeps thy lifeless
dust ;
No costly marble marks the spot, nor urn, nor breathing bust :

The wild wind of the forest bids the long grass lonely wave ;
And warm tears, from a faithful heart, are gushing o'er thy grave.

II.

The sullen wind sweeps rudely, yet not in anger by ;
It bids the branches mourn above, the light leaves whisper nigh :
The children of the forest stand, with young and graceful form—
They have no sickness of the heart, nor care's corroding worm.

III.

Farewell ! farewell to ashes, that slumber in the gloom—
Mortality's dim shadow—dreary stillness of the tomb ;
The silence, and the mystery, whence thought—in trance of
pow'r,
Visions, in dark ideal dream, the future's untried hour.

IV.

Oh ! could those tears revive thee ; as early dews, in spring,
Recall the fairy flow'rs to life, when groves are blossoming—
Bid Nature's cheek retrieve its tints of beauty, and of pride ;
Not fruitless were the tears, that fall o'er one that loved and
died.

V.

Farewell ! again I turn to the unfeeling, thoughtless crowd—
An icy coldness at my heart, on my dark soul a cloud :
Wafted on wing of time, that cloud may vanish and depart—
What pow'r, what charm, can chase away the coldness of the
heart ?

VI.

Farewell ! I cease to weep now, for Earth's elysian flow'rs,
Gone with the summer-gilding of love's evanescent hours :

I mourn not that my sun hath set behind yon awful steep ;
Where flatt'ring lights of life sink down, to everlasting sleep.

VII.

I mourn to think this bosom grows all passionless, and cold :
Save when, as now, sorrow bids wake, emotions deep, and
old :

I grieve to think my spirit turns no more with fervour high—
But deadly damps oppress its wings, and chain it from the
sky.

VIII.

Yet darkling as I wander, in gloom of night, away—
Slow seems to rise upon my view, like herald of the day,
A beauteous star:—and as it shines, in radiance o'er the
deep,
A still, small voice, is heard from Heav'n—'sad mourner! cease
to weep.'

THE FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

It matters nothing, at what hour of day
The righteous fall asleep.—*Milman.*

I.

It matters not tho' early—as dawn's blushes on the tide,
Thy transient life of promise passed, thine earthly day hath died ;
It matters not tho' vanishing—as primal hues of morn,
Thy form of beauty fled away, and left me thus forlorn.

II.

For there's a land, where blossoms of this cold world all revive ;
 Where, dipped in silver dews of Heav'n, their fragrance is alive :
 Where chosen flowers of paradise, the fairest and the best,
 Are culled, and sweetly gathered, to the Saviour's sacred breast :

II'.

And in that land of loveliness, of radiance and delight,
 I trust that thou art blooming, and thine eye of joy is bright :
 Brighter than when it look'd on me, thro' dimness, and thro' death ;
 When that kind voice hailed fondly, with its all but parting breath.

IV.

The chosen flow'rs of paradise are gathered to their rest ;
 And, angel-like, they slumber on the Saviour's loving breast :
 Jesus ! thy hand has culled them hence, with Thee to shine on
 high—
 'Twere madness then to mourn, when such are taken to the sky.

V.

Rather 'twere meet, with holy joy, to hail the happy hour,
 When such are placed in genial clime beyond the tempest's pow'r ;
 B it bitter wailings for the dead our frailty oft bespeak ;
 The spirit nobly looks aloft—the flesh, alas ! is weak.

VI.

No winter's wind can stir them now, with rude and gustful sway ;
 No thunder-cloud can darken o'er their pure ethereal day :
 No lightning-bolt those tender flow'rs of vernal bloom bereaves ;
 And death comes not to wither all the freshness of their leaves.

VII.

How beautiful the sleep of those, who, earthly travel past,
 In the harbour of their heav'nly home new gently rest at last !

Who gently sleep in Jesus, in that slumber calm and deep—
When the heart, the heart is waking ; and but pain, and sorrow
sleep.

VIII.

Behold ! their griefs and woes have gone, like dreary dreams
away ;

And morning comes, the herald of a blest, undying day :
Eternity beams glory on the waking of the soul ;
Sunlike, immortal, boundless years of bliss begin to roll.

IX.

Man o'er deep waters passes thus to regions far away,
His home is not, upon this earth, in mansions of decay :
His home is not as some have deemed, in chambers of the grave ;
But in that bright, unchanging world, thro' Him who died to save.

X.

Farewell ! and may my soul's best love still crown thy memory ;
For, next unto the Saviour's claim, that love was but for thee :
And, if to tread the courts above to me it may be giv'n—
Oh ! may I meet thee once again, with Jesus, and in Heav'n.

LASTING LOVE.

I.

THE sun came forth as a bridegroom gay—
Bright blazed on his brow the crown of day ;
And he kissed young earth—his glowing bride—
Who smiled, and blushed, in her beauty's pride :
Her cheek, ere that modest grace went by,
Was touched with tints of deep crimson dye.

II.

The gentle-eyed Moon—he kissed her too ;
 Her wan brow blushed, as she quick withdrew :
 A sister's love, all saintly and meek,
 Gilded with joy her departing cheek ;
 And th' enraptured lovers were left alone,
 Breathing their bliss in tenderest tone.

III.

Swift sped the hours, on that blessed morn—
 Bloomed roses around without a thorn ;
 Sang birds of beauty their nuptial song ;
 Spake the stream of love, as it dimpled along :
 The heav'ns seemed too bright, and the skies too fair,
 For rude winds to ruffle the stillness there.

IV.

But a change came o'er that delighted hour,
 And the broad heav'ns shook with the tempest's pow'r ;
 And there swept a sound from the groaning trees,
 Like the sullen roar of the storm sweep-tseas :
 And a black cloud rose those lovers between,
 And the Sun's glad eye was no longer seen.

V.

And the flow'rs lay strewed on the swelt'ring ground,
 And the birds sang not ; but the storm, around.
 Uplifted its voice, with thunder blent :
 Nor longer the stream sweet music lent,
 But rushed 'gainst the rocks with terrific roar ;
 And Earth's gay vision at once was o'er.

VI.

Thus, mortal—beware ! soon a change may come—
Love's eye grow dark, and his voice wax dumb :
The thrilling tone of the bliss-breathed word,
The song of the stream, the hymn of the bird,
The light, the transport, the music, the flow'rs—
May leave thee quite lone, when the tempest lours.

VII.

Yet deem not that thine is a joyless fate,
Tho' such desert thee—or desolate.
There is beauty above, and light, and bliss,
To cheer—to make glad, an hour like this ;
There's a Sun in the heav'ns, that no clouds can hide :
'Tis the Love of thy Lord—the Crucified.

VIII.

Lift but unto Him thy tearful eye,
When frail hopes vanish, and storms are nigh :
Then a glorious beam from the world above—
A sun-steeped ray from the fount of Love,
Shall halo thy heart, in affliction's night ;
And point thy path to the realms of light.

IX.

Earth ! thou canst not give, or take away,
The pow'r of that light—the bliss of that ray.
Sorrow ! we burst—we bound from thy thrall—
Go ! weave, for Time's joys, thy fun'ral pall :
Ours is a life, a love, and a joy,
Thy change comes not near, nor thy frowns destroy.

WE SHALL BUT WAKE TO LOVE.

I

We shall but wake again to love,
When we cast off the slumber deep
Of death ; whose trance—tho' dark it prove—
Is but a mode of sleep.

II.

We shall but sleep, and waken : when
Our final slumber passes—we
Shall wake to life, and joy again,
To love eternally.

III.

If there be bliss beyond the sky,
If there be happiness above—
If there be hope, or Heav'n on high ;
We shall but wake to love.

IV.

Aye ! love ; no false enthusiast dream.
While myriad million ages roll—
Eternity's bright glories beam—
Loves on the Christian's soul.

TO MY OLD, TRIED, AND UNFLINCHING FRIEND,
HENRY BALDWIN, JUN.

I.

FRIEND of my widowed, my bereaved hours !
Whose cheerful coming fills mine eye with tears—
Pleasant unto my soul thy face appears,
As Morning's beam unto the drooping flow'rs ;
When---wet with weeping, and with frequent show'rs—
They ope their eyelids to the golden ray,
That bids them bloom beneath the smile of day.
How oft-time hath the gloom dispersed away,
When thou art near ; my Soul assumed her pow'rs ;
My Muse---that long in torpid trance had lain---
Put forth her strength, and breathed a thrilling strain !
Friend of my heart ! I view thee here again :
And tho' the storm of life upon me lours---
Art thou not he, whom long my heart, and brain,
Throbbed to behold : whose social aspect, near,
Dispelled the frown of howling Winter drear ;
And gave to summer hours a calm delight,
Whose mem'ry lives, while months, years, speed their flight.

II.

Come ! and, once more, let social cheerful talk
Make glad the day ; while Poesy, the Queen
Of beauteous thought, uplifts her form between
Twin sons of fancy, in their musing walk.

Let's woo the rose upon her slender stalk,
 And scent the violet in the shad'wy vale ;
 Converse of many a pleasant, wondrous tale :
 Till the broad Moon—lifting her aspect pale
 Above the forest—warn us of the hour,
 When wearied man should sleep, as doth the flow'r.
 Then home returning to our peaceful cot,
 Together let us kneel to Him on high—
 Asking His grace, to bless our lowly lot,
 With those who in our prayers are ne'er forgot ;
 And that we all may meet, above the starry sky.

III.

Oh ! why should we—to whom the hope is giv'n,
 The priceless hope—that when our earthly frame
 Can but with kindred dust communion claim,
 Our souls shall soar, and live with Christ in Heav'n—
 Say, why should we, like boughs close-twining, riv'n
 By the impetuous thunder's fi'ry blast—
 Why should our social leaves, asunder cast—
 Be strewed upon the whirlwind, thro' the vast
 Desert ; where dwell the forms of friendship severed :
 Oh ! in its dream, this brain was ne'er so fevered,
 As not to recognise—or, with dim eye,
 Mistake my friend for foe—when he stood by.
 Th' imperial oak is oft by lightning shivered ;
 The princely pine is oft in fragments strown :
 Oh ! be my spirit, in its strength, delivered
 From friendship's wreck ; and love for aye its own !

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

I.

My Daughter ; as I gaze upon thy cheek,
Mantling with roses red, my hopes arise
As from the grave ; passes before mine eyes—
With sorrow dim, and, for that I am weak,
Clouded with tears—a dream of future days :
In loveliness and light that vision strays
Before me, as I wake at morning's hour,
And view thee smiling near, my forest-flow'r !
Spirit of joy ! the winter of my heart
Gladdens thy glow ; as the warm flush of spring—
When nature's realms, to her voice echoing,
Burst into life, into new being start ;
Thro' universal earth, and air, and sea,
All waken ; save the tomb's pale tenantry.

II.

As one emerging from the dungeon's gloom—
Long pent, and pining for the cheerful day,
That thro' the bars above sends down one ray,
To show the darkness of that living tomb—
Feels the fresh air delicious round him breathe ;
Thus o'er my heart, declined in dust beneath,
Those visionary joys, reviving, steal,
Breathing a balm that wounded heart to heal.
My Daughter ! o'er thy couch of dewy rest
Bending—in lineaments of infant grace,
I mark the features of a well known face—
Even of her who lives among the blest.

Would that, on earth, her eye that form might see!
But hush—my Soul! such thoughts befit not thee.

III.

Child of my heart! how holy is thy claim
To the warm feelings fresh from nature's spring!
God shelter thee—poor, smiling, helpless thing
Without a mother! star of purest flame—
Affection's light, oh! let my bosom share.
While hopes, in verdant beauty, round me cling—
As ivy to the tempest-shattered wall,
That firm in its embrace forbears to fall—
Love breathes for thee its tender, silent prayer.
Upheld by hope, above the storm of fate,
To me, oh! be it given to elevate
My soul aloft; and shade to thee extend—
Nurtured by dews of heav'n—which oft descend
Richest on those who find no earthly friend.

WINTER.

I.

CHANGE comes o'er all. Each flow'r of beauty, dying,
Withers upon Earth's bosom, whence it springs;
Birds—summer friends—to genial climes are hieing:
And the far murmur of their rushing wings
Sounds like an echo, to the heart replying,
When Sorrow mournfully hath touched its strings;
And over graves, wherein the loved are lying,
Whispers to Mem'ry of departed things.

'Tis Winter's reign. The hardy woodman plying
His pond'rous axe—aloud the welkin rings;
Bounds the free stag, from aim of hunter flying,
And rapidly behind the forest flings:
The wolf stares wildly, from his cavern lone,
And wonders where th' embow'ring shades have gone.

II.

Change comes o'er all. Earth's transient tints have fled,
Like fairy frames upon life's morning stream;
Gone is the glow, wherewith kind summer greeted
The soul that, basking, gladdened in its gleam:
Stern, o'er the wreck, terrific Nature seated,
Scowls at the Sun, that dares obtrude his beam;
Th' enchanter frost the river's marge hath meted,
Lulling the waters in his icy dream,
Scared by dread Winter's frown, the Sun, retreated,
Adown the southern slope directs his team;
Dark mourns the forest, of its verdure cheated;
Naked, and desolate, its borders seem:
Save where the pines—each as a fun'ral plume—
Nod black o'er Earth, shrouded as for the tomb.

III.

Yet weep not, Nature! tho' the grave, inurning,
Gives to decay the children of thy breast:
Hastens the hour, when summer sun, returning,
Again shall visit thee—a welcome guest.
Oh! beautiful—when golden skies are burning—
Shall be thy form, in em'rald glory dressed;
And exquisite the blooms, for which thou'rt yearning,

Once more shall waken from their wintry rest.
Deep in the ground, beyond our eyes' discerning,
Sleep the young germs—each in its earthy nest;
And hence might human hopes, a lesson learning,
Revel, in prospect of a future blessed.
Then mourn not, Man, offspring of Love Divine!
A deathless lot—Eternity, is thine.

THE CONTRAST.

I GAZED on Earth—her beauteous form lay white,
Wrapped in its shroud—the chill snow frozen deep;
Garb of the grave was on her—fun'ral Night
Fanned, with black plume, her bed of breathless sleep:
I heard the savage howl of winter sweep,
With roar of storms, and fall of forest-tree,
And crash of boughs, and wild roots—wreathed free
Round the firm rocks—uptorn and heav'nward cast,
As rag'd the tempest in its fury past:
And Earth lay dead; like those o'er whom we weep,
When the rent heart clings close to life-like clay,
Whose strange still look bids Hope flee far away:
And Earth lay dead. Oh! say, is it not death,
When beauty, love, and joy, yield up expiring breath?

I gazed on Earth—her snowy shroud was gone,
A green garb flowed around her lovely form;
Darkness had fled, her eye in lustre shone;
Nor winter's howl was heard, nor rush of storm,
Nor fall of forest-tree: but sunlight warm

Bathed in its beauteous glow the budding grove,
 Whose young fresh shoots basked in the beams above :
 And all was glad—and fair and happy things
 Hovered on high, with radiant, gilded wings,

Dyed in the rainbow ; hung the bees' dense swarm
 Its living cloud aloft ; the butterfly

Revelled in sweets, as tho' it ne'er could die :

Earth lived again. Christian ! beyond the tomb,

Thus, from death's wintry sleep, shalt thou awake and
 bloom.

THE STARS.

I.

THE Stars come forth—the resplendent Stars,
 Bright gilding the gloom of Earth's dungeon-bars ;
 In glory along the empyreal height,
 Each like a sun, in the world of night,
 With calm eye watching the course of Time—
 The chroniclers old of years sublime.

II.

'Earth's tribes, successive, depart to the tomb :
 Yet changeless ye shine, bright Stars ! but for whom ?
 The glory of Man soon fleets away ;
 His pride, and his beauty—where are they ?
 Shine ye, O Stars ! like the torches' blaze,
 That lights the dead with its fun'ral rays ?'

III.

'Mortal ! our course was of old on high,
 And we gaze on Earth with an unchanged eye ;
 And fast, and fleet, as we roll above—
 That course is timed, and measured, by Love.
 Yet we, e'en we, must from Heav'n depart :
 But *thou*—what a deathless thing thou art !'

TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

I.

TEARS for the dead ! Each withering flow'r,
 Droops low, in decline, its beauteous head ;
 The willow-branch weepeth a golden show'r ;
 And the stars faint glisten, thro' tears for the dead.

II.

The tempest hath rifled the forest-tree ;
 Lie ghastly its leaves on their fun'ral bed :
 And mourns o'er the wreck Mortality ;
 And the dim dew falleth, as tears for the dead.

III.

I saw, in her beauty, a fair young bride,
 Where its gloom o'er the grave the dark yew shed ;
 I asked, what sorrow had paled the pride
 Of her cheek : 'twas answered—'tears for the dead !'

IV.

And there, mid the tombs, lo ! a lovely child
 Bent, where the cypress waved black o'erhead :

I sought why it watched in that desert wild ;
And Echo whispered—'tears for the dead !'

V.

There an aged man on the earth lay prone ;
And the silvery snows were around him spread :
I questioned why tarried he there alone ;
And the night-wind murmured—'tears for the dead !'

VI.

Alas, for those tears ! their bitter flow
Must oft by mortal eye be shed :
Till the spirit, on high, forgets all woe—
No more, for ever, weeps tears for the dead.

MUSINGS AT MIDNIGHT.

SHE left my bed for the cold dismal grave—
The place of skulls, of darkness, and the worm !
The long, long night—above whose sullen sleep,
Beams not a ray of cheerful lustre bright ;
No moon, no star : blackness, and fun'ral shade,
Close curtaining the slumber of the shroud !

Hark ! with redoubled roar, above the deep,
The thunder booms—and 'mong the lurid clouds
Flames the red bolt ; the sleety, patt'ring show'r,
Bourds on the roof : while hollow, howling gusts,
Sweep from the sea ; and, as they hasten by,
Unearthly forms seem riding on the blast.
Aloft the scared owl shrieks. It is a night,
Wherein the dead might wake—the living die.

Best and beloved One ! wilt *thou* ne'er awake ?
 Why dost thou sleep—when tempest, and the blast
 Of thunder, startle thus the midnight hour ?
 Why dost thou sleep—as tho' the hideous roar
 Of the conflicting elements, around,
 But rocked thy slumber ? All the livelong day,
 These eyes have wept ; and Sorrow with my heart
 Warred madly—as the Ocean with the rock,
 That sternly stands, by winds and waters worn :
 Yet still my spirit wakes. O death ! death ! death !
 How dread thy visitation ; when thou com'st,
 All unforeseen, to rend the loved away—
 Gaunt spoiler—with thy hollow, heartless smile,
 With'ring our bliss !

Rave on, thou sullen storm !
 Thou thunder ! with thy mountain-shaking might,
 Roll on, redoubling thy terrific roar.
 Ye winds ! ye waves ! that upon ocean vast,
 With congregated voices, shout on high
 Your awful diapason, rage and howl.
 Night-wand'ring wolves ! at whose infuriate yell,
 The lated trav'ler feels his blood run cold
 Swell with your cry the universal din.
 She will not wake ! the elements have nought—
 Nor Nature, in her agonizing war—
 Of pow'r, of terror, to awake the dead.

Yet wherefore thus—oh ! wherefore thus, my soul !
 Dost thou still dwell upon the sleep of death ?
 If that the spirit, when this life is o'er,
 Still slumbers on—as doth the senseless clay—

A visionless, and an eternal sleep ;
'Tis wise, 'tis well, to sorrow for the dead.
But if a morning, brighter than was seen
E'er upon earth, awaits the ransomed soul,
Freed from its clog ; oh ! wherefore should we mourn
For the departed ? wherefore should we bend,
In unavailing woe, above the bier—
Clasp the insensate clay—and deem the dead
Lost, and for ever ? 'Tis no baseless creed—
But firm as pillars of eternal truth—
The Soul ascends to God from whence it came ;
Man's mortal part alone lies in the tomb ;
His nobler essence lives for evermore.
Heav'n ! lead us by Thy light : nor let us stray
From the pure path, that leads to endless day.

SORROW'S VISION.

I.

Oh ! is there no land, where the best, and the fairest,
Of Earth's fading flowers, shall blossom anew ;
Where, desolate mourner ! th' affliction thou bearest
Shall vanish away, like the morning's light dew ?

II.

Oh ! is there no land, where the tears sadly streaming,
From Sorrow's dark fountain, in floods that ne'er cease—
Exhaled to the region where Love's light is beaming—
Shall halo the heart with the rainbow of peace ?

III.

Thou spirit of Sorrow ! long days without number,
 I've drooped, and declined, beneath thy sad control ;
 And dreams of the dead still arose in the slumber,
 That dimly o'ershadowed the eye of the soul.

IV.

I dreamed of the dead, in their beauty and brightness ;
 Fresh and fragrant, around, rose the scenes of my youth :
 The green fields, all studded with flow'r-stars of whiteness,
 The garden, unscathed by cold Winter's stern ruth.

V.

All fresh sprang the sweet flow'rs, in that sunny garden ;
 Where, brothers and sisters, we walked side by side :
 Oh ! the soul may grow dark, and the cold heart may
 harden ;
 Yet still be those far days fond Memory's pride.

VI.

The dead stood around me : 'thou desolate mourner !'
 They said—or, in fancy's dream, thus seemed to say—
 'How lonely thou'rt left ! what lot can be forlorn ?
 Haste--haste from the land of affliction away !

VII.

'There are fields of delight, in the world where we're
 dwelling ;
 And rivers of pleasure, all stainless and pure :
 And friends have we there, e'en Earth's dearest excelling ;
 And a kind Father's love, that for aye shall endure.

VIII.

'Thou bleeding, bereaved one ! oh ! come—and we'll gather
Heav'n's chaplets, to crown thee with wreaths of the
blessed :

Oh ! hasten, and steep thee in smiles of thy Father ;
He'll welcome thee—give thee repose on his breast.'

IX.

'Twas past. O'er the surges of broad ocean ferried,
In the stranger's far land I had found me a home ;
I stood o'er the grave, where my lost love lay buried :
O'er the wide-rolling waters, for this did I roam.

X.

I stood o'er that grave—Sorrow's loud burst was pouring ;
And bitterly breathed my sore spirit the sigh :
When—hush ! on the light wind, glad music was soaring,
Like seraph's sweet strains, as they warble on high.

XI.

'Twas the voice of my love—and it sang in its mildness,
A hymn often sung in the days of her prime :
And, o'er my lulled spirit, that strain, in its wildness,
Came beauteous, and soft, as the anthem's far chime.

XII.

"Rejoice !" was her song. Like Spring's early appearing,
When she smiles o'er the cold clouds of winter afar—
Thrilled those accents around me, my rent bosom cheering :
Hope again, o'er the troubled waves, lifts her bright star.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

My frame is worn with toil and grief;
 This heart throbs faint and slow :
 My time upon this earth is brief ;
 I soon must sink below.

II.

Dark—dark, within its silent cave—
 This body frail must lie ;
 Cold—cold, within the cheerless grave—
 Shut up from human eye.

III.

Like ship, long tossed o'er ocean's foam,
 Shattered by tempest's breath—
 I'm near my haven, and my home :
 That home, that haven—death.

IV.

What tho' this form its home there find ?
 Dwells there no soul within—
 The Sun-crowned monarch of the mind,
 That claims with angels kin ?]

V.

Beams there no light of heav'nly birth,
 Thro' these dark prison-bars ;
 That shall outlive the firm-built Earth,
 Yon skies, with all their stars ?

VI.

Not as enthusiasts teach, or learn,
Or poets fondly dream—
I feel that soul within me burn,
That light within me beam.

VII.

And firm, as stand th' eternal hills,
Or pillars of the sky---
My faith is fixed : that pow'r which thrills
Within, shall soar on high ;

VIII.

(When sinks to dust this senseless frame,)
Shall soar to realms above ;
To Him, who kindled first its flame—
Its end, and essence—Love.

IX.

Upborne on wings of Hope, and Faith,
Its home of bliss I see :
Hasten thine arrow, tardy Death !
Now—now, I would be free.

THE HOME OF REST.

I.

TRAV'LER toiling o'er the wild,
Where wolves prowl and serpents hiss!
From thy Father's home exiled,
Would'st thou live on land like this ?

Wouldst thou fix thy dwelling here,
In a land so strange, and drear ?

II.

Is thy home upon the sea,
Wand'rer over ocean's breast ?
Yield the waves repose to thee
Can the rude storm rock to rest ?
Wouldst thou build thy changeless home
On the tossing billow's foam ?

III.

Soldier ! 'mid the din of arms
Can thy spirit calmly sleep ?
During battle's stern alarms,
Wouldst thou sink in slumber deep ?
Can sweet slumber seal thine eyes,
While war's thunders rend the skies ?

IV.

Trav'ler—voyager, art thou
Soldier, too—my weary heart !
Dar'st thou still such hopes avow ?
Still dost act such foolish part ?
Methinks—toil, storms, and warfare here,
Should make thy Father's Home more dear.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLII.

I.

E'EN as the hunted hart desires
The water-brook, with panting breath;
Thus after God my soul aspires,
Weary with wand'ring in this vale of death.

II.

From paths of sin, which late I trod,
I view my Father's home above :
Thirsting for God—the living God—
My contrite spirit breathes its burning love.

III.

Oh ! why art thou cast down, my Soul ?
What weak disquietude is thine ?
Hope thou in God ; thy fears control :
His countenance shall yet upon thee shine.

IV.

O God ! my heart is sinking low
In trouble's overwhelming wave :
Deep unto deep, while floods o'erflow,
Thunders with voice like echo from the grave.

V.

The billows foam above my head ;
The weeds are tangled round my breast :
Dark laid on Ocean's oozy bed,
Death draws his dismal shade o'er my unrest.

VI.

Yet will the Lord command His love,
To help me in affliction's day :
Nor dreary will my moments prove ;
While unto Thee, God of my life ! I pray.

VII.

Then be no more cast down, my Soul !
Nor let disquietude oppress :
Tho' stormy waters round thee roll ;
He will relieve, and pity thy distress.

VIII.

Come life, come death, come Nature's doom ;
Crumble thy pillars, Earth ! in dust :
Ye saints, triumphant o'er the tomb,
In Him, th' unfailing Rock, repose your trust.

FEAR.

I.

FEAR ! Fear ! in Man had such passion place,
When from his Maker's hand he came ?
Whence rose this blot of deep disgrace,
And stamped the Soul with dread, and shame ?

II.

How came it, Man, of form upright—
Who nobly bears his brow on high—
E'er stooped to fear ; and shunned the light
Of God his Lord's benignant eye ?

III.

Sin—Sin hath done the Soul this wrong ;
 And made Man coward, base, and low :
 Clouded his spirit with a throng
 Of ghastly fears, and shame, and woe.

IV.

Oh ! let us cast all fears away ;
 Save that one godly, filial fear ;
 Which from our Father dreads to stray—
 And trembles still, when sin is near.

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I.

FATHER, who dwell'st above in Heav'n,
 For ever one—the same !
 To Thee be endless praises giv'n ;
 All hallowed be thy Name :
 Thy kingdom come—the reign of peace,
 When Satan's pow'r shall fall ;
 Eternal Sabbath of release,
 When Thou'lt be all in all.

II.

Thy will be done, thro' Earth's broad bound,
 As angels do above ;
 And not one rebel heart be found :
 But all be filled with love.
 Give us this day our daily bread ;
 Our every want supply :

'Tis by Thy hand the flocks are fed ;
Thou still'st the raven's cry.

III.

As we forgive all human wrong,
Do Thou our sins forgive ;
To Thee, compassion doth belong—
Like Thee then, let us live :
Oh ! let us not be tempted, Lord,
'Bove what our strength can bear ;
Some op'ning for escape afford—
Thy grace still let us share.

IV.

Deliver us from evil still—
When Satan's wrath doth lour ;
Shelter our souls from all of ill,
And save in trials hour :
For Thine's the kingdom, glory, pow'r,
O'er worlds, o'er angels, men :
Be thou our refuge, strength, and tow'r,
Eternally—Amen !

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord is my Shepherd—no good can I need ;
In green sunny pastures He makes me to feed :
And by the still stream, that no storms e'er molest,
With His great eye to watch me, how calmly I rest !

II.

When sorrow's chill waves o'er my spirit roll deep ;
He brings to His bosom, and smiles her to sleep :
And from paths where she wandered, all simple and wild,
To His home, and His heart, He leads back His poor child.

III.

Tho' I walk thro' death's dark-shadowed valley obscure ;
My Soul fears no evil—her safety is sure :
Thou there wilt be with me, my Father ! my Friend !
With Thy staff, rod, and comfort, to cheer to the end.

IV.

In sight of the scorner, my table is spread ;
With balm of rich oil, Thou anointest my head :
Thou blessest my garner, my basket, and store ;
Thy bountiful hand makes my full cup run o'er.

V.

Surely goodness, and mercy, shall crown all my days ;
In the house of the Lord shall I still sing His praise :
My spirit set free—like the dove o'er the foam
Of the wide-rolling deluge—flies there to its home.

**NOTES ON THE
OCCASIONAL PIECES.**

Page 196. The Farewell.

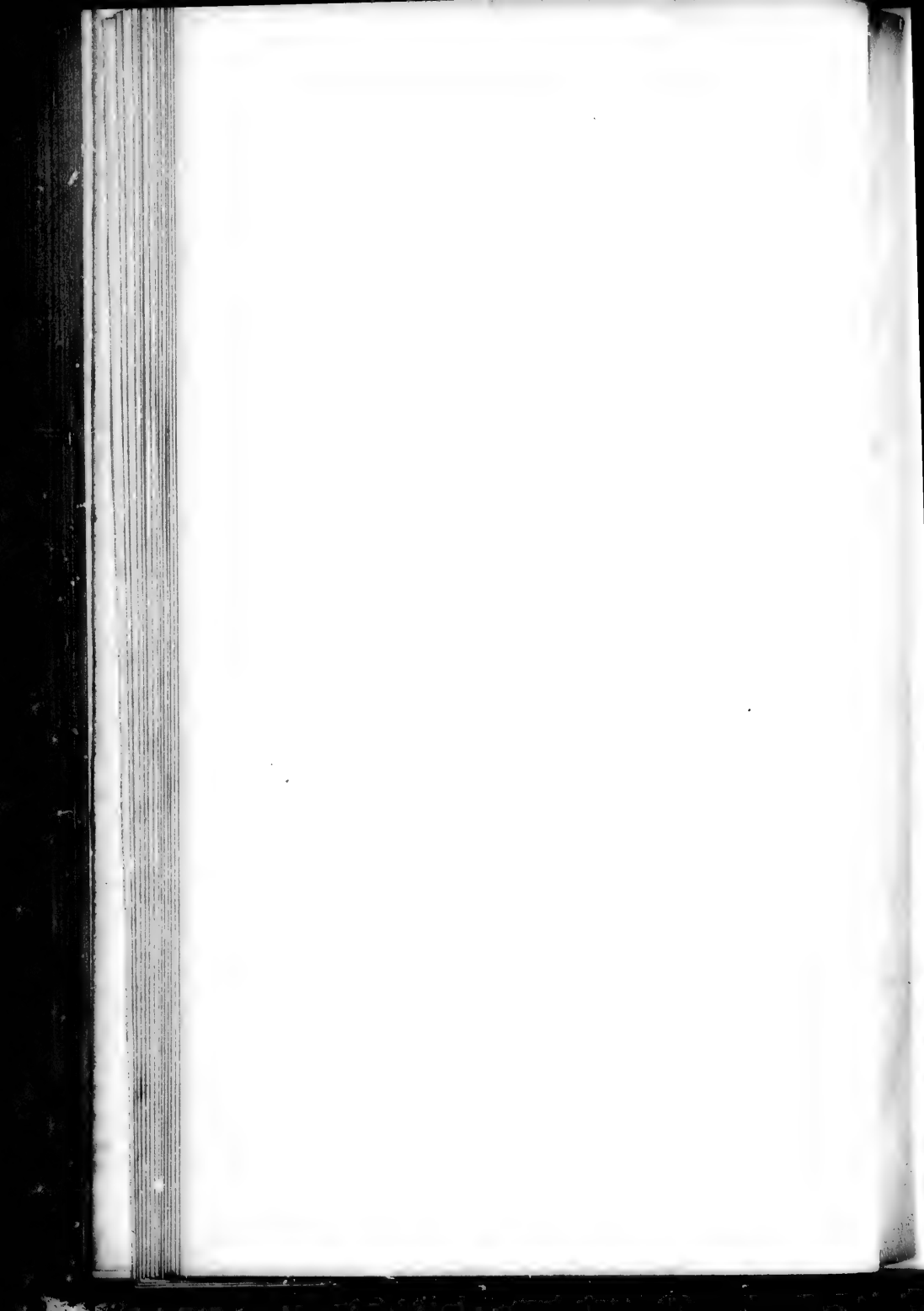
NOTE—The severe affliction, and deep sorrow, which are the subjects—and were the occasion of the composing, of so many of these Poems—were, in no respect, creatures of imagination : but were real, and unaffected. The Grave is that of his lamented wife. But the Memoir, itself, prefixed to these works, is too brief to allow an opportunity of doing justice to our Poet's feelings.

Page 206. On account of the concluding expressions of this address to his Infant Daughter ; a brief note, in this place, may be appropriate.

It is already shown, that she has been bountifully remembered by the ever-watchful Guardian ; to whom he poured out his supplications in her behalf.

Page 295. Stz. iii. 1,10.

The Poet, after glancing at the various dangers, and circumstances of life ; by which friends are often separated, and sometimes estranged ; alludes to the effects of fever, as in bilious attacks. The occasion of such allusion seems to have been—that though speaking of himself, in respect both to such trials of life, and to temporary effects of disease, which are common : he had nevertheless in view (as incidentally shown in the Memoir) the more severe experience of others, in extreme cases. And thus in his solitude and bereavement, the sadness of his spirit led him—with such intense feeling, and in so high a style of poetic imagination—to deprecate the occurrence of evils barely possible.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO
HIS DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,
ELIZA,
THE FOLLOWING POEMS
ARE,
WITH THE FONDEST FEELINGS
OF
AFFECTION, AND REGARD,
INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SOLITARY.

I.

I sit a lone, a solitary man,
Beside my hearth ; no friendly form is near,
Or relative, to fond affection dear :
The winter's eve contracts its narrow span,
Night darkens round, the snows are falling fast ;
Wolf-like the wind is howling at my door ;
The giants of the forest loudly roar,
And Nature sickens at the sound aghast.
Winter, and solitude, and night, combined,
The spell of solemn thought have o'er me thrown ;
And, in the shad'wy stillness of the mind,
Vibrates this heart a not unearthly tone.
'Tis well. O heav'nly Father ! let me be
Far from the wild'ring world, but close to Thee.

II.

This is no solitude—Behold ! the loved
Come thronging round me, with their starry eyes ;
Smile on this stricken heart, in gentle guise,
The dead, the distant, by stern fate removed.

Death hath no pow'r, or place to rob the mind--
Strong in its strength, communion to retain
With those whose earthly forms were sought in vain--
Of treasures in its most depth enshrined.
This is no solitude : for God is here,
As in all places ; and will ne'er forsake
His follower, devoted to His fear.
Watch o'er me, Heav'n ! whether I sleep, or wake :
Tho' Earth be darkness, and its joys be dead ;
Sun of the universe ! Thy beams of glory round me shed.

MIDNIGHT.

At the deep midnight-hour, when not a breath
Is heard around, and we are all alone ;
When Nature's realms are silent, as tho' death
Had made the universal world his own ;
When dunest darkness over earth is strown,
And stillest slumbers o'er the spirit steal :
'Tis awful, at that hour, before the throne
Of the Eternal, Infinite, to kneel--
To wake, and commune with our God alone,
Whose watchful eye no slumbers ever seal ;
To feel the joy that contrite mourners feel,
When love is burning, and their fears have flown--
To feel the spirit stirring to be free,
As spreads the eagle its broad wings to flee.

THUNDER AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

HARK! 'tis the thunder's fearful tone,
Like voices from the world unknown;
Loud-crashing over land, and sea—
The echo of Eternity!

II.

List! 'tis the thunder's deaf'ning roll,
That, awful, shakes the troubled soul:
At midnight, from the couch of sleep,
Man starting, quakes with terror deep.

III.

Fierce lustre round the lightnings cast;
The monarch mountain stands aghast:
Around him, while his strong heart quivers,
The torrent rain descends in rivers.

IV.

The forest—like a field in spring,
Swept by the storm on fury's wing—
Upon the blast, its strength that shatters,
The glory of its beauty scatters.

V.

Contending with the gale, each tree
Stern battles for the mastery:
Loud roars, in fury, at the blast;
Then falls o'erpowered, a giant vast.

VI.

Why tremblest thou, with panting breath,
Weak man, the destined prey of death ?
Hast thou no friend, beyond the sky,
To shield thee, when his rage is nigh ?

VII.

Hast thou no friend, endued with pow'r
To save thee in the trying hour ;
When terror's king, thy mortal foe,
Couches his lance to lay thee low ?

VIII.

Yes ! thou must die. Dast, soon or late,
Returns to dust—its final fate :
But souls for Jesus' sake forgiven,
May smile at death ; secure of heaven.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

I.

Long sleep ! the slumber of the senseless clay,
Crumbling to dust ; and scattered on the bed,
Where it must lie till the great Judgment-day.
Long sleep ! when the corroding worm hath sped
Its loathsome work ; morning and ev'ning shed
Light—shade—upon the Earth, a thousand years ;
Still slumb'ring on, with kindred dust o'erspread.
Death ! o'er thy wilderness, how have the tears
Of centuries still rained ! yet not one bud appears.

II.

Lo ! sleep ! I've gazed upon the aspect wan,
 The blood-deserted visage of the dead :
 And seemed to say that brow, whose light was gone,
 Those lips, whence life's expressiveness had fled,
 Those hollow cheeks—eyes that no lustre shed—
 'This is the lot, th' inevitable doom,
 Of thee—of all ; of sin the sentence dread.
 Rolls on the stream, the glory and the bloom
 Of life, to the abyss—th' dark, th' engulfing tomb.'

III.

Sleep in the dust ! inex'able decree,
 The righteous doom of sin ! beneath the sun,
 None can evade that lot : so let it be !
 If that the soul, thro' Him who heav'n won
 For guilty man, hath nobler life begun
 (When freed from flesh,) where the redeemed shall dwell ;
 The slumber of the grave why should we shun ?
 This hath no dread for souls, discerning well
 Atoning Love ; whose pow'r hath vanquished death and
 hell.

THE STING OF DEATH.

I.

THE sting of death is Sin. It were no dread
 To merely die ; to fling the fetters base
 Of earth aside ; and, soaring from the bed—
 Misnamed of death—beyond the stars to trace

Our heav'nward flight; even to His embrace,
Who formed the soul a pure, and sinless thing.
Oh! it were bliss—if guilt did ne'er deface
The spirit's loveliness—aloft to wing
Our homeward way, and drink of life's eternal spring.

II.

Behold yon babe, that slumbers on the breast,
Fresh from the font baptismal—pure as snow!
How doth it smile, while hover o'er its rest
Visions of paradise! no shade of woe
Darkens its dreams, unruffled in their flow
As gentlest waters. Wherefore doth it sleep
Thus calmly, in those visions' golden glow;
While coward Man unto his couch doth creep,
With ghastly fear; and quake, with bodings dark and
deep?

III.

O base-eyed guilt! how dost thou quail and shrink
From Heav'n's all-piercing glance! as when at morn,
Bursts the bright sun above th' horizon's brink,
Flee the night-birds to caves and dens forlorn;
Thus shrinks the soul of primal beauty shorn—
Thus darkly, in the den of shame, doth hide
Its brow, that beams of truth no more adorn.
O horror! had not Heav'n a balm supplied,
To heal; 'twere well had Man ne'er lived, or never died.

PESTILENCE.

Now, ruthless, rising from her charnel-bed,
Contagion, dark-winged daughter of the dead,
Sweeps as a storm the land, with baleful breath ;
And blasts its beauty with the blight of death.
Blazes aloft the red, funereal star,
Whose eye shoots plagues and terror from afar ;
And, beaconing her course above the waves,
Lights, with its torch, unnumbered to their graves.

Within the city's walls, the sword she plies ;
The still of night is pierced with dismal cries :
An awful voice is heard ; groans, too, arise,
Till Morning trembles in the sick'ning skies ;
And shrinking from the view her rays reveal,
Would fain in ocean's depth her brow conceal.
Then sights are seen : the dying and the dead,
Commingle round, a ghastly horror shed.
Forth wend the buriers to their fearful trade,
And drop into the graves themselves have made.
Howls from the hill bespeak the wolves are nigh ;
The vultures wheel in circling clouds on high :
Rush from their forest-dens the rav'ning herd,
And not by man alone is man interred.

Grim stands, above the city's fallen pride,
Pale Death ; and mocks at ruin spreading wide :
Summons from swampy fens the lurid haze ;
And blots the sun's invigorating rays.
Dim as a cloud, the solar orb on high
But seems the ghost of him who cheers the sky ;

And when, at e'en, the Moon her crescent shows ;
 Faded her aspect seems, and wan with woes :
 Blue, livid damps, her waning form invest ;
 And sad she sinks behind the mountain's crest.

DEATH.

DEATH is a solemn fearful thing ! the flight
 Of the freed spirit into realms unknown,
 Untried, mysterious ; and, it may be, fraught
 With sights, and sounds, to which the things of Earth
 Have no resemblance. Darkness, and the cloud
 Ne'er pierced by mortal eye, o'erhang that world.
 And tho' in visions, oft, man's spirit views
 Strange sights, unlike the common course of earth ;
 And wakes, and sleeps ; and dreams that dream again,
 That seems, in trance of pow'r, half to uplift
 The curtain that futurity conceals :
 Yet this is but the coinage of the soul,
 Long pond'ring what that awful world may be,
 'Twill one day view.

Horror of mystery !
 Can nought disperse th' unfathomable gloom,
 That hovers o'er that wondrous world unknown ?
 Strange thought ! to leave this loved associate form,
 Wherein the soul so long hath gladly dwelt ;
 And rove a disembodied spirit forth—
 Eternal life beginning at the hour,
 Even when earth seems all annihilate !

When past the portals of eternity,
 How feels the Soul ? what are its functions, pow'rs ?

What shape doth the enfranchised spirit wear ?
 Hath it new senses unimaginable ?
 Becomes it, when released from earthly clay,
 All life, perception, intellect, and pow'r,
 All eye, all ear, all energy, all thought,
 Feeling, and judgment, intuition, mind ;
 Mighty for bliss or woe—t' enjoy or suffer,
 Eternity of happiness, or pain ?

Vain quest ! how idle 'tis—th' attempt t' explore
 What never can, this side the grave, be known !
 Let it suffice, while time to us is given—
 Probationary being here below—
 In faith, and love, to act the Christian's part ;
 And wait the dawning of a brighter day—
 Beyond the precincts of the gloomy grave—
 Whose glory shall illuminate the Soul,
 Ransomed, redeemed, by Jesu's priceless blood :
 When Death's dark mystery shall be unsealed,
 And to immortal Man his endless state revealed.

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST.

I.

I sit alone, and think of other days ;
 The loved, the lost—the distant, and the dead.
 Still, in its wand'ring mood, my spirit roves
 Mid its old haunts—the long-departed scenes
 Of childhood, youth—the blest, beloved home,
 Wherein I grew beneath a mother's smile ;
 Gardens of beauty ; meadows, where my foot

Brushed from enamelled flow'rs the morning dew ;
 Valleys of verdure, garlanded by groves
 Waving their blossoms o'er the limpid stream,
 That warped o'er silv'ry sands its winding way ;
 The gently-rising hill, on which, at morn,
 I stood, and watched the ever-playful wind
 Sweep wantonly above the bending grass ;
 Wide-rolling rivers ; castles, grey and old,
 O'er whose dismantled tow'r's, in boyhood oft
 Vent'rous I climbed, and plucked the wild wall-flow'r :
 These I revisit. As the miser lean,
 With eager eye, still, at the dead of night,
 While others sleep, bends o'er his gold beloved ;
 Thus doth my Soul revisit, in her trance
 Of melancholy musing, former scenes :
 Still haunts my heart remembrance of the past.
 O holy hours of innocence and joy,
 How heav'nly, and how beautiful ye were !
 How passing lovely ! as o'er yonder cloud,
 That hovers in the west, looks forth the star—
 Night's herald ; o'er the dimness of my soul,
 Long tossed upon the troubled waves of life,
 Brightens the beam, the glory of the past !

II.

Nature! amid thy solitary scenes
 Of beauty, and of love—the budding groves
 That smile in spring ; the leafy labyrinth,
 Casting cool shade in summer's noon-tide hour ;
 Beneath the glory of th' autumnal sky ;
 By the calm rill, or ocean's breezy shore--

How would I wander, were all pure within
 As once it was, enwrapt in dreams divine !
 Friends of my childhood, youth—beloved ones !
 Whose forms, on earth, this eye no more may view—
 How hard had been this heart, did it not weep ;
 Thinking of other days, when ye were nigh,
 And all was glad ! how furtively hath Time
 Pilfered my pleasures : gaunt, and grisly Death,
 His coadjutor, filched my joys away !
 How dreary, desolate a lot, were ours ;
 If that, when these all earthly ties had riv'n,
 Nought did remain to cheer the mourner on !
 How desolate, to look upon the graves
 Of the departed ; and while mem'ry told
 Of vanished bliss—ah ! never to return—
 To know of nought beyond the darksome tomb ;
 No brighter world, wherein the loved on earth
 May meet again : no happy, heav'nly home,
 To reunite the bands unloosed below !
 Thanks to the Saviour's blood, it is not so :
 Friends, parted here, may hope to meet in heav'n.
 Oh ! let us so live, that, when transient ties
 Are severed, we may meet to part no more.

SONNETS.

I.

BROTHER ! thy face I view as in a dream :
 Between us rolls the separating tide
 Of Ocean, in his stern, imperial pride,

And she—the loved—whose eye was as the beam
Of Paradise ; whose smile this heart could bless :

Where is that form ? lifeless, within the grave !
Eternal Father ! Thou, in mercy, save

My soul from sorrows that too keenly press ;
Fountain of light ! oh ! dissipate the gloom,

That hovers o'er me with its fun'ral shade :
Point me the path to worlds beyond the tomb,

Wherein the loved ne'er die, nor pleasures fade.
Bright be the beams of Heav'n within my soul,
Gilding the waves of life, which darkly by me roll !

II.

LOVED of the earth ! how deeply in this heart,

Lives the remembrance of each cherished form !

Years may elapse—darkness, and cloud, and storm,
May thicken round me—in its inmost part,
Pictured in colours nought can e'er efface,

Still lives each lineament ; and smiling cheers

The desolation wrought by grief, and years.

As dawn, diffusing round its golden grace,
Pleasant those mem'ries cheer afflictions night :

Like morning on the waters, at the hour,
When Nature drinks the balm of rosy light ;

And the world freshens in the sunny show'r.
Beloved of earth ! tho' we no more should meet,
Till the great day—the pictured past is sweet,

ASPIRATIONS.

Oh ! would I had the dove's bright, golden wings,
To waft me from this world of sin, and care :
Oh ! that to yonder heav'n I could repair,
E'en as the eagle to day's fountain springs !
From passion's strife, the dark imaginings
Of unbelief ; and earth's unseemly woe,
Still grovelling in dust of graves below ;
From feeble fear—fancy's unreal things—
High to th' eternal hills ; where, as a river,
Immortal pleasure pours its ceaseless tide :
Thro' Him, the merciful, for man that died,
I might ascend ; and there abide for ever !
But now—my lot's oppressiveness I feel :
Yet haply this, e'en this, is for my weal.

TO THE WIND.

I.

PASSING, passing—tempestuous Wind,
Leaving no track in the heav'ns behind,
Save the sullen clouds, with their mantles torn ;
And the dying Moon, of her lustre shorn,
Sorrowing, dim, in her dusky cave ;
As howls thy blast o'er land, and o'er wave.

II.

Passing, passing—impetuous Wind !
Leaving a desolate world behind ;

'Bove the horizon's mountainous bar,
Sublimely soaring to lands afar :
Blast upon blast, and surge upon surge,
Sweeping along to the earth's far verge.

III.

Restless, raging, terrific Wind !
Who can thy limbs with fetters bind ?
King of the clouds ! imperious Storm !
What pow'r can imprison thy chainless form ?
None but His, who first bade thee roam
Resistless o'er earth, and o'er ocean's foam.

IV.

Comest thou from the cavern deep,
Where the giant gusts of the mountain sleep :
Till, wakened by toss of the tempest's mane,
Scour the wild blasts o'er hill and o'er plain ;
And their shout makes tremble both tow'r and tree,
O'erturning the pride of the forest free ?

V.

Comest thou from the chambers lone,
'Neath the silver ring of the Arctic Zone ;
Where the dome of the North, in starry state,
O'erhangs the hall where the Storms debate ?
Bounds the spring of thy meteor-steed
O'er the icy chasms, where the snow-birds breed ?

VI.

Wendest thou to the lands afar,
Where the palmy groves of the Orient are ?
Or gather thy gales resistless breath,
To sweep the South, on errand of death ?
To hurl the sands thro' the desert air,
Where the Simoom scorches with lurid glare ?

VII.

Thou hast a voice : let its accents say—
Whither is wending thy course away ?
Thunders that voice, with awful tone—
'Mortal ! my path, tho' to thee unknown,
Is measured, and bounded, by Him on high :
He points my wild wing where to fly.'

VIII.

'Tis fearful to stand on the summit lone,
Where the giant rock uplifts his throne ;
And gazing around, from that steep watch-tow'r,
Behold the tempest walk forth in pow'r :
Uplifting the waves of the rolling main ;
And bending the forests, as golden grain.

IX.

Yet it is—oh ! 'tis a more fearful sight,
To see Earth swept by a sterner blight,
Its beauty, its joy, still overcast ;
While Death rides along on the fun'ral blast—
To view sin spreading from shore to shore :
Saviour ! oh ! when will that storm be o'er ?

TEMPTATION.

HEART! be thou firm; as adamant, my mind:
My faith, unfailing as the massive rock,
That meets, unmoved, tempestuous ocean's shock.
I hear the howling of the savage wind
Come from the cavern, where no fetters bind
Its blasts, that rage around in fury blind:
Storms, and the crash of thunder, and the glare
Of evil eyes, and yells of him accursed—
Proud potentate! in ill, supreme and worst—
Surround my path, and threaten black despair.
Spirit of Glory! guide me lest I stray;
Spirit of Pow'r! Thine aid oh! let me share:
Light of the world! shed on my darkling way
Thy smiles of love, which make eternal day.

THE RELEASE.

I

I SAT amid the dungeon's deepest gloom,
Prisoned, and pining for the cheerful day;
That thro' the bars above sent down one ray,
To show the darkness of that living tomb:
I thought of summer, with its golden bloom;
Verdure of meadows, and the garden's pride!
And sunny rivers, with their silver tide,
Reflecting banks that breathed a rich perfume;
Ocean's blue waters decked with many a sail,

Morn's cheek of roses, dewy twilight pale :
 And, dearer far than those—the friends with whom
 My spirit held, of old, communion sweet.
 Balm of the soul ! blest Love ! thou canst illumine
 The solitude, where parted ones ne'er meet.

II.

I dwelt within the dungeon's darksome night ;
 The iron, with its chill oppressive weight,
 Link upon link, was round me : thro' the grate,
 Strange fiendish forms grinned ghastly with delight ;
 Mocking my misery in hellish spite ;
 Bow'd the black arch above me, stern and old,
 And grim, with horror made the blood run cold ;
 And ever and anon, before my sight,
 Shadowy shapes waved each a gory shroud,
 White, yet with crimson stained, like morning's cloud.
 Thus fear appalled my heart, with grievous might :
 Then did I lift my soul above the sky,
 Went my weak pray'r beyond th' empyreal height—
 'God ! hear my feeble groan ; God ! heed my cry.'

III.

That prayer was heard. There came an awful tone—
 It was not voice of man, or beast, or bird ;
 No tempest spake, or thunder echo stirred ;
 But a deep sullen sound like nature's groan :
 And, as it came—roof and foundation-stone—
 The walls of that dark den did shake, and quiver ;
 Crumbled its arch to dust ; light, as a river,
 Streamed down in falling floods : around were strown

The links of that my chain, by mercy rent ;
 And sweetly did the air's pure element
 Breathe balm, among those ruins wide o'erthrown.
 Rending the rocks, the earthquake passed away ;
 Unhurt, unharmed, I rose ; my guards were flown :
 Freely I sped, with none my steps to stay.

IV.

Once more 'twas mine to feel the fresh'ning air,
 That, walking o'er the waters comes to greet
 The early wand'rer with its coolness sweet ;
 Again I roved thro' vernal meadows fair ;
 Again the garden's flow'ry bloom could share ;
 And with free foot brush off the morning dew :
 By the calm rill, and ocean's billows blue,
 Once more 'twas mine to roam released from care ;
 And friends were smiling near—the loved of old—
 And thrilled my heart, their features to behold.
 How should I praise Thee, Lord ! who bade despair
 Yield to delight, and joy, and peace, and love !
 To Thee I send aloft my humble prayer—
 'Oh ! for Thy mercies, may I grateful prove !'

TO HEALTH.

O THOU delightful source of hope, and joy !
 Thou friend, to life, to man, to happiness ;
 Fountain of pleasures that can never cloy !
 Religion, balm for all our woes, can bless,

Without thine aid, the weak and suffering soul—

Solace its sorrows, make affliction less :

With her and thee, how blest our moments roll !

How shall we find thee ? Heav'n that gift bestows ;

Yet must we use the means—a quiet mind,

Toil, temp'rance, early hours, strict cleanliness,

Good air, good diet—neither more, nor less,

Than nature needs ; employment, of such kind

As pleases, and which duties still impose :

How much these do tow'ards health, he that has tried them
knows.

FREEDOM.

I.

I CANNOT live in crowded city—pent,

Like eagle in its cage : my soul repined

Ne'er at its lot, in mortal thrall confined ;

While Earth was free, and the great element

Of air flowed fully round. E'en as the wind,

Walking upon the mountain, I would roam

Bondless and free ; nor will I fix my home

In man's communities, still doomed to dwell

With walls around me : as soon would I have

My bones to rot in the cold charnel cell—

When I am dead—defrauded of a grave.

No ! let me lie at large—the long grass wave,

And the wind whistle, o'er me : I would be

In life, in death, living, or dying, free.

II.

'Tree !' saidst thou, Rover ? Christ can make thee free.
 Tho' walls uplift around thee their huge forms ;
 By Him enfranchised, bondless may'st thou be,
 As rock-perched eagle ; chainless as the storms,
 That wave their pinions on the mountain's top ;
 Firm as yon pillared sky, the promise stands :
 This earth may fleet away, the stars may drop—
 Captive in cities ! He can burst thy bands.
 There frowns no cell, where sun-beam ne'er hath come :
 No dungeon deep, where night and horror breed,
 Where pines the prisoned wretch in solitude :
 But he can cheer, and chase away its gloom.
 Still at His touch, shackles and fetters fall
 From the freed soul ; that soars at once from thrall.

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

I LOVE the great—the few, the honored great ;
 Whose patent-deed of true nobility
 Stamped on the soul, by Heav'n's own hand, we see.
 Th' endowment of a spirit elevate
 Above low earth ; the power of godlike thought—
 Nature's free boon. that never can be bought—
 This is Nobility, and high estate.
 The paltry proud—who glory in their gold,
 Their titled wealth ; ancestral, broad domains ;
 Their lineage, which serves in lieu of brains—

May mock such men ; and scornfully behold :

Yet the crowned king, o'er prostrate realms that reigns,
Hath no such treasure in his gift, I trow :
The monarchy of mind Heav'n can alone bestow.

THERMOPYLÆ.

I.

THERMOPYLÆ !

Proud gate of glory !

Watchword of Liberty,

Till from Time's brow be rent the scant locks hoary !

While Cæta's steep,

Sternly majestic, frowns o'er thy dark valley ;

Still at that word, with passions high and deep,

Freedom's true sons shall to the conflict rally.

II.

Boast of the brave !

The hero's charter !

Who—who would fear a grave,

Like his—Leonidas,—his country's martyr !

Head of the warrior band,

Whose blood, as swells the torrent from the mountain,

Swept slavery afar from that loved land ;

And purified earth's borders with its fountain.

III.

Thermopylæ !

Thy fame is glorious ;

Hallowed that region be,

Where fought the few, o'er million slaves victorious.

We, of this later time,

Can glow e'en at the tale in hist'ry's pages ;

How felt at the great hour that band sublime,

Whose daring deed shines through the gloom of ages !

IV.

Where Cæta's form

Its brow uplifteth—

Defies the raging storm,

Frowns at the thunder-blast its crag that rifteth ;

Sits Freedom on her throne,

Based by the mountain on its broad foundations :

Wide o'er the world, and not fair Greece alone,

Darts her bright eagle glance through all the nations.

V.

Thermopylæ !

Deathless example !

Like those that fought—the free—

Would that our souls the legion foe might trample !

Have we no heroes now—

Now when Heav'n's light the universe hath kindled ;

Drooping his high-born brow,

Hath monarch Man to pigmy stature dwindled ?

VI.

Spirit of War—

Earth's plague—still slumber;

Not thee—not thee; thy course afar

I deprecate: yet, yet, ye chosen number—

On, Christians! to the fight;

Hell with its host our heav'nward march opposes;

The Prince of th' aerial pow'rs displays his might:

Firm be your ranks—the front of battle closes.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

I.

WITH shivered spear, and with dinted shield,
I lay me in blood, on the battle field;
The red streams gush from my gory side,
And the sword-gash foams with a purple tide.

II.

'My brothers in arms have left me lone,
With the graveless dead around me strown;
And ere morning comes, and the star of day
Looks bright in the east, I shall be as they.

III.

'They have left me lone, to bleed and to die,
Not one of my friends or of kindred nigh;
With the vulture's shriek as my passing-bell,
And the night-wind to ring my fun'ral knell.

IV.

'My heart throbs low, and mine eye is dim,
And the shadows of death around me swim ;
And coldly, coldly, the rains distil
On my faint wet brow, and my bosom chill.

V.

'Tho' low beats that heart, and dim be that eye,
I see a vision, before me, nigh ;
The loved, and the lost, a saintly band,
In all their kindness and beauty stand.

VI.

'Mother ! is that thy tender breast
That wooes thy son to its gentle rest ?--
Father ! are those thy looks of love,
That beam on my brow like smiles from above ?

VII.

'Sisters ! and have ye come to bless
The last sad hour of my wretchedness ?
Brother ! I feel thy friendly grasp ;
And my heart's blood burneth thy form to clasp.

VIII.

'Wife ! hast thou left yon azure steep,
To watch o'er my earthy bed and weep,
With our sweet babes shedding their tears as a flood,
To see me laid on my couch of blood ?

IX.

'But whose is this wondrous form divine,
Whose eyes of light thro' my spirit shine,

Like the dawning of Heav'n ? my Saviour ! 'tis He !
He comes my soul from her bonds to free.

X.

'And com'st Thou, Saviour ! at this late hour
To visit my soul with thy grace and pow'r ?
I feel Thy blest love within my heart,
I am Thine ! I am Thine ! no more we'll part.'

XI.

He passed—the wind rang his fun'ral knell ;
The vulture's shriek was his passing-bell :
Ere morning came, and the star of day
Looked bright o'er the dead, he was as they.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

I.

THE muffled drum knells deeply, hoarse notes the cornets shed ;
They bear the Soldier's body by, to mingle with the dead :
With manly sorrow on each brow, behold yon vet'rans droop :
As, vision-like, fleets on a cloud, passes that mournful troop.

II.

Not as the dirge that swelleth, where the organ's pealing high,
In the dim gloom of cathedral aisle, floateth majestic by ;
When choral chaunt, and strain sublime, rich harmonies expand,
As to sepulchral vault sinks down some noble of the land :

III.

The Soldier's dirge breathes music to that requiem unknown,
Heart-music of emotions deep ; whose proud , yet plaintive tone ,
Thrills o'er the spirits of the brave, in kindliness that yearn ;
Mingled with war's fierce minstrelsy, the trumpet's clangour stern,

IV.

And seem to say those echoes of that intermitting drum—
'Ye dwellers in eternity, behold ! we come, we come !
With slow, with solemn pace we come ; with sure, progressive
tread,
Another, and another still—we're marching to the dead.'

V.

With pike and gun inverted, and banners furled above,
Bound with the black funereal crape, with measured step they move :
While useless, on the coffin's lid, the carbine true is seen ;
Significant, bespeaking what the dead below hath been.

VI.

And there the keen sword shineth, with belt and scabbard bright,
No more in hand of him below to glitter in the fight :
That hand lies cold and clenched beneath, like that of those who
die,
Battling with the terrific king, in mortal agony.

VII.

Death came not sleep-like o'er him, with placid, gentle sway ;
Wild, in a fever's phrensied rage, his spirit burst away :
One fearful pang—and all was o'er, the blood congealing cold ;
The Soldier's form left but a clod of earth's decaying mould.

VIII.

Pile, pile the dark earth o'er him ; and beneath the shrouded sun
 Raise, raise aloft your volumed smoke, each high-uplifted gun :
 And while your requiem-thunder rolls, reverberating near ;
 Earth, heav'ns, and mortal man, attend ! to warning words give
 ear.

IX.

Stand we upon the mountain ; o'er whose tremendous verge,
 Th' immeasurable ocean sweeps its unreturning surge—
 Its multitude of billows—life's illimitable sea
 Of human heads ; down rolling to thy gulf, black Death ! and
 thee.

X.

How vain to think of resting, in fearful state like this,
 Catching at flow'rs e'en on the brink that overhangs th' abyss !
 Ye souls ! be wise—safety secure—cling to that arm of might ;
 That can sustain, when suns, and worlds, sink in eternal night.

XI.

Soldier ! it matters nothing, whether on fevered bed
 Thy dying limbs were laid at last, or on the green turf spread :
 Whether kind friends watched o'er thee, or the vulture's cruel eye ;
 If as a Christian, firm in faith, thou didst in conq'ring die.

XII.

For thine, if thou hast vanquished, is the immortal crown,
 Worn by the warrior-host above in victory's renown :
 Palms and white robes bescem them well ; sleep, Soldier, in thy
 bed ;
 Nature her richest bloom bestow ; heav'ns dews be o'er thee shed.

THE DEFENCE OF DERRY.

I.

ON DERRY's walls the cannon's voice spake awfully and loud ;
And fast, and fierce, its fires of death burst from the volumed
cloud :
And dun smoke wreathed, with rolling mist, the far blue hills
away ;
Whence th' old forefathers' spirits watched the conflict of that
day.

II.

There sat their spirits, on those hills—each chief's gigantic form ;
With glorious eyes of other days, beheld the raging storm :
They saw their sons stand stern, and free, while flashed each
fearful gun ;
And beamed their eyes full brightly, at the deeds of valour done.

III.

A thousand hearts were burning, in that pent and crowded town,
To shed their blood, as martyrs, for England's Church and Crown :
The body of their pastor-chief lay mould'ring in the grave ;
And never closed its narrow roof o'er patriot more brave.

IV.

But hundred heroes filled his place, with kindred daring bold ;
And battle's thunders roared amain, tho' his loved corse lay cold :
And wild War raised his thrilling shout, with trumpet's pealing
proud ;
Till seemed—the buried brave might hear, tho' wrapped in stilly
shroud.

V.

There stood a spectre o'er the dead, with fleshless, bony hands—
Gaunt Famine's form, and name it bore—and frowned upon those
bands :

And many a gallant cheek waxed white, that knew not fear or
dread ;

As fell that pallid spectre's pow'r on limbs whose might had fled.

VI.

But soon as summons to the fight had reached those ghastly men,
With vigour strange each feeble form was sternly steeled again :
Tho' nature asked refreshment, for the worn and weary frame ;
Yet loyal love, and fealty firm, had still a stronger claim :

VII.

And rushed they to the battle, with a war-cry hoarse and deep,
As roars the torrent from the rock, when snows have left its steep
When, at the touch of torrid sun, the mighty stream swells high ;
And mountain cliffs are crumbled as it foams in fury by.

VIII.

A traitor vile had held command o'er hearts so brave and true ;
And Derry's gates to cruel foes he widely open threw.
Their marshalled force came nigh and close :—but, at that mo-
ment, rose

A gen'rous band of youths, to hurl defiance on those foes ;

IX.

Bearded, and beardless, in their pride, with bosoms heaving high—
The spirit of a hundred hosts flashed forth in ev'ry eye :

And Derry's gates were trebly barred ; and o'er her broad based
walls,
From black-mouthed cannon, swept a storm of death-directed
balls.

X.

And now—tho' long to dismal strife with foes and famine giv'n—
Behold ! upon those gallant few smiles down propitious Heav'n ;
And Vict'ry decks, with honours bright, and palms of rich re
nown,
The conquerors that triumphed for England's Church, and Crown.

XI.

Wake, Erin ! from thy trance of years—Hibernia ! bless the day,
When loyal love, and fealty firm, effulged as lightning's ray :
When thy green fields, as Eden fair, were saved from despot
blight ;
And thy true-hearted, fire-souled sons, put forth resistless might.

XII.

Let DERRY's ramparts—banks of BOYNE—attest the wondrous
pow'r,
That heav'n-born faith, and manly worth, afford in danger's hour :
Helped from on high, how such prevail ; as in dusk reign
night,
When th' Moon hath set, do starry worlds effuse their fairest
light.

THE SPIRES OF OLD ENGLAND.

I.

THE spires of old England ! that point to the skies,
To the goal of our hopes, where the heart's treasure lies ;
To the home of the spirit, where Jesus is gone—
To mansions of glory which Jesus hath won.

II.

The spires of old England ! that taper above,
Like the heart's upward flame when it burneth with love ;
When bright with the dew of its heavenly birth,
The soul looks aloft from the shadows of earth.

III.

The fair village-church ! with its white walls of snow,
Its ivy-crowned porch, with the stone seats below :
Where, sheltered alike from the storm and the sun,
Young and aged may rest, when their labour is done.

IV.

Meek temple of God ! with its altar and shrine,
Where man may drink deep of the fountain divine :
Where the prince and the peasant their Maker adore—
Then blend in one dust, when life's travail is o'er.

V.

The green sodded graves ! that affection hath dressed
With wreaths of bright flowers,—where the wearied ones rest :
The eloquent marble ! last tribute to those,
The loved and the lost, that in silence repose ;

VI.

Blest church of my fathers ! tho' far o'er the wave
I've wandered from thee, and the loved in the grave ;
Though the friends of my youth be all sleeping afar—
Be thou my home ever, my bright polar-star !

VII.

Remote in the forest, where Canada's snow,
Or her sunlight of summer, falls brightly below ;
I see thee, I see thee in semblance arise—
Thine offspring of beauty is dear to my eyes.

VII I.

O fair tender scion ! whose early youth seems
Reflection of her that haunts memory's dreams ;
How fair, yet how feeble—far off and away—
'Thy leaflets are waving, thy flow'r drinks the day !

IX.

In sorrow, in weakness, like sire-bereft child,
That no mother hath cared for, thou weep'st in the wild :
Yet dried be thy tears, and thy mourning forego ;
For the Lord is thy banner, and smiles on thy woe.

X.

The Lord is thy banner ! the might of his power
Shall shield thee and save thee, thou young forest flower !
Thy foes cannot crush thee, tho' slight be thy stem,
For the Lord is with *thee*, and but weakness with *them*.

XI.

Meek temple of God ! when oppression and ruth
Are poured on thy walls, be thy bulwark the truth :

Though tempest and flood in their fury unite,
Stand firm in the Lord, in the power of his might.

XII.

Though the curse of the godless upon thee be ~~perpetrated~~,
Oh ! be thou still blessed with the smile of the Lord ;
Be thy battlement strong ! thy foundation below
Firmly based on the Rock, that no power can o'erthrow.

XIII.

Then grow, and still gather the good of the clime—
Till strong in the stature of manhood and prime,
The fullness of glory around thee be spread,
And thy white-vestured form be all worthy thy Head !

THE MOURNING MOTHER :
OR THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN.

I.

In a desolate land, where the snow lay deep,
I saw for her children a mother weep :
Sorrow had filled her heart to the brim ;
Her cheek was pale, and her eye was dim :

II.

And each burning tear, e'en as it fell,
Became on that cheek an icicle ;
An ice-drop of woe—dark, stagnant, and chill,
Like the blood of a heart that for aye lies still.

III.

She wept for her babes, for her little ones
Afar from her bosom—both daughters and sons ;
For she had no home in that wilderness,
To gather them in, and to cheer and to bless.

IV.

And roved those children like lambs astray,
And the welf had made of the weak a prey :
And scattered were all as without a fold ;
And the love of many had long waxed cold.

V.

Yet some remained—and those not a few—
Who burned with affection both warm and true ;
Uplifting their prayers to Him on high,
That their mother's tears might soon be dry.

VI.

A cloud on their spirits lay dark and deep,
And their eyes as a fountain ne'er ceased to weep ;
Beholding the scorn of the scoffer rest
On the hallowed form, that their souls loved best.

VII.

It vanished—that mournful scene went by,
As a dream of the night when morn is nigh :
I saw that mother in beauty stand,
Encircled by sons—a blissful band.

VIII.

And, like olive plants in vernal pride,
Her blooming daughters adorned her side :

And thrilled my soul that mother to see,
Smiling in love mid her family.

IX.

For joy *now* filled her heart to the brim ;
Not pale was her cheek, her eye was not dim :
But glory, like that of the noon-day sky,
Shed lustre around from that tearless eye.

X.

Then rose a temple, whose marble vied
With the new-fall'n snow by the sunbeam dyed ;
Whose spires of gold seemed the stars to kiss :
And she welcomed them into that home of bliss.

XI.

And thence shall those children no more depart ;
For the love of that home lies deep in their heart :
And death cannot sever the sacred tie,
Which binds as one soul that family.

THE WANDERER BROUGHT HOME.

I

I ROVED thro' a forest both grey and old,
Where but tangled trees did mine eye behold ;
And the king of the storms on the whirlwind came,
And the lightning crested the clouds with flame ;
And the thunder-blast thro' the branches burst,
And the foul fiend yelled with his cries accursed :

II.

And night, as the outer darkness of hell,
In its blackness of gloom o'er that forest fell :
But the frequent flash from the lurid cloud,
That warped o'er the heav'ns its murky shroud,
Sufficed, with its funeral light, to show
That my way was lost, and my lot was woe.

III.

I wandered, alone, along, away,
With none to guide me as I did stray ;
And the home where my soul desired to be,
That throbbed my heart and my brain to see,
Rose not upon my benighted view :—
Mine eye was darkness, my hopes withdrew.

IV.

Full many a path since the morning-hour,
Pleasant with green and the wild wood-flow'r,
Had I trod—still deeming, as on I roved,
Each would conduct to the land I loved :
Full many a sparkling stream I crossed ;
But found at e'en that my way was lost.

V.

The friends that near me full long were found,
Each had strayed mid the paths around ;
And lonely and sad as my steps I plied
Grim darkness and fear was at my side :
No star looked bright from the frowning heav'n,
No guiding ray to my soul was given.

VI.

Weak child of dust—on the wet, cold sod,
I sank, while my soul uplooked to God ;
Uplooked to Him, who, enthroned on high,
Still hears and heeds when th' afflicted cry :
While sank my form upon kindred clay ;
My spirit arose, in strength, to pray.

VII.

What was my pray'r, while the whirlwind came,
And circled my brow the lightning's flame—
While the thunder roared from its throne the cloud,
And the tempest threatened both deep and loud—
What was my pray'r as howled by the blast,
And the darkness of death o'er the heav'ns was cast ?

VIII.

There sped no sound from my pulseless breast,
The heart stood still in its fearful rest ;
No accents of mine on the gale were heard,
Nor voice, nor breath, in my bosom stirred :
But my spirit waxed strong in silent pray'r,
And soared 'bove the shadows of black despair.

IX.

I prayed—'that the light of love divine,
As a lamp to my feet, and my soul, might shine ;
That He, who for sinful man did bleed,
'Thro' the tangled forest my way would speed ;
And bring me at last to the wished-for home,
Whence my wearied spirit no more should roam.'

X.

While lowly thus unto God I prayed,
A silvery beam thro' the forest played ;
Like the moon's sweet ray, when, at midnight lone,
Her gentle light o'er the world is strown :
Hushed was the the storm ; o'er my feeble frame,
A vigour more than of mortal came.

XI.

I rose, and looked thro' that forest grey,
For the path whence my feet should no longer stray ;
I sought, mid its tangled thickets old,
If the home of this heart might mine eye behold :
Fled was my fear—as a bird in spring
Hope hovered around on buoyant wing.

XII.

Then came, as from heav'n, a white winged dove,
With liquid lapse thro' the skies above ;
And as, like a star, it before me went—
Methought 'twas on errand of mercy sent,
To guide me thro' maze of that forest lone,
With its thousand paths and thickets o'ergrown.

XIII.

Onward I sped ; the gloom was gone—
A beauteous light o'er the prospect shone ;
And gilded with gold of morning's ray,
And bright with the beam of new-born day,
I viewed the home where my soul would be ;
That throbbed my heart and my brain to see.

XIV.

O CHURCH OF GOD ! where the wearied rest—
 Home of the spirit, beloved and blest !
 Where wanders the soul thro' forests dark,
 Or when ocean's wild wave surround our bark ;
 May mercy still beacon our course to thee,
 Our home, our haven, by land, by sea !

COMING TO CHRIST.

I.

CHRIST has declared—'whoever come to Him,
 Shall not be cast away : ' therefore I come,
 With utterance of woe which ne'er is dumb,
 To Thee, the living God ! from darkness dim,
 Where shadows as of death around me swim,
 Ascends my soul aloft, where seraphim
 Circle Thy throne : where the archangels veil
 Their starry eyes : beyond the dusky cloud—
 Earth's canopy—to where Thy hand hath bowed
 Yonder bright heav'ns ; whose glories ne'er wax pale ;
 Behold I come, strong in my misery !
 Tho' man, of woman born, be weak and frail ;
 Yet, with no fear that this my pray'r can fail,
 I bend before Thy throne : do Thou my helper be.

I'LL THINK ON THEE.

I.

At midnight, when earth's sable shadow dwelleth
Deeply and darkly over land and sea—
When not one single star the gloom dispelleth—
Lord of all life! my soul shall think on Thee.

II.

At even, when day's weary eye is closing,
And silent nature slumbers peacefully;
And on her breast her children lie reposing,
Hushed in sweet rest; O Lord! I'll think on Thee.

III.

And when the golden garb of morn enfoldeth
Each mountain, and each valley, fair to see;
When pleasant are the sights man's eye beholdeth,
In earth and heaven; O Lord! I'll think on Thee.

IV.

At the deep noon, companionless and lonely,
Tracing my trackless steps where none can see—
Save yon broad eye of glory beaming only
In the blue vault; O Lord! I'll think on Thee.

V.

In solitude, in crowds, in rest, in motion—
By night, by day, upon the land or sea—
In deserts dark, or tossed on troubled ocean,
Lord of all life! my soul shall think on Thee.

VI.

From all of sin and wicked works avert me ;
Open mine eyes, that I thy love may see :
"Keep me from evil, that it may not hurt me ;"
And then with joy—my God ! I'll think on Thee.

THE MORNING SUN.

I.

How glorious is the morning sun,
That gilds the world with light !
How like a monarch doth he run
In proud, imperial might !

II.

Aloft toward heaven behold him bound—
Beneath his burning eye,
A flood of splendour, all around,
Enkindles earth and sky.

III.

Majestic, free—high o'er the hills
He lifts his lustrous brow ;
Yon azure arch with glory fills,
With light the world below.

IV.

Morn, rosy, blushing, meets his glance,
With cheek of crimson hue ;
Magnificent, heav'n's wide expanse
Ten thousand tints bestrow.

V.

The rivers rush, with gladd'ning voice,
To greet him on his way ;
Earth's universal realms rejoice,
And bless the King of Day.

VI.

Lo ! the broad sea uplifts in love
Its curling billows high ;
To welcome, to his throne above ;
The Sov'reign of the sky.

VII.

Its whisp'ring tones the forest blends
With music of the sea ;
And song of birds, that sweet ascends
Like angels' harmony.

VIII.

The silv'ry streams that thread the grove,
Bright glitt'ring to his ray,
Utter sweet voices as they rove—
Soft music as they stray.

IX.

Their forms sublime the hills unfold,
Wrapped in ethereal fire ;
Crowned bright with light of living gold,
Their heads to heav'n aspire.

X.

The lakes, slight rippling to the breeze,
Calm wake from gentle rest ;

Morn's spirit stirs among the trees,
With vernal blossoms dressed.

XI.

Laugh the blithe flowers ; with sportive glee,
The wild herds bound along :
Fields, forests, mountains, land and sea,
Burst forth in one glad song.

XII.

Dead matter smiles ; beside the stream
The cold rocks, stern and grey,
With looks of love embrace his beam,
And revel in his ray.

XIII.

A boundless blaze of living light
Bursts from the glowing east ;
Fled are the frowns of cheerless night ;
Earth's dreary dreams have ceased.

XIV.

Nature exults : 'Wake, world ! awake,
To life and love,' she cries ;
'Brief-during Morn ! thy sleep forsake,
With joyful heart arise.'

XV.

'Wake, Morn ! awake ! it is the hour
When gates of heav'n unfold ;
When Paradise, in beauty's pow'r,
May mortal eyes behold.'

WINTER.

I.

O SUMMER ! thou art beautiful ; thy glory, and thy bliss,
Seem doubly bright to memory in moments like to this,
When the winter-fiend is howling, and the tempests fiercely blow;
And all around us earth expands a wilderness of snow.

II.

The icicles, beneath the eaves, break with a clatt'ring sound ;
The snow-flakes, from the roof, by night, crash on the frozen
ground :
While howls the wolf with horror, in his cavern, gaunt and grim ;
And agonized, the forest writhes each massive, mighty limb.

III.

The monarch mountain stands aghast,—his heart though firm is
shaken ;
While, summoned by the tempest-king, the caverned echoes wa-
ken :
Low in the vale, where lie the loved, each in their narrow bed,
Groans o'er the graves the hollow wind—strange mourning for the
dead !

IV.

The wan moon, mid the shiv'ring stars, look desolate and dim ;
All languidly the sun uplifts his brow o'er ocean's brim ;
Glares with a faint eye shudd'ring above the lurid wave,
Ghastly as human face divine that withers in the grave.

V.

The dawn-star, like a sparkle of that mock, unreal sun,
 Believed of old to shine for those whose earthly day is done—
 Sun of the dead, whose spectral ray in Erebus gave light,
 To show the darkness—opes its eye with cold effulgence bright.

VI.

Oh! hasten Summer! with thy blush of maiden beauty bright;
 Again be earth a paradise with flow'ry vesture dight;
 Let the great sun look down from heav'n with an unclouded eye;
 Again, by night, the moon be decked with silv'ry smiles on high.

VII.

Arise, my soul! though winter's frost hath chilled creation round,
 Though howls the wolf and shrieks the storm, with voice of fearful sound;
 Hast though not better cause for cheer, than summer's radiant bloom?
 Cannot a Saviour's love thy darkest dreariness illumine?

SPRING.

O SPRING! thou art a season of delight;
 All round is beauty, all above is bright;
 In garb of loveliness the earth is dressed,
 Sweet, fragrant flow'rs, are blooming on her breast.
 More vivid, hourly, grows that garb of green;
 Burst forth the buds behind their velvet screen;
 The forest spreads its leaflets to the sky,
 Gilt with a radiant glory from on high:

The tender dews descend in tears of bliss,
And all night long the humid herbage kiss ;
And thence arise, at dawn of early morn,
To nurse the infant blossoms newly born.
Freed from its icy bonds, the merry stream
Laughs, dances, sparkles in the golden beam ;
Then bounds along to greet the fresh'ning grass,
That waves a welcome as the waters pass :
Close to his mate, each minstrel of the grove,
Fond nestling, breathes his song of ardent love.
Creation smiles, like dreams at dawn of day ;
Winter with all his gloom, hath passed away.
O Spring ! thou art a time when tears should cease—
Save those of joy—an hour for love and peace ;
Yet comes a shade of sadness o'er my mind—
I gaze around, and think upon the BLIND !
I think upon the darkness, and the gloom,
That hang o'er such, like shadows of the tomb ;
No sky for them, no verdure and no light,
No beauteous morn, but one long moonless night.
“Oh ! dark, dark, dark,” well might the poet say—
The Bard sublime, on whom this sorrow lay ;
From nature's charms, earth's ever varying scene,
Cut off, “shut out,” by the “thick drop serene.”
Yet—yet, for this, as for all earthly woes,
A healing balm from blest religion flows ;
No eye is dark in Heav'n ; no shadow dim,
There shrouds the soul : but, bright as seraphim,
It revels in immortal glory's ray ;
And drinks the light of everlasting day.

TO THE RIVER TRENT.

I.

Noble river! rushing on,
Deep and broad, and bright and free :
Winter's rage hath come and gone :
But no bonds he had for thee.

II.

Strong, unfettered, bold and deep,
Here, in majesty, thy tide
Rushes with resistless sweep ;
Pours along in stately pride.

III.

Blue thy breast, with billows bright
Sparkling in the fervid ray ;
Glorious is thy stream with light,
Gilt with gold of vernal day.

IV.

Green thy banks, with budding groves
Bordering the meadows fair ;
Still thy shore the cedar loves,
Shoots the tam'rack high in air.

V.

Cedars white, and alders grey,
Circling many a lordly pine ;
Giant oaks their forms display ;
Firs, whose silv'ry leaflets shine.

VI.

Hangs the mighty maple o'er
Trunks upturned and rocks around :
Hark ! I hear a sullen roar—
'Tis the rapid's thundering sound.

VII.

Boil the foaming torrents through
Rocks, that fain would check their rage :
See ! the monarch stream anew
Calm pursues his pilgrimage.

VIII.

Calmly, through the forest glade,
View his peaceful current glide ;
Solemn, now, through deep'ning shade,
Dark, yet tranquil, is his tide.

IX.

Onward, on ! the goal is nigh :
Glorious lake ! thy form I view
Blending with th' ethereal sky—
One bright tract of boundless blue.

X.

Noble river ! fare thee well !
As thy current, strong and deep,
Onward—irresistible—
May my soul its progress keep.

XI.

Heav'nward to its peaceful home,
In the world where live the blest ;

Past the rocks, the rapids' foam,
Thus may speed—there gladly rest.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

Love to you, lovely birds ! and your wild lay,
Sweet sung beneath th' approving smile of May.
Glad heralds of delight ! your angel voice
Thrills through my heart, and bids my soul rejoice.
How exquisite your notes unto mine ear,
Long stunned by howling storms of winter drear !
How wildly glad, amid th' unfolding leaves,
They tell a tale the willing heart believes !
They tell of bliss, of beauty, and of flow'rs ;
Of paradisal, green, ambrosial bow'rs ;
Of odours breathing from the enamelled field ;
Of scents and sweets the painted gardens yield ;
Of buds and blossoms waving to the breeze ;
Of tasselled wreaths that crown the verdant trees :
Of golden days, when summer's light shall be
Shed, as a glorious flood, o'er land and sea ;
Of blushing morn, and gentle eventide ,
Of the bright moon, bedecked in silv'ry pride ;
Of gorgeous noon, night's majesty, the deep
Hour, when the eyes of Nature close in sleep.
And, oh ! far more than these, they tell of love,
Nestling within the bosom like a dove !
Blest love—that makes the jarring wheels of life
Roll smoothly on ; and heals our inward strife.

Sweet birds ! oh ! may your hours in bliss be passed ;
Nor cloud, nor storm, their sunshine overcast.

ITALIAN NIGHT SCENE.

I.

THE heavenly, holy, and beauteous night,
With its solemn stillness, its calm moonlight ;
The fathomless depth of the sapphire sky,
With beryl billows broad heaving on high ;
The starry gems in their twinkling play ;
The planets pure, with their steadfast ray ;
The moon all fair as a virgin bride,
With her sister stars in their meek pale pride ,
Ocean, that seems, in his slumber deep,
To dream of heav'n in the bow'r of sleep ;
The streamlet that pauses upon its way,
And drinks deep love where the moonbeams stray ;
The ship, that drooping its wings of white,
Tracks not o'er the waves its line of light ;
The forest that bending above the stream,
Lies lulled in a soothing romantic dream ;
The mountains uplifting their peaks of blue ;
The crags all white with silvery hue ;
The feathering woods in the moonlight grey ;
The sloping hills whence the waters stray ;
The castled cliffs that, high o'er the dale,
Keep watch o'er the sleep of the shad'wy vale :
All tell 'tis the soft, heart-soothing hour,
When the soul from the skies drinks bliss and pow'r ;

All tell 'tis the hour, when the spirit should be
From earthly cares, and enthrallment, free.

II.

The beacon's blaze from its tow'r is seen,
Gilding the waves, and yon shores of green ;
Which fringed by foam of the sparkling spray,
Look lovelier far than in glare of day.
The cypress tall, with its sable spire,
Is gilt with glow of that ruddy fire,
And o'er the white cot where lovers sleep,
In solemn state doth its vigils keep.
The olives bend with unwonted weight,
The vines droop low 'neath their juicy freight ;
The garden bow'rs, in the hush of night,
Are clothed with a calmer, purer light,
Than the golden flood of the noon-tide hour ;
And the pale moonbeam, o'er fountain and flow'r,
Falls blended with sweet ambrosial dew,
That softens the scene with its misty hue.
The fire-flies sparkle amid the leaves,
Where the silk-worm its thread of silver weaves :
Where the light wind, that sweeps o'er ocean's breast,
Scarce stirs those leaves in their gentle rest :
The hum of the city hath died away,
Nor whisper the waves in their voiceless play.
But whose is that form on yonder hill,
That stalks like a ghost while the world lies still—
The clank of whose arms upon the ear,
In the solemn stillness, sounds strange and drear ?
'Tis the warder, that moves in the moonlight above,
Where the fortress frowns o'er yon sheltered cove.

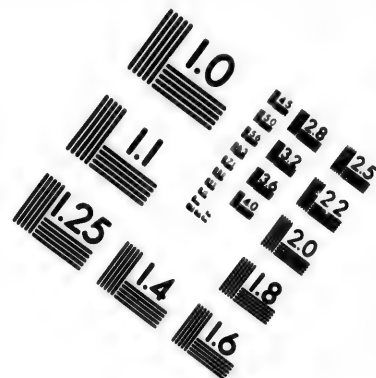
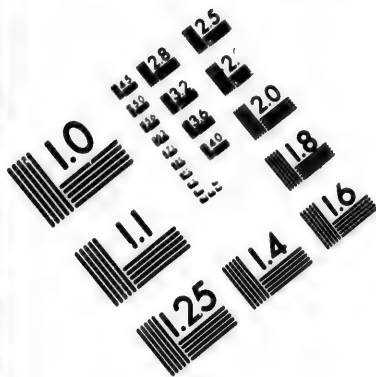
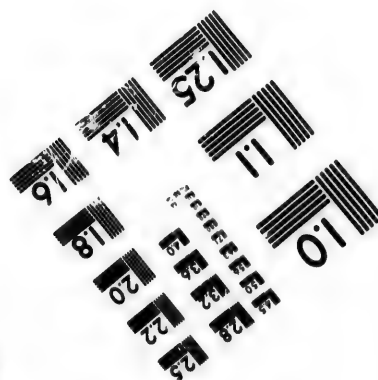
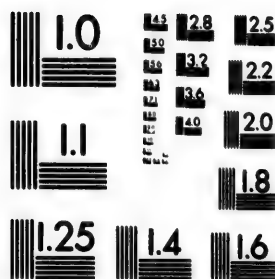


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III.

'Tis pleasant to gaze o'er the wat'ry world,
When not a ripple its breast hath curled ;
'Tis pleasant to look o'er the moonlit fields,
And breathe of the balm the garden yields ;
'Tis sweet, to behold the forest lie
Lone sleeping, in silent majesty ;
'Tis pleasant to see the reposing ship
In the harbour's waters its white sails dip ;
'Tis lovely to see the moon cast down
Her silvery light, o'er the forests brown ;
And 'tis sweet to view the placid sea
Reflecting the skies' fair imag'ry.
Yet there be lovelier sights I ween,
Than man's dull eye hath on earth e'er seen :
There is beauty, and splendour, that mortal eye
Ne'er saw upon, earth, in ocean, nor sky :
Revealings of such to the soul are given,
That walks with God, with a heart in Heaven.

NIGHT STORM.

ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ITALY.

I.

The moon rode high, the heav'ns were fair,
There stirred no sound through the voiceless air ;
There breathed no wind thro' the sheltered grove,
Save a breeze as soft as the sigh of love—

That stole o'er the sleep of the elms vine-curved,
Like music that comes from the spirit world.
The shores shelved down to the waters wide,
And gazed at their green in the waveless tide ;
The flow'rs that close bordered the blue serene,
In that magic mirror were lovelier seen.
For the waters were pure, and as crystal clear ;
And each fairy form did therein appear
Like that of Narcissus, in the deep well :
When he died of love, as old fables tell.
Tall cliffs arose in majestic state,
With far blue hills to the heav'ns elate ;
And many a wild sequestered cove
Shot far in the land, with woods above
Broad waving ; and rocks and craggy steep,
That, like giants, o'erlooked the placid deeps.
The Pine towered high with its column vast,
And its sombre shade o'er the waters cast ;
The proud Oak stood in imperial might ;
The weeping Ash waved its branches slight :
The Cypress black, and the Service white,
Each lent a charm to adorn the night.
And many a beauteous garden slope,
Whose blossoms bloomed rich with sweet summer's hope—
Intermingled with flow'rs of varying hues,
That balm on the breath of night did effuse—
Were seen thro' each op'ning the rocks between,
With meadows and vales of the softest green.
Those rocks were all wreathed with Eglantine,
With the wilding Rose did Clematis twine ;

The Elms were enclasped by the curling Vine,
That in broad festoons, high overhead,
A gentle gloom o'er the verdure shed ;
Th' Acacia unfolded its leaflets green,
In the still moonshine its form was seen—
So light, so graceful—the shade it threw
Scarce darkened the grass all wet with dew.
With golden clusters the Cytisus stood,
In the waveless waters its image viewed :
The Lilac pale with Syringa vied—
In sisterly sweetness, side by side,
Intermingling blooms by the moonbeam dyed,
As pure as snow in their stainless pride.
All around in vernal beauty attired
With love and sweet hope the heart inspired :
For Spring had arriv'd, and o'er the earth
Strewed her buds and blossoms of fairest birth ;
And now was just yielding to Summer's sway,
And rosy smiled, ere she sped away.
The birds close crouched 'neath the leafy boughs,
Or waked but to plight fond, faithful vows ;
The Nightingale breathed its love-lorn strain :
The Ring-dove at times was heard to complain,
As she woke from the dreams of her dewy rest,
And took a short flight from her peaceful nest.
For the hour was so calm, so fair, and so bright,
To give all to sleep were to wrong the night.

II.

Taranto's broad, and beauteous bay,
All mirror-like in its stillness lay,

O'er-canopied by the starry sky,
 That in gorgeous glory outspread on high;
 And each star, that bedecked that pavilion proud,
 Intensely blazed, undimmed by a cloud;
 The azure dome did its roof unfold,
 With resplendent hangings of blue and gold:
 That blue was of pure paradisal tint;
 That gold, of heav'n's own drossless mint:
 And each was softened by that blest clime,
 And all was sweet, yet no less sublime.
 All—all was beauty, and love, and bliss:
 The earth met the heav'ns with ambrosial kiss—
 And the heav'ns breathed love o'er earth's fragrant breast;
 And both were beauteous, and both were blest.

III.

The solemn voice of the midnight hour
 Was heard from Taranto's tallest tow'r;
 And with startling sound, on the list'ning ear,
 Fell its warning notes vibrating near.
 Tho' unheeded, too oft, Time speeds by day,
 On feathery foot, away, away—
 Yet with thrilling voice, and impressive tone,
 He speaks to the heart at midnight lone.
 Ere an hour had sped its noiseless flight,
 A change had come o'er the beauteous night;
 Her brow grew dark, and a sable dress
 Of gloom hung over her loveliness.
 The stars grew pale, and the moon grew dim;
 The sullen skies waxed lurid and grim;

The face of the heavens showed ghastly and drear,
Like the visage of Death when he frowns full near :
A fearful sound o'er the forests passed,
Tho' stirred not a breath of th' impending blast ;
From the distant mountain a dread voice came—
A tone of terror that bath no name :
The shuddering waves uprose from their bed,
As roused by the call of the mighty dead,
Over whose bones, for many an age,
Dark Ocean bath rolled in his ruthless rage.

Then came the Storm, in its fury's might,
And stamped with horror the brow of Night :
It swept o'er the land, and it ploughed the sea—
And Ocean arose in stern majesty ;
And asked with awful, earth-shaking tone,
Why the storm invaded his billowy throne.
The storm heeded not ; but, with tenfold force,
Impelled the waves in their headlong course ;
Till phrensied and mad, 'neath its iron scourge,
Each doth on other infuriate urge ;
In passion fierce to the heav'ns arise,
As though they laughed to scorn the skies ;
Then along they rush with deaf'ning roar,
And lash the rocks and invade the shore :
The mountains re-echo with voices vast ;
While the storm speeds on, blast upon blast—
Blast upon blast, and surge upon surge—
Sweeping afar to the broad earth's verge.
The pride of the forest is rent and shattered,
Huge trunks upturned, and their branches scattered ;

Tho Pine lies prone ; the imperial Oak
 Lies shivered as rent by lightning's stroke ;
 The tall tow'rs shudder and quake and reel,
 While their bells ring out a dismal peal;
 Rocks topple down from their headlong height,
 And with new horrors alarm the night.
 With their consort vines the elms are upcast,
 And whirled like straws by the demon blast ;
 The gardens all stripped of their loveliness,
 While fiend-like forwards the wild gusts press.
 Madly, madly, along, away,—
 No linit, no pause, no stop, no stay—
 Rush the roaring waves in phrensy blind,
 Lashed, goaded and scourged by th' infuriate wind.
 Loud speaks the thunder o'er land and sea,
 Like the echoed voice of eternity ;
 The lightning flashes upon the sight
 Its tremendous sword of matchless might.
 Earth frowns at th' heavens, and th' heavens with a frown
 Of deeper darkness look grimly down;
 And each is so black, the beholders gaze
 Blindly at both, till the lightnings blaze—
 Then view all around such a fearful sight,
 They close their eyes 'gainst that piercing light.

IV.

No. slept that night—save the shrouded dead,
 Who lay unmoved in their earthy bed :
 None slept that night ; and many a grave
 Was found beneath the billowy wave.
 And when morning came, the coast was all strewed

With corses, and wrecks ; and fragments rude
 Of many a gallant ship, whose pride
 Full long had braved the tempest and tide :
 And for years was remembered that awful night,
 That began so lovely, so calm and so bright.

MORNING ON THE COAST OF CARAMANIA.

Ho! what a lovely scene !—the blue waves break
 Along the winding shore, where Spring's young scowrets wake ;
 How verdantly, above the azure tide,
 Yon sylvan shore o'erhangs the waters wide !
 While birds of dazzling plumage, 'mong the trees,
 Pour their sweet songs upon the morning breeze.
 How soft the swell of incense-breathing ocean,
 Where heave the white-winged barks, with life like motion !
 While busy boats with glitt'ring streamers gay,
 And crews of many-coloured garb, hold on their way ;
 Sporting like sea-birds mid the sparkling spray.
 Turbans and castans, yellow, red, and green,
 Intensely bright beneath the sun are seen ;
 So warm, so rich, so radiant to the eye,
 As tho' the rainbow shed those colours from on high.
 See, with what graceful curve yon shiv'ring sail
 Sweeps round, and broadens to the fresh'ning gale.
 The tall polacca, with its snow-white wings,
 Like a proud swan with airy motion springs ;
 And rules the waters with so gentle sway,
 The waves all smile, and on their breast gladly her form convey.
 In terrac'd tiers, rank upon rank above,

Houses flat-roofed o'erhang yon tufted grove ;
 Where Mosques their slender minarets display,
 With domes that glitter in the morning ray.
 The Lycian hills are gilt with gold of day—
 All gloriously the skies unfold their blue,
 And paradisaal plain, of heav'nliest hue ;
 In wavy clouds the curling mists ascend,
 The silvery streamlets from the mountains tend :
 While, from the brow of yon o'erhanging height,
 The foamy torrent falls in masses white.
 How fresh the hour ! 'tis as the dawn of Heav'n !
 Surely its balm was as a foretaste giv'n,
 Of that bright, beauteous, everlasting morn,
 That dawns upon the soul to nobler life new-born.

TO THE SUN.

GREAT Sun ! thou'rt still to me a glorious sight,
 At morn, at noon, at close of cheerful day :
 Thou bringest beauty, loveliness, and light,
 To Earth ; that darkly droops when thou'rt away.
 'Tis as the dawn of Heav'n, to view thee rise ;
 And o'er the mountains, and blue ocean vast—
 That lifts its head to greet thee in the skies—
 Thy burning flood of gold to see thee cast.
 Oh ! when I steep me in thy rays divine,
 At blush of morn, I feel my spirit soar
 To Him who bade thee thus supremely shine :
 E'en to His throne, and grateful there adore.

Oh ! that those feelings would forever last,
To cheer this heart till life's brief hour be past !

TO TIME.

TIME's a possession that doth quickly flee ;
With wings of stronger, more impetuous sway,
Than th' eagle's, soaring to the sun away.
The present moments giv'n to thee, and me :
All beyond *that* no mortal eye can see.
Down drooping to the earth, our forms decay,
Daily and hourly ; and futurity
Seems ready to unveil its untried world ; '
Death rides along, with sable flag unfurled—
Myriads of mortals having made his prey,
Still claims an uncontested victory :
While, o'er the brink of dread Eternity,
Unthinking Man dreams on, and on, and on.
Oh ! why will he not wake, ere life's last sun hath shone ?

SOLITUDE.

DEEP Solitude, they say, is hard to bear.
I've found it so, in Winter ; when the day
Was clouded with dun darkness, and the wind
Howled, like the very genius of despair ;
When friends and relatives were far away—
Which ties so closely round this heart are twined :
Then I've felt lonely. But when dusky Night
Drew her dark veil above the sleeping earth ;

When cheerful blazed the fire, and gladsome light
Shone thro' the room ; while gaily ticked the clock,
And chirped the crickets round—a mirthful flock :

I felt not of society the dearth.

The dead were near me too—a pleasant thought !
Good books and wise, I mean ; that ne'er too dear were
bought.

TO HOMER.

HOMER ! thou king of poets ! (not the prince :)
Thou mighty monarch of the living lyre—
Lord of undying verse, immortal fire !
That this thou art, three thousand years evince.
Nor older art thou, in men's minds, than when
Thy verse first charmed th' erthusiastic race ;
Who held in arts, and arms, the proudest place.
I ope thy wondrous work, and read again
What my youth drank in with delighted ear :
Still fresh, and new, and glorious is the strain ;
Unchanged by time its beauties all appear.
Methinks thou dost surpass the tuneful train,
E'en as Pelides did the warrior-throng :
As matchless he in deeds, so thou in song.

TO VIRGIL.

SHEPHERD of Mantua ! I may not blame
Thy polished style, so elegantly chaste ;

Thy simple majesty, with beauty graced :
 Thou, too, hast won a well-deserved fame.
 I read thee when a boy ; and still the same
 Thou seemest to my soul, mine eye, mine ear ;
 Correct, pure, equal—but alas ! too tame,
 For epic flight, thy spirit doth appear.
 Yet hast thou genius—fire ; art skilled to wield
 Thy weapons well—but in another field :
 Witness thy *Georgics* : as a stream of clear
 And living waters, rolls their verse along.
 Sweet Bard ! ne'er may the laurel leaf be sore,
 That crowns thee Master of didactic song.

TO DANTE.

SATURNINE Dante ! gloomy, stern, austere :
 Dusky as Erebus, a blackness fell
 O'er all thy page, depainting lurid hell—
 Its mocking fiends, and sounds and sights of fear.
 Albeit I praise not thy contorted style,
 Thy solemn grandeur doth my spirit love ;
 Thy dark sublimity my soul approve.
 Yet seems there somewhat wanting, all the while
 I pore upon thy page ; a lofty sense
 Of innate pow'r—the proud magnificence
 Of epic daring—that, in glorious song,
 Sweeps, as a mighty flood, the bard along
 On passion's swelling waves :—the eloquence
 Poured from the soul by feeling deep, and high, and strong.

TO TASSO.

BARD of Surrento! thou dost well deserve
The Poet's name. I do not deem thee *first*—
Nor of the first: from this I may not swerve.
Yet art thou great: tho' Boileau's self should burst.
Thou hadst the Poet's soul, and noble thirst
For deathless fame: but not the wondrous spell,
Whose sorcery deep hearts recognise full well;
That far above the fleeting things of time
Uplifts the spirit, in its trance sublime.
Thy pictures breathe the form of wild romance,
And chivalry's enthusiastic trance;
Ennobling both the reader and the rhyme.
Romance, too, chequered thine eventful life:
Would thou hadst had thy Leonore to wife!

TO MILTON.

MILTON! I feel thy worth: yet well I trow,
Thou art not loved as other sons of song.
Magnificent thou art—sublimely strong;
And graspest heav'n, and earth, and hell; as tho'
Thou wert a seraph, and not fleshly wight.
And, trust me, I have felt intense delight—
While that the visions rose upon my view,
By thee first brought before our mortal sight.
Yet must I speak the truth: and *this is true*—
Thou lackest somewhat of Homeric fire;

The lightning-like activity of soul,
 That shoots thro' all ; and stirs and moves the whole :
 Th' electric energy, that must inspire
 All those, who fain would reach high Poetry's great goal.

TO SHAKSPEARE.

Sox of the wayward Muse ! whose visions wild
 Have more of Heav'n, than aught we find on Earth ;
 Sure thine were dreams that none of mortal birth
 E'er viewed before, or fancy's eye beguiled.
 Strange sounds of beauty echoed from each string
 (Like angel's voices,) of thine harp of gold :
 Bright forms of loveliness, upon the wing,
 Came as from paradise, as thou didst sing :
 And Nature did her fairest scenes unfold.
 Of the deep human heart, instinctive lore
 Was thine ; and hadst thou tried the Epic field,
 Not to great Homer's self thy fame would yield :
 Two Homers had there been : as his of yore,
 'Thine was the spell of pow'r, Nature's exhaustless store.

TO BYRON.

BYRON ! what hadst thou been, if that thy soul—
 Exalted and ennobled by the fire,
 That comes from Heav'n, and doth to Heav'n aspire—
 Scorning more earthly passion's mild control,
 Had strung in Virtue's cause thy deep-toned lyre !
 Mighty of spirit, master of a pow'r

That waked in all the Poet's wild desire ;
 How in void vanity life's transient hour,
 And nature's gifts were squandered ! As a flood,
 Poured from the hills on winter's darkest day,
 Sweeping the herds and folded flocks away—
 Thus, in a torrent, o'er the wise and good
 Swept down thy verse. That flood is past for aye :
 And thou, alas ! (whate'er beyond the tomb)—
 Dying, bequeathedst Man but death, despair, and gloom.

TO CHATTERTON.

RASH boy ! thine act insane, and early grave,
 Demand our pitying tears and heart-felt grief :
 Thine was a mournful lot, and dark, tho' brief.
 Poor torn-up flow'r, tossed rudely on life's wave !
 Young—young, yet dead ! Genius ! is this thy dow'r ?
 How oft dost thou of hearts the hopes deceive,
 The shroud of cherished expectations weave !
 O bland betrayer ! with what wizard pow'r,
 In sunbeams clad, thou comest at the hour,
 When life's glad promise most our hearts believe :
 Yet—should we blame thee ? No ! thou art a gift,
 Which rightly used—with holy love combined—
 To work great good for mortals, was designed :
 Thou unto highest Heav'n the soul sublime dost lift.

TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MONARCH of mind! thou intellectual sage!
 Thou friend to wisdom, virtue, and to man!
 Well pleased I ponder o'er thy valued page;
 Thy sterling sense with all my spirit scan.
 Still, from thy throne of thought, thou didst dispense
 Treasures of wisdom, oracles of sense;
 With truth severe chastise an erring age;
 And emptiness of folly still assuage.
 How poor, contrasted with a soul like thine,
 The silken slave who bowed at fashion's shrine—
 Vain Chesterfield—the bauble of an hour!
 Trifler upon the brink of the dark wave,
 Whose depth all mortal things doth soon devour:
 Still worshipping the World e'en o'er the yawning grave!

ON TRANSCENDENTALISM.

On! Transcendentalism, in verse or prose,
 (That word's as bad as '*æquuticum*,')
 Is what I loathe, abhor, detest, despise:
 For transcendental writings, all and some,
 My detestation I cannot disguise.
 "*Inania captant*" each, and all of those,
 For whom true nature never could suffice;
 Who, seeking most original to be,
 O'erlook the charm of truth—simplicity.
 This fault hath marred full many a one; whose strains
 Might live a thousand years, wer't but for this:

For what they seek to find with so much pains,
 Forsaking the sole way, they're sure to miss.
 None like obscurity, and air-spun fancies ;
 This 'Transcendentalism no heart entrances.

ON TERZA RIMA, AND SONNETS.

O TERZA RIMA ! puzzle to the Poet,
 By Dante much beloved but not by me ;
 The Bard from all such fetters should be free :
 Liberty's sweet, and I shall ne'er forego it.
 The Sonnet, too, 's vexatious ; intertwining
 With some small sense, oft much Petrarchan whining.
 Strange that a Bard should ever think of shining
 Condemned to coop his thoughts in fourteen lines ;
 Oft, when to write a sonnet she designs,
 My wanton Muse exceeds that scanty measure ;
 That is, when she's entirely at her leisure,
 And gives her wing free scope with purest pleasure :
 High over earth, she speeds her flight afar,
 Chainless as winds that sweep the mountain aro.

ON THE READING OF HEXAMETER VERSE.

I do not greatly love Hexameter ;
 As by the school-boy read, it is sad stuff :
 Aye ! and in *Colleges*—unless I err—
 One still should cry *'jam satis'*, now enough !

Recite it as 'tis scanned, and then you'll see
 It is true verse : not so, read otherwise—
 'Tis poetry in a burlesque disguise.
 Had I a hundred pupils, they should be
 Taught to read metre, (whether Greek or Latin,)

With deference due to time, and quantity,
 And syllables, as they are short or long :
 Trust me all other modes are surely wrong.
 Oh ! it is horrible, to hear a brat, in
 The things called *academicals*, spout song
 As 'twere pure prose ! His teachers sure were blind ;
 Or born, at least, under a perverse planet.
 Why learned he *prosody*, I ne'er could find :
 If verse ne'er taught to read—what use to scan it ?

ON PHILOLOGY.

PHILOLOGY's a noble thing, no doubt ;
 Tho' useless oft, like many another 'ology :
 (The which to prove I'll mention but *astrology*.)
 In fact, I'd rather be an eel, or trout—
 Or live out all my days within a hollow tree ;
 Than to be deluged, from a leaden spout,
 With endless histories of every word
 We speak : which plan if any choose to follow, he
 May, for my part ; with some small blame incurred.
 Give me the knowledge—never bought too dear—
 Which makes us better, wiser, abler men :
 But long discussions, as to *where* and *when*

Such and such tongues were spoken— I can't bear.
 I would not give an onion's cast-off tunic,
 For all the grubbed-up roots of Erse, Phenician, Runic.

TO A FRIEND PHILOLOGICALLY DEVOTED.

(THE EDITOR OF THESE WORKS.)

FRIEND! if I've wronged thee, or have been to blame,
 Descanting thus upon thy love Philology;
 All bad intention do I here disclaim:
 "Plato's my friend; but Truth"—you know the rest;
 I cannot swerve from her supreme behest.
 Oh! would thou hadst but cottoned to Conchology!
That's useful—Demonology's the same:
 I cannot give my praises to Psychology—
 To recommend it I am not inclined;
 It seems, at best, but groping of the blind.
 What! was the world of Facts too cold, or tame,
 That thou didst leave it for the world of Words?
 Would I had soaring pinions, like a bird's;
 Or speed of carriages upon a rail-road!
 Then from the Wordy World afar I'd flee,
 And make my home in the great World of Fact;
 All duties pay, which I, tho' weak and frail, owed:
 I'd wisely think, and not ignobly act.
 Words are most useful, as expressing thought;
 But, in all else, I hold them still at nought.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

—
Oh ! what a changeful world is this we dwell in !
New sights, new scenes, new fashions, and new faces.
How oft a late-found friend the old displaces,
How mutable are some, there is no telling.
Some treat a friend e'en as a thread-bare coat—
Aside it's cast, when it has lost its nap :
So when one meets affliction, or mishap,
Thus is he left alone, to sink or float.
The dog is faithful : feed him once, or twice—
He'll owe you then a debt of gratitude,
Not to be paid thro' life. But Man's more shrewd :
Serve *him*—and he'll forget it in a trice.
Yet some I've known, and may meet many more ;
That treasure up kind deeds in their hearts' inmost core.

SOARINGS ALOFT.

—
ASCEND, my Soul ! aloft, in scarings high :
This world hath had from thee sufficient share
Of thoughtful heed—considerative care.
Spread thy strong wing, and mount above the sky ;
Where the bright stars their paths of glory trace :
Where wander thro' illimitable space
Ten thousand suns, and weave their mystic dance.
Come cleave with me the crystalline expanse ;
The deep abyss, that never line hath sounded—
The mighty ocean, that no shore hath bounded :
And measure vast creation with thy glance.

What wonders burst on the delighted view—
 Infinity of marvels, ever new !
 Bless God for all His works—render Him homage due.

ON OLD AGE.

Old Age, with stealthy foot creeps slowly on.
 Youth lightly canters by, on mettled steed ;
 Strong Manhood stalks with circumspective heed,
 Looking before—behind—yet soon is gone ;
 Then wrinkled Eld comes limping with his crutch,
 Bidding our earthly hopes flee far away,
 And droops down to the dust in quick decay :
 Yet let not this afflict us overmuch.
 As Youth to Infancy doth still succeed ;
 Manhood to Youth, and then in turn gives place
 To hoary Age advancing with sure pace :
 So doth immortal Life that supersede.
 So man not dies : but, 'yond the dreary tomb,
 A nobler lot is his—a youth of endless bloom.

TO IRELAND.

I.

IERNE ! land of beauty, soul, and song !
 Borne over ocean ; back I look to thee.
 Thy far blue mountains, where I wandered long,
 Lift as a cloud their heads above the sea.
 Wild as the wind that sweeps those summits free,
 Swell o'er my soul fond mem'ries of the past ;

Scenes of my childhood, that depicted be
Within this heart, in colours that shall last.
Once more, farewell ! hark ! how the hollow sounding blast

II.

Blends loudly with the thunder of the deep,
That booms around our bark, with sullen roar ;
On, with the arrow's flight, our course we keep :
One look, one longing look, to that loved shore—
'Tis gone, and meets the struggling sight no more !
Now nought but ocean, and the sky, is seen ;
Flashes the surf around th' impetuous prore :
Once more, farewell ! Hope ! let thy star serene,
Bright, o'er the bill'wy deep, diffuse its sparkling sheen.

III.

On, to that land beyond the western tide,
Where strangers find a home, and oft a grave ;
Bright be thy beam above the waters wide.
Hope ! thy soft ray, to cheer our course we crave ;
The sad sojourner on th' Atlantic wave
Much needs thy balmy smile, to glad his heart :
Oh ! shall that heavy heart be Sorrow's slave ?
Arise, my Soul ! not desolate thou art :
Friends, country, gone—thy heav'nly Friend will ne'er depart.

IV.

Thou wilderness of waters ! as I gaze
Above thy bosom with an anxious eye,
Where the blue tract of ocean, thro' the haze
Of eve, seems blending with the sapphire sky—

Methinks I view the land from which I fly
 Spread, like elysium, round, its meadows fair ;
 Green fields and groves, and mountains stern and high ;
 Valleys of verdure ; lakes that sparkle there,
 With streamlets from those hills that shoot aloft in air.

v.

But chief thy daughters—with their sunny smile,
 Their souls all softness, and their hearts all love ;
 Their ever-varying glance, and artless wile,
 The gen'rous passions that their minds still move ;
 Kind looks, that cheer the fallen, not reprove—
 Erin ! thy daughters—lovely as thy land,
 Pure as the snow, and tender as the dove—
 Vision of beauty ! now before me stand ;
 Waving a last farewell, with each white, fairy hand.

vi.

Thy sons—with souls and eyes effulging fire,
 Whose gen'rous blood runs riot in their veins ;
 Whose daring deeds shall not with them expire ;
 Than whom a nobler race not Earth contains :
 Bold, ardent, brave—witness the battle-plains
 Where Wellesley fought in well contested strife—
 Wild as the wave ; with hearts where passion reigns
 Fiercely, yet still with tend'rest feelings rife :
 Farewell to these, to all—the friends of dawning life !

PALMYRA.

—
Whose are those walls, mid sands and deserts rude,
In wide decay, magnificently strewed ?
Those columns, that uplift their forms sublime,
The giant victors of unconqu'ring Time ?
Those palaces ? who reared, amid the wild,
Yon marble mount—pillars on pillars piled—
Work of long years, which ages have not wrecked ?
Who bade them rise—what princely architect ?
Strange—that where Nature shows but dust and death,
Where heaves the sand before the whirlwind's breath ;
Where stunted shrubs live but to droop, and die,
And sickens Earth beneath a burning sky ;
Where the cool waters fleet before the ray,
That drinks the desert dry ere noon of day ;
Where barrenness is stamped upon the soil—
Nought to supply man's need, or crown his toil,
The plains afford——how strange 'tis to our eyes,
To see this marvel of his skill arise ;
This wonder of his pow'r, his might, his skill,
In majesty of grace surviving still !

O Man, thou mystery ! immortal mind,
In senseless clay's ignoble clod confined !
Majestic trifle ! trembling o'er the tomb,
Thou buildest mighty works—alas ! for whom ?
Thy spirit may embrace eternity ;
But brief's the time on earth allotted thee :
E'en ere the polished stone contracts a rust,
The hand that bade it shine is empty dust.

Thou breath ! thou vapour, fleeting as the wind
That speeds away, nor leaves a trace behind !
City of Palms ! upon thy solitude,
With no unhallowed feelings, I intrude.
A stranger from afar—my footstep falls
Lonely and sad, within thy marble halls ;
My self-conversing words, upon mine ear
Echoed from pillared courts, sound strange and drear ;
But from thy mighty fane, and temples proud,
There comes a solemn voice—not high—not loud ;
But speaking to the heart with the deep tone,
Wherewith the grave makes its stern secrets known.
Thou tellest of a time, when thou wast gay—
Of the far glories of a distant day :
Of wild ambition, soaring in its flight,
Of hopes that seemed too fair to dread a blight ;
Of beauty and of bliss, the joy of life,
Of passions fierce, of anger's deadly strife ;
Of learning and of wisdom—sophists sage—
Of lettered pride, the critic's pungent page ;
Of sceptred rule, the warrior and the priest ;
Of love, for human hearts the charm not least :
Of these thou tellest me—of all that gave
Life to thy streets ; then whisperest thou—'The GRAVE !'
The Grave—the Grave that beauty and that bliss,
Those hearts and hopes, absorbed in its abyss.
All, all within the dark, th' engulfing tomb,
Have sunk, and found of earthly things the doom,
All, all are gone ; and thou, in lonely state,
Mourn'st mid the wilderness thus desolate.

City of Palms ! I lay unto my heart
Thy warning words, and gird me to depart :
And as I leave thy walls, nor wish to stay—
Thus, when the solemn summons calls away,
May my soul quit without one ling'ring sigh,
Its earthly home ; and seek the blissful sky.

BELSHAZZAR.

I.

BELSHAZZAR sat with his lords around ;
And his eye flashed joy at the music's sound :
As he drained from the goblet the purple draught,
And his courtiers gaily the red wine quaffed.

II.

Superb, on his brow, blazed the diadem ;
Hung halo of fire round its ev'ry gem :
And his jewelled girdle that glare outvied,
Like Orion's belt in its lustre's pride.

III.

Lamps, countless as bells of Ocean's foam,
Glanced light, like noon, thro' that princely dome :
And the banquet-board with its glitt'ring gold,
Shot splendour that sight could scarce behold.

IV.

And proud dames sat in dazzling array,
And their dark eyes burned with a haughty ray :
And their foreheads shone bright as the sunlit snow,
With black arches curved o'er the stars below.

V.

And the tresses thick of their ebon hair
Like the raven ringlets of young Night were ;
When, smiling o'er gate of the glowing West,
She wooes tired day to his dewy rest.

VI.

Each like a queen, on her throne of state,
In glory of gems, and of rich robes sate ;
And as revellers' shouts waxed wild and high,
Beamed beauty and love from her radiant eye.

VII.

Tiara and turban arose to view,
And tints of Tyre enchantment threw,
And o'er wreathed roses, the waving plume
Soft shaded the choice flower's fragrant bloom:

VIII.

Praises to gods of silver and brass,
With incense-clouds, rose o'er that gorgeous mass ;
'Till the high-hung lamps showed faintly and dim :
But the God of their life, they praised not Him.

IX.

What change hath come o'er their mirthful mood ?
What fear hath fettered the joyous blood ?
Spirit of horror ! what death-like chill
Shoots cold, o'er each heart, its icy thrill ?

X.

Yon spectral hand—at its touch of power,
Withers the pride of that festal hour :

Beauty, and valour, alike turn pale :
Strong limbs tremble, and firm hearts fail.

XI.

Hark to the trumpet's terrific sound,
Echoing fierce its knell around
Flash hostile swords thro' the midnight gloom—
And Belshazzar sleeps in a gory tomb.

XII.

The Sun looked forth from the skies the next morn :
But a dark cloud hung o'er that city forlorn.
And from Babylon's walls the banners wide
Waved vict'ry's hues o'er her fallen pride.

XIII.

But a few brief years soon sped away ;
And the Mede and the Persian—where were they ?
Time's stream swept on with resistless flow,
And victors and vanquished alike lay low.

XIV.

Glory of man's but a fading flower ;
Princes descend from their pomp of power :
The peasant, too, leaves his humble shed,
Blending his bones with imperial dead.

XV.

Earth's mighty myriads resign their breath ;
Yet deem not the vict'ry thine, pale Death !
For precious, to Him who reigns above,
Is the treasured dust of the Saints of His love.

XVI.

The clod, laid cold in the charnel cell,
 The dead, that lowly in darkness dwell—
 Arrayed in beauty which ne'er can die,
 Shall bloom; when yon stars forsake the sky.

XVII.

Oh! mine be sweet sleep on Jesu's breast,
 When this frail form moulders in lifeless rest :
 O King of Kings! unto me be it given,
 Too change this poor hut for a home in heaven.

PETER THE HERMIT'S ADDRESS.

I.

I come from the land of the sword and the shrine—
 From the war-swept plains of Palestine;
 And its hallowed hills, where the vintage sweet
 Is trodden in dust by Paynim feet :
 The wine-press foams with a purple flood ;
 But that costly juice is the Christian's blood :

II.

Where the Holy City—in evil hour
 Shackled, enslaved by the Infidel pow'r—
 Spreadeth her hands to Him on high ;
 And lives but to see her children die :
 The daughters and sons of her bleeding breast,
 Trampled, and torn, by its rage unblest.

III.

Unscathed have I sped thro' the desert's air,
With unsandalled foot, and bosom bare :
Uprolled the earthquake its waves in vain ;
Uplifted the surging sea its mane :
And demons arose, with hostile sway,
Proudly opposing mine onward way.

IV.

Yet dauntless all my course will I keep,
Till all Christendom thrills at my summons deep :
'Tho' this brow be scarred, and this bosom gored,
By the steel accursed of the Paynim sword ;
Onward I speed my journey afar,
Reckless of dagger and scymitar.

V.

Hear, O Heav'n's—wide Earth—and thou Sea !
I've sworn that Salem shall yet be free :
Give ear to that high, that holy vow—
I've sworn by the light on Time's ancient brow,
By the priceless blood on Calvary poured—
The Christian shall be to his rights restored.

VI.

By th' unburied bones on the desert's sand,
By the loud lament of the tortured land ;
By th' unsepulchred dust—by the holy shrine—
Christian ! those walls shall yet be thine.
By the deathless spirit within me stirred,
I've sworn ; and Heav'n hath propitious heard.

VII.

Emperors ! speed from your palace bow'rs ;
Nobles ! ride forth from your castled tow'rs :
Sharpen the sword, and harness the steed ;
Let Chivalry's strength bid the battle bleed :
Burnish the blade, make keen the dart--
Till dimmed be its shine in the Infidel's heart.

VIII.

Monarchs ! ye mighty ones, Oh ! hear ;
Lord, and liege ! to my voice give ear :
Prince and vassal, like ocean deep,
Onward--onward, to conflict sweep ;
The proud, the mean, the lowly, the high--
To the help of the Lord draw nigh, draw nigh !

IX.

Spirit of War ! I bid thee awake ;
Souls of the mighty ! your sleep forsake :
Battle ! array thy fearful form--
Thy banner black cloud, thy steed the storm :
Thy breath, the blast of the desert's wind,
That passes, and leaves but death behind.

X.

Meroz ! a bitter cursing was thine :
But a tenfold curse on him and his line--
E'en to the latest gasp of time--
The wretch who burns not with ardour sublime ;
Who shuns in enacting a hero's part,
To shed in this cause the best blood of his heart.

XI.

Woe, woe, to the slave, whose coward blood
Boils not in his heart like Egypt's flood ;
When down the cataract's awful steep,
Thunders the rage of its waters deep :
That torrent sinks in the gulf profound—
So be his name in oblivion drowned.

XII.

But glory to him, the blest, the brave,
Who wins in this cause a warrior's grave :
Brighter than dreams of the poet's brain,
Triumph shall gild the bed of the slain ;
The Chief who dares for the Cross to die,
Halced by Heav'n, in his grave shall lie.

XIII.

The Cross the star of our course shall be,
To guide us to glory, by land, by sea ;
The Cross shall be our banner, our light,
Our beacon's blaze, our flag in the fight :
Contempt on his soul, and his race be hurled,
Who fails to smite when that flag's unfurled.'

JERUSALEM.

I.

JERUSALEM ! thou city of the great Eternal King !
The spirit of unnumbered years, comes o'er me as I sing :

I view thy fallen tow'rs, and tombs, and piles of ruin grey :
And think upon thy glorious sons : thy children—where are
they ?

II.

Monarch and mighty one of old, prophet and royal seer,
Chief captains, high estates, and priests of princely rank, appear;
I see their wondrous shadows sweep in radiant glory past ;
Like clouds upon the whirlwind's wing, when morning swells the
blast.

III.

Like golden clouds on tempest's wing, when sun of morn looks
down
O'er warring winds, in majesty, with sceptre's sway and crown ;
When from his palace in the east, his beauteous pomp rolls out ;
The storms exulting hail him, and the stars, departing, shout.

IV.

Those forms of light, in vision bright, float transiently away ;
But lo ! o'er earth, bursts forth a sun, at whose omnific ray.
The dead—laid deep in dreamless sleep—rending the silent
tomb,
Shall rise and reign a thousand years, in life's unfaded bloom.

V.

He comes ! He comes ! o'er Zion's walls—plenteous in truth and
grace,
To gather in her scattered sons, His ancient, chosen race ;
Beauty for ashes, oil of joy, and balm for ev'ry woe,
Jeshurun's God, to her loved tribes, shall bounteously bestow.

VI.

Tho' enemies, and aliens, long in her blest courts have trod,
 Unhallowed hands have strewed in dust the holy house of God :
 Yet now her chains are breaking, and the dark clouds fleeing
 fast ;
 And soon her ransomed sons shall sing—"the tyranny's o'erpast !"

TO THE BIBLE.

FOUNT of Eternal Wisdom ! while I gaze
 Upon thy waters, and behold them flow,
 Life, beauty, health, dispensing here below ;
 Thy healing streams, and Earth her youthful days
 Renewing, where each crystal current strays ;
 The light of glory—paradise green
 Enriching her where'er thy course is seen,
 All bursting into bloom from night profound—
 Life, lustre, loveliness, above, around ;
 I pause—and ask myself, in sad amaze,
 Why my soul sinks, why blessed hope decays ?
 Hast thou no answer, Soul ?—"Yea ! I have slept ;
 The whiteness of my garments have not kept ;
 And therefore droop !"—Hear what the Saviour says,
 Desponding Soul ! and let thy mood be praise..
 "Tho' scarlet were thy sins, yet washed by Me,
 "Thou shalt more white, more pure, more spotless be,
 "Than wool, or snow, in stainless purity.
 "Come, weary ones, to me : quick, speed your flight ;
 "My yoke is easy, and my burden light."

TO THE WORLD.

O **MOCKERY** ! thou false, deceitful World !
 How do we clutch thee with tenacious grasp,
 How closely to our hearts thy form we clasp !
 E'en as the ivy round the ruin curled,
 Thus clings the heart to thee, e'en to its final gasp.
 Thou art indeed a ruin : and the storm
 Of desolation o'er thy pride is hurled ;
 And dark decay corrodes thy fragile form.
 Who leans on *thee*, leans 'gainst a crumbling wall—
 Still tott'ring from the top unto the dust,
 Deceivest thou of mortal Man the trust ;
 Who, when he hopes thy help, then chief doth fall.
 Vain mockery ! I turn tow'rd Heav'n, from thee :
There shall my heart, my home, my treasure be.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

I.

THE skies were dark with dusky night,
 On outstretched wing the vessel flew ;
 Upon whose deck, by lantern's light,
 We stood—a sad and chosen few.

II.

Hundreds were hushed below : on deck
 One sleeper slept more sound than they ;
 For there—of early hopes the wreck—
 An infant, shrouded, coffined, lay.

III.

A fair young child, whose spirit light
Had parted on the wide, wide sea;
Taken to upper worlds its flight,
From earth and all its troubles free.

IV.

And we had met o'er that loved child,
To pay our simple fun'ral rite;
To make its bed in waters wild,
And breathe that babe our last 'good night !'

V.

We give thy body to the deep—
Sister ! and friend of youthful years !
Dark is thy bed of breathless sleep !
O'er ocean's flood rain fast our tears !

VI.

Sadly, below the sullen wave,
Thy loved dust sinks to its long home ;
Would that thine were a gentler grave, ^{where}
Where storms ne'er rock, nor billows foam !

VII.

Would that beneath the spreading yew,
Where heaves the earth with many a mound;
Where pious hands fresh garlands strew,
And wild flow'rs deck the hallowed ground;

VIII.

Where village maids bright chaplets bring,
And rosy wreaths to bind each bed;

While, morn and e'en, the red breasts sing,
Sweet warbling o'er the silent dead—

IX.

Would thou wert laid in gentle peace,
Thy green grave roofed with grassy sod;
Till the blest morning of release,
When saints shall rise, and reign with God !

X

I hear the sea-dirge loudly swell ;
The depths lift up their voice and weep :
Old Ocean tolls his hollow knell—
Dull ear of death ! how sound thy sleep !

XI.

Sister ! farewell ! away, away,
Bounds o'er the brine our fleet-winged steed—
Tho' time may bring a happier day,
Long with this wound shall memory bleed !

THE DYING BARD.

I.

THE star of the dawn grew dim on high ;
For a fairer light illumed the sky :
And the sun, attired with his crown of gold,
His gorgeous garb, all bright to behold,
Looked kingly down with a royal smile—
His courtiers, the clouds, glad gazing the while.
A dazzling fire over Ocean played,
And the winds and waters sweet music made ;

Laughed the green Earth—her heart was gay ;
Blithe were the fields : nor man less than they.

Then rose a Bard from his sleepless bed ;
His eye was bright—but its pow'r had fled ;
His cheek was pale ; his brow, with the dew
Of death, was damp : for his hours were few.
He looked, from his lattice, above the sea ;
Whose waves on that shore rolled wide and free :
He gazed where the orient flamed afar,
Where Morning upwheeled her glitt'ring car.

'Tis strange—the eye ; just ere life be gone,
Oft burns with a light that in health ne'er shone :
And with that unearthly fire, his eye
Blazed up ; as these words to mine ear came nigh.

II.

' Welcome, bright dawn ! the last for me on earth—
Thou herald of a glorious day on high !
Refulgent Morn hath gilded all the east ;
And the night-clouds fleet noiselessly away.
Welcome, once more, thou harbinger of heav'n !
Sun of our world ! whose universal ray
Gladdens all climes ; still bright'ning at their hour
Of visitation. Revels thus my Soul
In glory, beauty, pow'r—foretasted bliss—
Existence everlasting. As yon clouds,
That fleet before the golden smile of morn,
Thus, from within, each darksome shade is driv'n ;
And brighter than the congregated beams,
Which thousand morns have shed upon this earth,
Swells o'er my soul the light of Love divine.

As o'er yon calm, and glittering ocean, play
The white sea-birds, with plummy, noiseless wing,
While streaming sunlight gladdens all the deep ;
Thus, in the pure serene of heav'nly day,
That floats around me—hover angel forms,
In garments fairer than th' unfallen snow.

O Earth ! how bright, how beautiful thou art !
What hadst thou been, if Sin had no'er defaced
Thy loveliness ! In this, thy ruined state,
Still beautiful beyond the poet's dream.
Thou Ocean ! with thy white, and curling waves—
Each with its sparkling crest, and silv'ry mane,
Like a proud steed—bounding above the blue
Expanse ; that seems a world where beings dwell
Too pure for matter's less ethereal frame :
And thou, broad sky, o'er-canopying all
Beneath, as with the palace-dome of heav'n,
Studded with stars ; which seem the watchful eyes
Of spirits, keeping ward for favoured man ;
Ye flow'rs ! whose beauty was to me as Heav'n,
In happy childhood—when my days were sweet,
My dreams of paradise—if mid the fields
Or 'mong the garden's beds, I caught your smile ;
E'en from the simple daisy on the hill,
With its young offspring round it, to the pride
Of plants exotic, in the hothouse ranged :
I loved you all—bright transitory things !
Farewell ! accept my parting benison.

Farewell! I stand upon the voiceless shore
Of the dread deep, that all must one day cross —
And view, beyond its intervening gulf,
Worlds fairer than the fairest realms of earth ;
Skies brighter than yon dome magnificent,
With all its stars ; blossoms that never fade ;
Friends faithfuller than the beloved of earth :
HIM, first, last, best, Creator, Saviour, GOD !

O THOU Redeemer ! by those bleeding wounds,
That wept a crimson flood on Calvary—
Hasten the hour when all Thy Truth shall know :
Earth, from its utmost bounds, echo Thy praise :
When error, sin, blindness, and guilty woe,
No more shall scatter round funereal shade ;
But all be gathered in Thy fold. For me—
Could there be grief in Heav'n—my soul would weep
With everlasting woe ; for all its sin,
Baseness of heart, ingratitude intense.
But Thou art merciful, and these forgiv'n.
Now take me to Thyself ; and let me be
A monument of mercy—which the blest,
Wond'ring, may view ; and praise Thy Name for ever !

NOTES
ON THE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Page 256. The Defence of Derry. Stz. III. line 3.

*The body of their pastor-chief lay mould'ring in the grave ;
And never closed its narrow roof o'er patriot more brave.*

The Author was reminded, after writing this piece, that the scene of Mr. Walker's death was at a distance from Londonderry. But he very readily quoted the words of a certain writer ; who, in a similar case, replied—"no matter—the city is taken :"—and so refused to correct an oversight in his work. And in the same spirit our Poet exclaimed—"The Defence of Derry is accomplished. The Poem is written ; and so let it remain."

Page 275. To the River Trent. Stz. I. lines 3, 4.

*Winter's rage hath come and gone ;
But no bonds he had for thee.*

The River Trent is in the Colborne, Newcastle, and Victoria Districts, Upper Canada. In such a climate, it is a very remarkable circumstance ; if a river is not frozen over, so as to bear the heaviest loads, during the winter. The Poem, however, throughout, contemplates more particularly that portion of the Trent, on which the village of Frankford is situated. Its current is very swift in that vicinity ; and the rapids, within the space of a few miles, are numerous. At Frankford the river never freezes. The

Bay of Quinte has been considered by geologists as the *embouchure* of this river. The lake referred to is Lake Ontario.

Page 286, Caramania—the ancient Lycia.

Pages 309, 310. Peter the Hermit's Address.

The Author has appended a note, in respect to some expressions used in this piece. Though contrary to the spirit of true religion, such language seemed to him to agree with the 'frantic fanaticism of the old Hermit.' And, of course, the Poet's design was merely to represent him, without any undue colouring, as acting out the character which history attributes to him. It will also readily occur to the Reader—that Peter had been a soldier, before he became a Hermit.

Page 294. On Transcendentalism. line 2.

Æquotuticum. See Horace's journey to Brundisium.

Pages 289—292. Several notes, appended by our author to these critiques on the principal poets of ancient and modern times, are omitted: in consequence of the limitation of both time and space.

It is believed that readers, in general, would prefer that a few pages should be occupied with poems, which would otherwise be excluded. This course has therefore been adopted.

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